CANADA EDITION

SEPTEMBER 30, 1966

TIME

From Prairie to Pacific: The Rich Land

DEC66 BUC XXB90P93C03 01 36
P BOUCLEY
3890 MOUNT ROYAL E
MONTREAL 36 QUE CAN

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PREMIER BENNETT

HENRY KOERNER

VOL. 88 NO. 14

FORTY CENTS

CANADA EDITION

SEPTEMBER 30, 1966

TIME

From Prairie to Pacific: The Rich Land

DEC66 BUC XX890P93C03 01 36
P BOUCLEY
3890 MOUNT ROYAL E
MONTREAL 36 QUE CAN

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PREMIER BENNETT

HENRY KOERNER

VOL. 88 NO. 14

FORTY CENTS

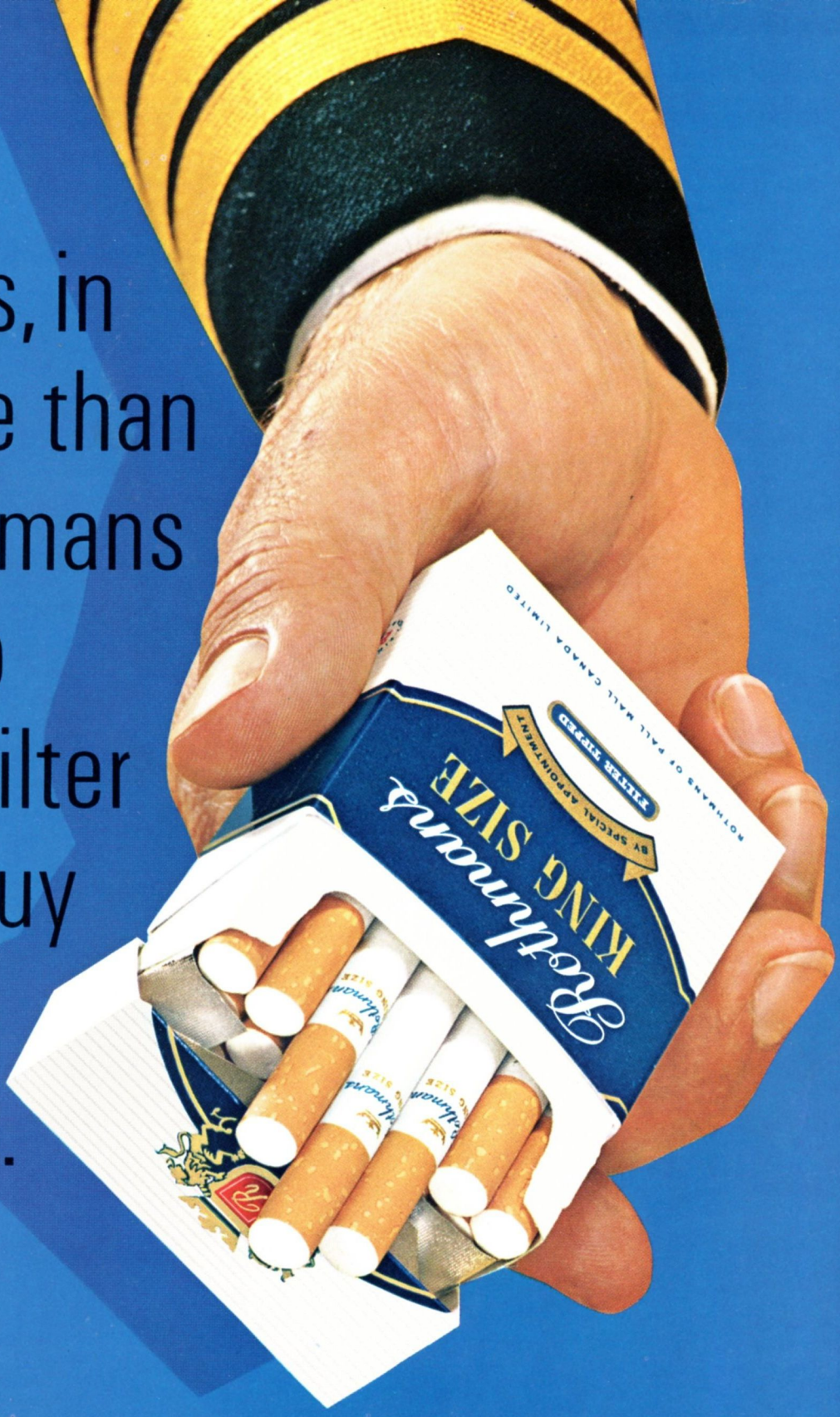
All over the world, on six c
over 120 countries

ninety airlines the swing is
King Size. The reason is no
find. Rothmans extra leng
and the best tobacco mon
give you true King Size fla
Rothmans King Size really

Rothmans

THE GREATEST

ontinents, in
RETTE on more than
s to Rothmans
ot hard to
th, finer filter
ey can buy
vour.
satisfies.



T NAME IN CIGARETTES

GEM TONES COLLECTION

Antique JADE

by ARROW

Gem Tones set the fashion trend for fall. Antique Jade from Arrow's Paddock Club Collection is 100% Pima cotton. Madison or other popular collar styles. Tapered fit. Regular cuff. Sanforized. Suggested retail, $6.50.

ARROW

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 28

BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (CBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.).* Bob brings them back alive and on film—18 of his leading ladies, from Dorothy Lamour to Phyllis Diller. Also appearing are old comrades Jerry Colonna and Bandleader Les Brown.

FESTIVAL (CBC, 9:30-11 p.m.). As *Mary of Scotland* in Mavor Moore's television adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, Susan Clark fights the doomed fight against Elizabeth I and John Knox.

Thursday, September 29

TELESCOPE (CBC, 9-9:30 p.m.). A profile of the Commonwealth's Canadian Secretary-General, Arnold Smith.

RELUCTANT NATION (CBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Continuing the Centennial series, CBC-TV election central reports the Liberals' campaign split over trade reciprocity with the U.S., which led to a dramatic win for Sir John A. Macdonald in the 1891 election.

Friday, September 30

FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBC, 9-11 p.m.). P.R. Man Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick make their marriage an alcoholic hell in *Days of Wine and Roses.*

Saturday, October 1

GOLF (CBC and Radio-Canada, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). The Canadian Open, live from Vancouver's Shaughnessy golf club.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Grace Kelly and James Stewart in 1954's *Rear Window.*

Sunday, October 2

SPECIAL CBS NEWS BROADCAST (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). *The Hat,* a much-acclaimed 1964 cartoon about the barriers between nations narrated by Dizzy Gillespie and Dudley Moore, is shown and then discussed for its social significance by an interfaith group of clergymen.

F.D.R. (CBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The first of a documentary series on the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt recalls his boyhood, marriage, 1920 campaign for Vice President and battle against polio. Charlton Heston is the voice of F.D.R., and Arthur Kennedy is narrator.

COUNTRY CALENDAR (CBC, 4:30-5 p.m.). Clément Vincent, who quit Parliament to become Quebec's agriculture minister, discusses *Union Nationale* farm policies.

BELIEVE (NBC, 4:30-5 p.m.). A documentary film on the work of a Prince of Peace volunteers group in New York City slums. Walt Reiner, onetime University of Valparaiso football coach and now director of the volunteers, tells about his 34 teams around the U.S. and overseas and his plans for the future.

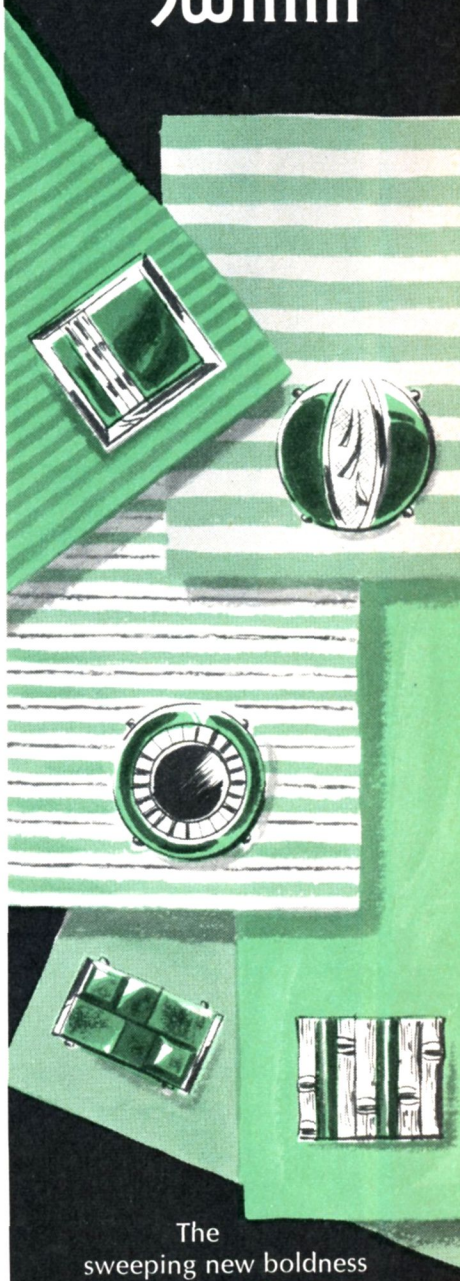
GOLF (CBC, 5-7 p.m., Radio-Canada, 5:30-7 p.m.). The Canadian Open final. Winner takes $20,000.

NBC NEWS SPECIAL: THE AGONY OF TWO CITIES (NBC, 6:30-8:30 p.m.). NBC concentrates on Cleveland and Chicago for a filmed documentary about the social changes under way in the North and how white Northerners feel about it.

LES BEAUX DIMANCHES (Radio-Canada, 8-9 p.m.). Wilfrid Pelletier conducts Mas-

* All times E.D.T. Radio-Canada programs are shown one week later in the Winnipeg area.

from the GEM TONE collection by SWANK



The sweeping new boldness of the Far East . . . handsome designs inspired by the mysterious Orient cuff links and tie tac sets from $12.50

SWANK

fine jewellery for men

JADE EAST

toiletries for men

FROM OUR
COLLECTION OF
"SUIT GEMS"

Antique JADE

GARNETT'S
Satin Faced Venetian
$115.

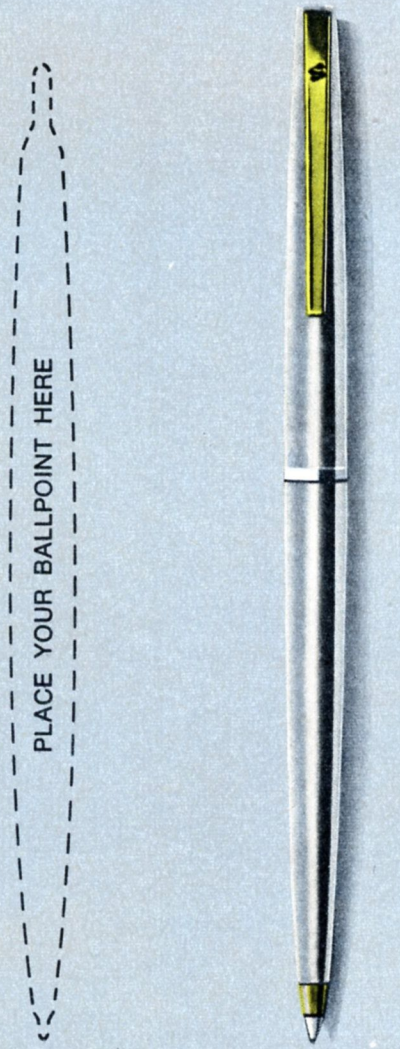
Glentest
SUITS

Antique Jade! Subtle . . . distinctive . . . exciting. One of the featured "colour highlights" for Fall. Expressed with gem-like richness and brilliance in these fine Garnett Satin Faced Venetian and Glentest suitings. Moulded and stitched — detail by detail — into suits of superb quality by Progress Brand craftsmen. Other featured "suit gems" are Black Ruby, Sapphire Blue and Black Onyx.

Progress Brand *Tailored*

A DISTINGUISHED NAME IN FINE CLOTHING FOR OVER 80 YEARS

Who cares what a ballpoint looks like anyway?



You should. We do!

G'wan! Don't be embarrassed. Put your ballpoint on the left. Then compare it to our elegant new Sheaffer Stylist. Honest, can't you see the difference? So will everyone else. Because it's pretty tough not to notice the slender, beautifully-balanced lines of our Stylist . . . with its lustrous brushed-chrome finish. There now, convinced? Pick up your own Stylist tomorrow. It's $3.95 for a brushed chrome finish. Only $1.98 if you like bright chrome and colour.

Stylist
SHEAFFER BALLPOINT

P.S. Also available in matching pen and pencil set.

cagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. With U.S. Soprano Mary-Curtis Verna as Santuzza, Montreal Mezzo Huguette Tourangeau as Lola, U.S. Tenor Michele Molese as Turiddu, and Montreal Baritone Robert Savoie as Alfio.

THE NATURE OF THINGS: GALAPAGOS (CBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). The last of a five-part study of Darwin's theories examines the future of surviving species on these remote Pacific islands.

W5 (CTV, 10-11 p.m.). Peter Reilly's answer to *Seven Days* (Act III).

Monday, October 3

THE RAT PATROL (ABC, 8-30-9 p.m.). In "Kill or Be Killed Raid," on a mission against Rommel's Afrika Korps, the Rat Patrol's leader, Sargeant Sam Troy, played by Christopher George, is forced to attempt to kill one of his own men to prevent him from falling into German hands.

Tuesday, October 4

A SENSE OF PLACE (CBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). First of a four-part series on adventurous new Canadian architecture, which will feature B.C.'s Simon Fraser University, Toronto's Scarborough College and Expo's Habitat 67.

RECORDS

Spoken

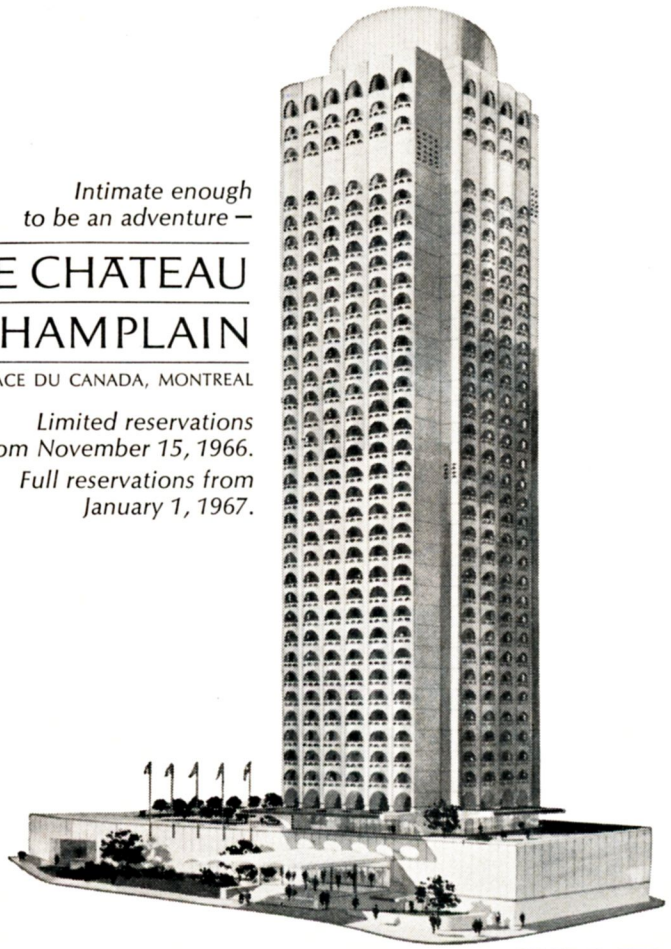
LYSISTRATA (Caedmon). Disgusted with the 20-year-old Peloponnesian War, Aristophanes attacked the Greek "hawks" with volleys of ribaldry. In the celebrated tale of how women ended the war with a sex strike, Hermione Gingold slyly makes *double entendres* sound quadruple as the Athenian matron who urges the ladies to stay out of the bedrooms until their men get off the battlefields.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD (Caedmon). The Minnesota Theater Company, under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie, gives a balanced rendition of Chekhov's complex last play. The playwright set out to write a comedy about the social types in a changing Russia, but his characters, while absurd in their inflexibility, are also elegiac in their ineffectuality. Jessica Tandy plays an aristocratic Ranevskaya, as flowery as her beloved orchard and just as fruitless. As the *arriviste*, Lee Richardson is believably ambivalent as he reluctantly reaps triumph over his former employers. Hume Cronyn, however, sounds too nasally shrewd to be the bumbling clerk.

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO, BABII YAR AND OTHER POEMS (Caedmon). Russia's most prominent licensed nonconformist renders his role as rebellious poet in wax, and the impression is not flattering. A listener with no knowledge of Russian can have only an approximate sense of the quality of the original language in Yevtushenko's reading. The contents of the verses, however, can be judged in Alan Bates's English translation, and they do not seem to burn with artistic flame—they itch like inflammations. Except for the famous piece *Babii Yar*, which is more an emphatic speech than a poem about the slaughter of tens of thousands of Jews by German troops near Yevtushenko's Kiev, topics of recent years are often triumphs of trivia, his attitudes the aggravations of an adolescent.

ANTIWORLDS, THE POETRY OF ANDREI VOZNESENSKY (Columbia). Another Russian anti-laureate, Voznesensky at least writes poetry that is abundant in ingenious images and engaging lyricism. *Goya* is a

Le Château Champlain, destined to be one of the world's most exciting hotels. The new, true expression of Montreal's vitality and cosmopolitan hospitality.



Intimate enough to be an adventure —

LE CHÂTEAU CHAMPLAIN

PLACE DU CANADA, MONTREAL

Limited reservations from November 15, 1966. Full reservations from January 1, 1967.

Canadian Pacific TRAINS / TRUCKS / SHIPS / PLANES / HOTELS / TELECOMMUNICATIONS WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

expo67 CANADIAN PACIFIC COMINCO PAVILION MONTREAL • APR. 28 - OCT. 27, 1967

TIME Canada Edition is published weekly by TIME INTERNATIONAL of Canada Ltd., 1155 Dorchester Blvd. West, Montreal 2, Quebec. Printed in Canada by Ronalds-Federated Limited, Montreal Authorized as second class mail by the Postoffice Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

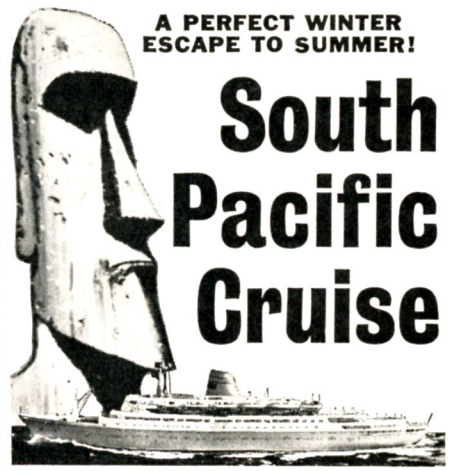
Get $100 for every $75 with six-year Scotiabank Savings Certificates

Buy as little as $10 worth or as much as you like – cashable any time.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

SSC-171

Sole Canadian Distributor: William Sofin & Co. Ltd., Montreal 25



A PERFECT WINTER ESCAPE TO SUMMER!

South Pacific Cruise

JAN. 19, 1967 FROM N.Y. • 79 DAYS • 24 PORTS • $2,600 MIN.*

ON NORWAY'S ELEGANT NEW FLAGSHIP

SAGAFJORD

Come join us January 19 aboard one of the world's loveliest cruise liners for a perfect escape to lands where our winter is their summer. You'll visit: Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Valparaiso, Easter Island, Pitcairn Island, Moorea, Papeete, Bora Bora, Rarotonga, Auckland, Wellington, Milford Sound, Hobart, Sydney, Noumea, New Hebrides, Suva, Tongan Islands, Pago Pago, Honolulu, Hilo, San Francisco, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal. See your travel agent.
*Minimum, subject to availability.

Vessel Under Norwegian Registry

Norwegian America Line

Canadian Overseas Shipping Ltd. G.A.
410 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal 1, P.Q. Canada
Tel: 842-1292

grinding tribute to the painter's horror-filled canvases of war. *Antiworlds* is a semicomic speculation on an anti-universe of anti-matter where there would be no women, just "anti-men." Read in fiery Russian by the poet, and in English by Stanley Kunitz, William Jay Smith, Richard Wilbur and W. H. Auden.

LSD (Capitol) is a documentary of degeneration, with historical data, current statistics, comments from "acidheads" on why they dig the drug, from "travel agents" on why they sell it, and from medical experts on its appalling effects. Against a background of psychedelic music and the hallucinatory laughter of "stoned" kids, the shattering screams of a young man on his 34th trip put into frightening perspective the never-never world of society's dropouts.

THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE (Broadside). Three of the pot religion's high priests (Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert, and Ralph Metzner) read from "The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead" in droning, sullen voices that might be coming from the far side of the grave. "You are about to begin a great adventure, a trip out of your mind," Leary promises. What the listener is really about to begin is a dull record, with little to recommend it beyond a beautifully executed jacket drawing.

CARL SANDBURG READS FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY "ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS" (Caedmon). In heartfelt tones, the ancient recorder of Americana shares his remembrances of a Midwestern childhood, school days, the neighborhood circus coming to the empty lot down the street, the daily pumping for water in the backyard, the parade marking the death of Ulysses S. Grant.

ALLEN GINSBERG READS "KADDISH," A 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN ECSTATIC NARRATIVE POEM (Atlantic). An unbeaten survivor of the beat generation croaks his way through one of his better-known works, a litany to his mother and to his own maturation process ("Once man disagreed with my opinion of the cosmos I was lost"). While various vignettes from a misery-filled family album are moving, overlong reels of domestic dreariness are merely that—dreary.

CINEMA

CRAZY QUILT. Written, directed, photographed and produced by John Korty, a 30-year-old TV producer, this minor masterpiece explores the nature of marriage as revealed to a man and woman with nothing in common except their inescapable destiny.

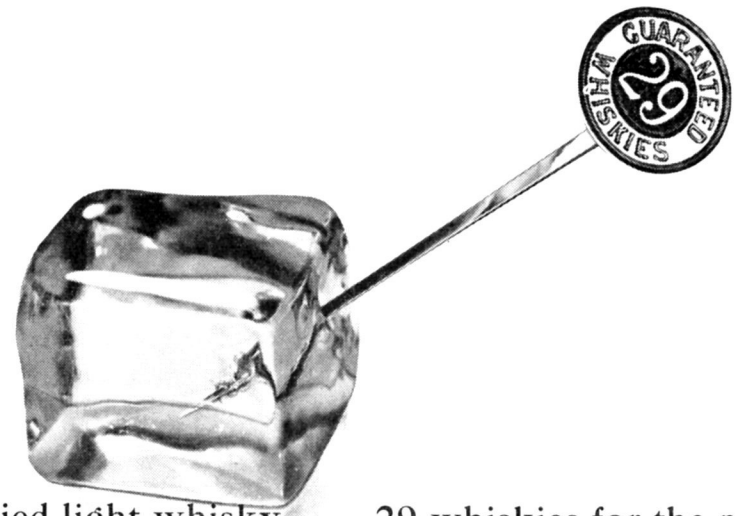
FANTASTIC VOYAGE. What better way to become acquainted with the human circulatory system than to travel through it? In a teeny-weeny submarine, a miniaturized crew of science-fictionees, assisted by Raquel Welch, go on a spine-tingling mission through inner space.

THE WRONG BOX. Survival of the fittest—Victorian style—leads members of a genteel British family to mayhem, murder and related shenanigans in an all-out effort to inherit a vast fortune.

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION and live happily ever after furnishes the amoral moral of William Wyler's Parisian comedy starring Audrey Hepburn and Peter O'Toole as the serendipitous partners in crime.

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? Bloodletting in the groves of academe. Two faculty couples (Elizabeth Taylor and Rich-

Try 29-whisky whisky.



You've tried light whisky.

And, probably, in the murky past, you've tasted 'heavy' whisky.

Now, we'd like you to have a sip of 29-whisky whisky.

Adams Private Stock.

In every drop of Adams Private Stock there are 29 great, aged whiskies.

29 whiskies for full rich flavour that lasts after the drink is gone.

29 whiskies for the precise control of smoothness.

29 whiskies for an end to whishy-whashy flavour.

29 whiskies for the sake of more rye taste.

29 whiskies.

Not 46 or 31 or 8.

There are 29 great, aged whiskies in every drop of Adams Private Stock.

And they give your mouth something to smile about.

Private Stock is the 29-whisky whisky.

THOMAS ADAMS DISTILLERS LTD. TORONTO

There are many reasons that make the Calgary Inn a little better than home.

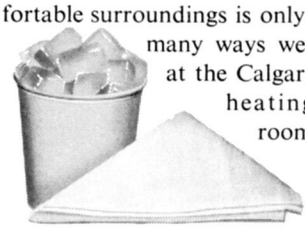
Here's one of them.

Chef John Zimmermann. Mastermind behind the world-style dishes served in the Calgary Inn's Owl's Nest. A favourite spot with native Calgarians and visitors to Canada's thrivingest city.

Just off the spacious lobby, there are boutiques, a florist shop, magzine stand and just a few steps away a barber shop and beauty salon. Downstairs a cavernous car park, too.

We've thought of everything! In the summer you can relax in the sun on the poolside patio, or take an invigorating plunge into the pool. Throughout the Calgary Inn you'll stay refreshed in air-conditioned luxury.

But fine food served in more than comfortable surroundings is only one of the many ways we spoil you at the Calgary Inn. The heating in your room you suit to yourself, on your extra long bed there's a snug electric blanket with fingertip bedside control. Outside your door, you'll find free ice — by the bucketful!



We've thought of lots of little extras to make you more comfortable.

The Calgary Inn is a complete hotel.

When you're staying at the Calgary Inn you're probably a long way from home. So we do things a little better to make up for it. How? With lots of help from people like Chef John Zimmermann for one, Bellman Wayne for another! The rates for all this? From $10.

the Calgary Inn

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

For Instant Reservations Telex 638-2447 or call: Montreal 878-2332, Ottawa *Zenith 0-4100, Toronto 368-3127, Hamilton *Zenith 0-4100, Winnipeg 942-0101, Edmonton *Zenith 0-4100, Calgary 261-1611, Vancouver 682-5566, Victoria 382-2111. *Ask Operator for number – toll free call.

ard Burton, Sandy Dennis and George Segal) cut each other up with words, words, and more words in a deft screen version of Edward Albee's play.

THE ENDLESS SUMMER. Even those who don't know a pipeline from a wipeout will have no trouble following the action of this beautifully photographed odyssey of surfing.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CAPABLE OF HONOR, by Allen Drury. The author's fictional sense occasionally goes awry and his style turns turgid. But his reportorial eye is sharp in this big and topical book about domestic and internatioanl chicanery, which carries forward the cast of characters introduced in *Advise and Consent*.

GILES GOAT-BOY, by John Barth. A labyrinth of intellectual booby traps leads into the deadpan center of a "university," which is Barth's metaphor for a mad, mad, mad world.

THE FIXER, by Bernard Malamud. A severe moralist, Malamud pits a helpless man against guilty authority in this poignant account of a Jew condemned to die for a crime he did not commit.

THE ANTI-DEATH LEAGUE, by Kingsley Amis. A sprightly cold war suspense story that keeps the reader looking so long in the wrong direction that he almost forgets the ending is not entirely credible.

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA, by Robert Crichton. The best first novel of the year and perhaps the most rollickingly funny World War II novel since *Mister Roberts*.

THE MUSIC SCHOOL, by John Updike. Twenty short stories that show Updike at his best, though old fans may feel that they hear echoes rather than original sounds.

THIS AGE OF VIOLENCE, by Fredric Wertham. A clinical psychiatrist's indignant analysis of the seeds of violence in contemporary society, from toy guns and war games to TV drama and current fiction. Not even Superman or the Unknown Soldier get a clean bill of health in this unsettling and probably oversimplified book.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (1 last week)
2. The Adventurers, Robbins (2)
3. Tai-Pan, Clavell (3)
4. The Detective, Thorp (4)
5. Giles Goat-Boy, Barth (5)
6. The Source, Michener (6)
7. Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry, Kemelman (9)
8. The Double Image, MacInnes (7)
9. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (10)
10. Tell No Man, St. Johns (8)

NONFICTION

1. How to Avoid Probate, Dacey (1)
2. Games People Play, Berne (2)
3. Human Sexual Response, Masters and Johnson (3)
4. Papa Hemingway, Hotchner (5)
5. Rush to Judgment, Lane (9)
6. Flying Saucers—Serious Business, Edwards (6)
7. Two Under the Indian Sun, Godden and Godden (8)
8. With Kennedy, Salinger
9. The Last Battle, Ryan (4)
10. In Cold Blood, Capote (7)

3 WAYS, TO...

TALK YOUR WAY TO A SHORTER DAY

any place... any time!

DeJUR GRUNDIG Stenorette® DICTATING-TRANSCRIBING MACHINES

Only DeJur gives you a complete and varied way "TO TALK YOUR WAY TO A SHORTER DAY". The DeJur-Grundig Stenorette® Embassy is, of course, the leader of the time-saving team. It can be both dictator and transcriber—has a featherweight palm-sized microphone that lets you dictate, playback, correct, record phone calls or conferences; in fact, it does everything you'd expect much more expensive machines to do and with either dictating or transcribing kit costs only **$269.50**

The DeJur-Grundig Stenorette® Versatile II goes with you anywhere too . . . it's portable . . . operates on long-life, rechargeable batteries or AC power pack, its tape cartridge fits the full size Stenorette® Embassy. Weighs only 6 lbs., takes no more space than a book and costs only **$199.50**

The amazing new DeJur-Grundig EN. 3 with its pre-loaded magnetic tape cartridge takes up to 45 minutes of dictating and playback at the flick of a finger —operates on 3 penlight batteries, fits into your pocket—lets you "get the message" anywhere anytime . . .and costs only **$79.95**

DeJUR over 40 years experience in the manufacture of precision electronic and photographic products.

®Stenorette is a registered trademark of DeJur protected by design patents No. 167-23143 and 167-23144 DeJur of Canada Limited. ®Copyright DeJur of Canada Limited

DeJUR OF CANADA LIMITED, 184 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO
GENTLEMEN: I would like to know more about the: T-9-66

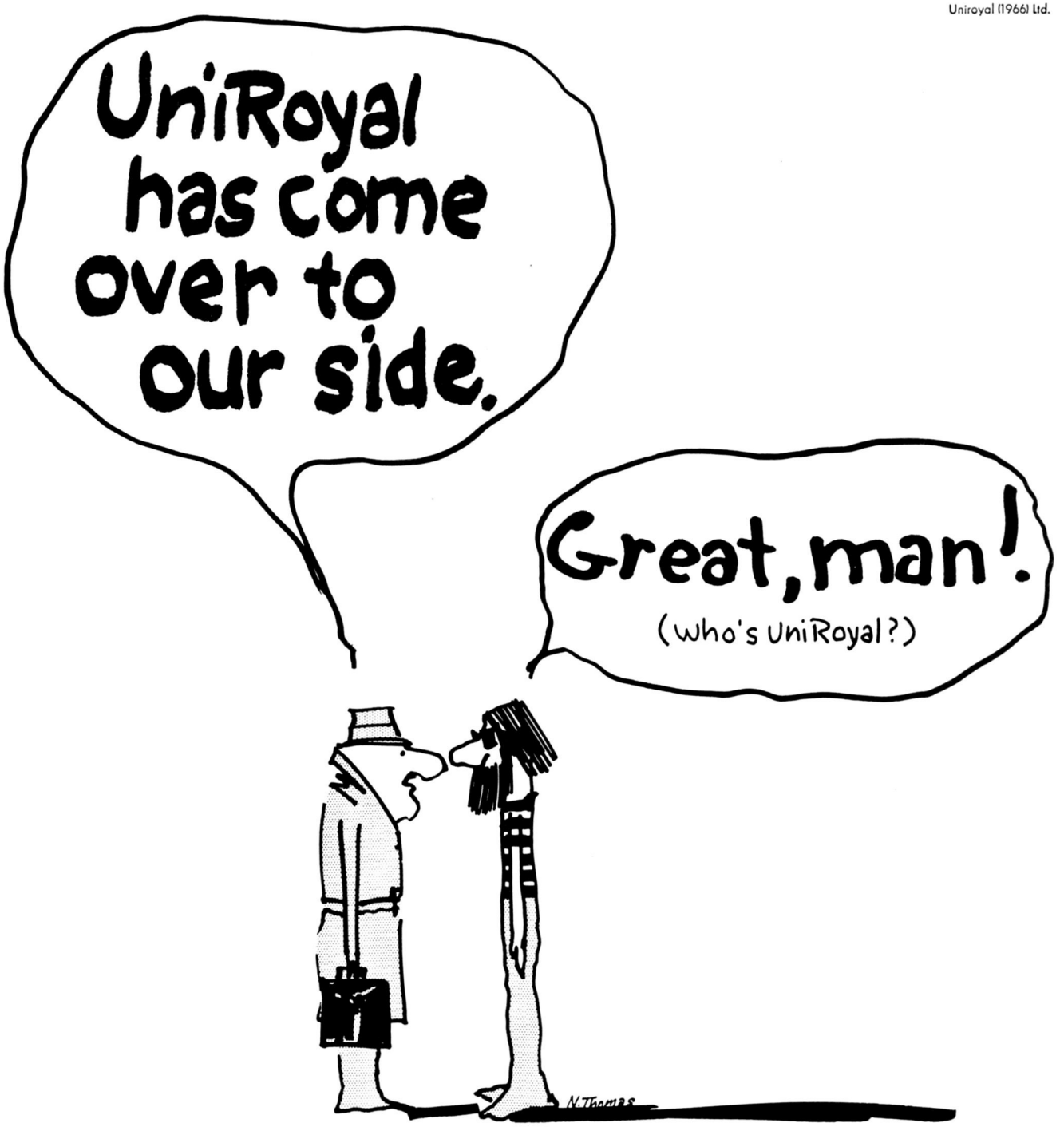
☐ DeJur-Grundig Stenorette Embassy ☐ DeJur-Grundig Versatile II
☐ DeJur-Grundig EN. 3

NAME..... FIRM.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... PROVINCE.....

Uniroyal (1966) Ltd.



It was a long time coming, but Uniroyal is finally ours: The new name for the Dominion Rubber Company.

And what was wrong with the good old name Dominion Rubber?

Ah, you just put your finger on it.

In the first place we're not just a "Dominion" Company, and in the second place we're not just a "rubber" company.

We're connected with a worldwide corporation with affiliated companies in 23 countries throughout the world. (Which gives us—and you—direct access to some of tomorrow's most exciting technological breakthroughs.) So that lets out "Dominion." And we're not a "rubber" company because half the things we make have little or nothing to do with rubber.

For example: Vibrin, a tough plastic used in boat hulls because it'll never corrode even in salt water. Fashionable Eskiloos boots for the ladies, and Keds, the famous line of casual colourful family shoes that are as easy to look at as they are to wear. Naugahyde, the vinyl fabric that's used to cover everything from your living room couch to the seats in your car. Alanap, a smart weed killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers. SBR, a synthetic rubber (from which we make our Rain Tires) that's tougher, safer and longer lasting than natural rubber.

Now you can see why we had to change our company's name—Uniroyal stands for much more than just a rubber company.

It stands for a company that is meeting the research and manufacturing needs of industries ranging from Women's Wear to Space Exploration.

That's progress with a capital "U."

UNIROYAL
Dominion Rubber

LETTERS

Bing in the Bullseye

Sir: As one who would rather experience a Callas *Tosca* than an LSD trip, I applaud TIME for daring to like Rudolf Bing and the beautiful new Met [Sept. 23]. It is the latest chic to find the Met somehow appalling or worse, mundane. It is gaudy (so are diamonds). It panders to popular taste—Chagall, really! It is gimmick-run, unexciting, blah, blah, blah. One wonders what could possibly have pleased its critics. But then, who cares?

If *Antony and Cleopatra* was a disappointment, the new house, this exceptional season, and your delightfully written cover story are not. You have successfully retired the cliché that Bing is a stuffy, humorless, inept Austrian tyrant and given us a witty, dedicated, and exceptionally talented human being.

JOHN R. BELDEN

New York City

Sir: I was delighted with the lively profile of Rudolf Bing. With the exception of one or two semantic twisters, I think it is a first-rate job—definitely ept, ane and ert. Sending Mr. Bing a bottle of Moselle as a preliminary shipboard softener-upper was a touch of genius. Champagne would have been all right for some people, but for Bing a bit gauche and *outré*. In the words of Talleyrand (almost): He is intolerable, but that is his only fault.

STEPHEN J. SPINGARN

Washington, D.C.

Sir: The article on Bing was great, but it didn't make me (or any other contemporary composer) love him any better. He is as much a museum piece as the Establishment he represents. His choice of American composers (Barber, for example) certainly doesn't place him too far out on the limb.

IRWIN BAZELON

New York City

Sir: A delightful story about an amazing man. But in an apparent burst of *Gesamtkunstwerk* the cover artist not only turned Mr. Bing's parchment-over-steel face into pastry lumped over oboe; he brocaded him into the background. Holy Schlock!

ARTHUR STONE

New York City

Describing the Puzzle

Sir: Your Bobby Kennedy cover [Sept. 16] did a good job of describing one of our nation's most complicated and puzzling figures. Because of his family name, his position in society, his brief but interesting Senate investigations and his unpolished charm, whether we like it or not, Robert Kennedy is undoubtedly the man of the future. Let us hope that he uses his talents and stamina for the good of the country and not just for the sake of adding another Kennedy name to the list of U.S. Presidents.

ROLAND BENEDETTI

Long Island City, N.Y.

Sir: Your article shows just how lousy our Senator is. How people could throw away Kenneth Keating is an enigma to me.

LAGAYETTE D. THOMPSON

Buffalo

Wind on Win

Sir: I was in Burma for eight years, and would not hesitate to state that 90% of the people are totally against Ne Win and his government [Sept. 16]. He has antagonized every single sector of the nation. He has been absolutely ruthless, despotic and stupid in bringing chaos to the economy of a wonderful land and a wonderful people.

A State Department official whom I spoke to could not name one single way in which Ne Win had shown neutrality to balance all of the favors that he has shown to the Russians and the Chinese, save that he was coming to visit us. The Burmese themselves know that Ne Win is not neutral. Why should we accept it?

E. J. FARREN, S.J.

University of Scranton
Scranton, Penn.

Chapels Within

Sir: Catholic advocates of "Selective Faith" [Sept. 16] will find an accurate description of themselves in Karl Rahner's book *Nature and Grace*. His reason why members of this "new heresy" do not leave the Church: "A man of today is no longer as ready to trust his opinion as he was in the times of self-conscious individualism and liberalism; he is no longer so convinced of it that he could easily set up a religious community himself. When people have this feeling and yet cannot bring themselves to believe unconditionally in the Church, then we get—since the time of modernism—the attempt to build a private little chapel within the big Church, an esoteric sect within the big community."

TIME has written well about an American version of such an "esoteric sect." I sympathize with this sect's impatience regarding slow-moving American Church reform and renewal but not with its attempt to shape the Church according to its own fancy.

CHARLES J. MEHOK, S.J.

Catholic Information Center
Milwaukee

The Commission's Critics

Sir: Your essay about the Warren Commission [Sept. 16] was sad. Half of the editorial pointed out some of the mistakes and bungling of the commission, and then you congratulate it on a job well done. You did not have the fortitude to call the report what it was: a completely unsatisfactory attempt to explain away the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

The American public has been duped by this august body and the novel of half-truths and suppressed conclusions it presented. If half of the points that Mark Lane brings up in his book *Rush to Judgment* are valid questions and criticisms about the investigation, then the American public needs to take another look at the findings of the Warren Commission.

CLARK E. MCGOON

Riverside, Calif.

Sir: Your Essay includes the following statement: "Since tests proved that it took at least 2.3 seconds to operate the bolt action on Oswald's rifle, Oswald obviously could not have fired three times—hitting Kennedy twice and Connally once—in 5.6 seconds or less." This argument, which has appeared in many publications since the assassination, is faulty, and I am surprised that I haven't seen it refuted before this. Assuming that the bolt of Oswald's rifle can, in fact, be operated in 2.3 seconds, then Oswald definitely could fire 3 shots in less than 5.6 seconds, for a stop watch would be started when the first shot was fired; the second shot would be fired when the stop watch read 2.3 seconds, and the third shot would be fired when the stop watch read 4.6 seconds. You have apparently overlooked the fact that, in the time it takes to fire 3 shots, it is only necessary to operate the bolt twice.

FREDERICK T. WEHR

Baltimore

Reverse Racism

Sir: After a long struggle, the Negro civil rights movement has finally won the sympathy and loyalty of the majority of white Americans [Sept. 16]. Now the civil rights leadership has done the one thing sure to alienate them: they have made a call for racial competition. Certain segments of the civil rights leadership seem no longer to be satisfied with equality; the slogan "Black power" reeks of racism. The white American has a long history of bigotry and ignorance in handling race relations. Does the Negro wish to equal him even in this?

BILL STIMSON

Medical Lake, Wash.

Breath of Fresh Haze

Sir: As a professional forester, I live and work among millions of trees. These, according to Professor Went [Sept. 9], produce an "incredibly toxic" blue haze. I have lived in Pittsburgh before smoke control. I have known gasoline smog in Southern California, and pulp mill smog in the north. I have endured wood "smog" in mill towns and near forest fires. Somehow, in spite of the "blue haze," the mountain air seems pure, refreshing and invigorating. The action of trees producing

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a TIME address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

Mail to: TIME Subscription Service
540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611
Charles A. Adams, Vice President & Gen'l Mgr.

To subscribe mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

Subscription Rates in Canada and the United States: 1 year, $10; 2 years, $15; 3 years, $19; 5 years, $25. Subscription rates for all other countries available on request.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH LABEL HERE

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city zone province

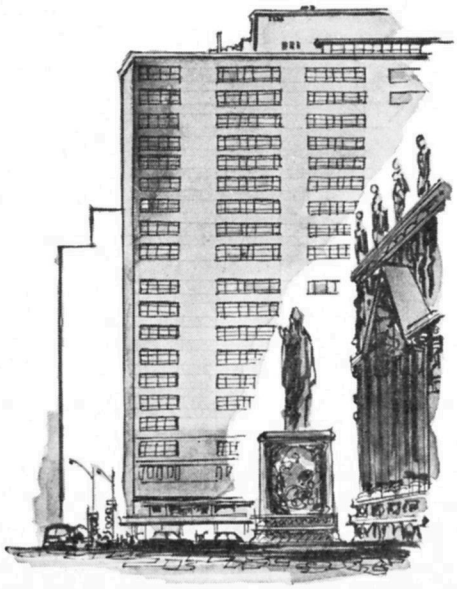
Sure you can get to Montreal and back in a day. But tell your wife you'll be delayed.

Then you can stay at THE QUEEN ELIZABETH

Home was never like this. Imagine 1,700 people, waiting to fuss over your comfort, run errands, do your typing, mix you a great drink and cook you marvelous food. That's The Queen Elizabeth. One of North America's best hotels.

So why hurry back? And if your wife likes to see you in the evenings, we have the answer to that, too. Bring her along. She'll love it.

Single from $12.50, double from $17.50. Free parking for registered guests. Call your travel agent, or any Hilton Reservation office. A CN Hotel operated by Hilton of Canada. Other Hilton-operated hotels in Canada – Hotel Vancouver (a CN Hotel) and the Montreal Aéroport Hilton.



oxygen from carbon dioxide and water should outweigh any "arboreal pollution." All pollution should be so bad!

HARRY B. CARSON

Idleyld Park, Ore.

Where the Action Is

Sir: Prexy Ronald Nairn of Prescott College [Sept. 23] acknowledges the enduring mystery of his own ignorance when he justifies the absence of education courses with the non sequitur, "We would love to teach education if we could find anyone who knew anything about it." Such Neanderthal thinking will earn him guffaws only from those mossbacks who believe that there have been no breakthroughs since the time of the Greeks. He might begin his search at Harvard, whose classical curriculum has not suffered from the fact that doctorates in education are offered there. All disciplines have advanced in recent years, but education is where the action is.

RALPH W. WALKER II

Jacksonville State College
Jacksonville, Ala.

Fixing the Identity

Sir: Your review of Malamud's *The Fixer* [Sept. 9] focuses its critical beam upon a nonexistent work: the "contemporary American" novel that the reviewer wishes Malamud had written. The book is judged in terms of what it is not, and therefore is found to have "missed." There is nothing more contemporary than Malamud's theme; that of identity. Within the "innocent-guilty" framework is embedded the hard, solid nut of Yakov's stubbornness: *I am what I know is true.* Malamud speaks for contemporary Americans as well as for one Russian Jew. Man's inner quantum soul is reflected here.

MARY CARTER

Claremont, Calif.

Fulsome Praise

Sir: Shame on U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge [Sept. 23], who greeted Ky "fulsomely as the election results became clear." According to Webster, the ambassador was guilty of being "offensive; disgusting; esp., offensive from insincerity or baseness of motive; as, *fulsome* praise."

CHRIS GARVEY

Omaha

Slug of Bourbon

Sir: About your Art color pages [Sept. 16]: Has anyone else seen the likeness between the Infante Don Luis and Jimmy Durante? What do you bet that our beloved Jimmy is a Bourbon?

HELEN OLACK

Detroit

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME, 1155 Dorchester Blvd. West, Suite 2300, Montreal, Quebec.

TIME Canada Edition

Editorial content identical with U.S. edition except for added Canada news and for occasional contractions because of space limitations. This edition is neither censored nor re-edited. Editorial Offices: TIME and LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; 1155 Dorchester Blvd. West, Suite 2300, Montreal 2, Quebec. Advertising Offices: 1155 Dorchester Blvd. West, Suite 2300, Montreal 2, Quebec; 200 University Avenue, Toronto 1, Ontario.

TIME Canada Edition is published by Time International of Canada Limited, a subsidiary of TIME Inc., which with its subsidiaries also publishes TIME, LIFE, the International editions of TIME and LIFE, FORTUNE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....HEDLEY DONOVAN
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.....ANDREW HEISKELL
PRESIDENT.....JAMES A. LINEN
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR.....THOMAS GRIFFITH

EDITORIAL CHAIRMAN.....HENRY R. LUCE
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.....ROY E. LARSEN

MANAGING EDITOR
Otto Fuerbringer

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS
James Keogh, Henry Anatole Grunwald

SENIOR EDITORS
A. T. Baker, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Champ Clark, George G. Daniels, Michael Demarest, William Forbis, Edward Hughes, Edward L. Jamieson, Cranston Jones, Marshall Loeb, Peter Bird Martin, Richard Seamon.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Douglas Auchincloss, Gilbert Cant, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., John T. Elson, Barker T. Hartshorn, Charles P. Jackson, Leon Jaroff, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, T. E. Kalem, John Koffend, Ronald P. Kriss, Ed Magnuson, Robert McLaughlin, Jason McManus, Martin O'Neill, Charles Parmiter, Robert Shnayerson.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harriet Bachman, Laurence I. Barrett, John Blashill, Jon Borgzinner, Gurney Breckenfeld, Joe David Brown, Marshall Burchard, Richard Burgheim, John M. Cavanagh, Gerald Clarke, Alton L. Clingen, Spencer L. Davidson, Johanna Davis, Arnold Howard Drapkin, José M. Ferrer III, Piri Halasz, Bruce Henderson, Timothy M. James, Stefan Kanfer, Ray Kennedy, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Jonathan Z. Larsen, Alwyn Lee, George Love, Jeremy Main, Matthew M. Mestrovic, Lance Morrow, Philip Barry Osborne, William E. Smith, David B. Tinnin, Mark Vishniak, Edwin G. Warner, Bruce Williamson.

CANADIAN EDITORIAL STAFF
John M. Scott (Editor), Clell Bryant, Eugene F. Coyle, Richard J. Gwyn, Alan Walker, Manon Gaulin, Elizabeth D. Cattley, Andria E. Hourwich, Patricia McFetrick, Virginia Stikeman.
OTTAWA: John Beal, Courtney Tower. MONTREAL: Martin Sullivan. TORONTO: Serrell Hillman. CALGARY: Ed Ogle.

EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS
Essie Lee (Chief), Ruth Brine, Nancy McD. Chase, Berta Gold, Dorothy Haystead, Amelia North, Margaret Quimby, Marylois P. Vega.
Julie Adams, Virginia Adams, Susan Altchek, Ruth Annan, Nancy Atkinson, Lu Anne Aulepp, Priscilla B. Badger, Patricia Beckert, Jean Bergerud, Dorothea Bourne, Molly Bowditch, Sandra Burton, Carol Ann Butcher, Rosemary Byrnes, Nicolette Caliendo, Sara Collins, Tricia Colt, Kathleen Cooil, Gillian Coxhead, Mary Cronin, Beverley DeLucia, Serena Domolky, Monica Dowdall, Rosamond Draper, Nancy Gay Faber, Allis N. Ferguson, Rosemary L. Frank, Joanne Funger, Maria Glaser, Leah Shanks Gordon, Patricia Gordon, Harriet Heck, Anne Hollister, Joy Howden, Nancy L. Jalet, Marguerite Johnson, Helen Kane, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Barbara Kleban, Vera Kovarsky, Erika Kraemer, Susan Krieger, Ingrid Krosch, Mary McConachie, Martha McDowell, Evelyn Merrin, Marcia Minns, Nancy Newman, Hilary Ostlere, Virginia Page, Georgia A. Pampel, Jane Pett, S. Marion Pikul, Serena Rachels, Sue Raffety, Madeleine Richards, Raissa Silverman, Elizabeth Statler, Betty Suyker, Andrea Svedberg, Mary Vanaman, Fortunata Sydnor Vanderschmidt, Susanne S. Washburn, Brooke Wayne, Nancy Williams, Linda Young, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov.

CORRESPONDENTS
TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE
Richard M. Clurman (Chief), John Boyle (Deputy)
Donald Bermingham, R. Edward Jackson, Robert Parker
WASHINGTON: John L. Steele, Hugh Sidey, Edwin W. Goodpaster, Bonnie Angelo, Walter Bennett, Martha Bucknell, Juan Cameron, Jess Cook Jr., Donn F. Downing, Hays Gorey, Jerry Hannifin, Lansing Lamont, Neil MacNeil, B. William Mader, Michael J. McManus, John Mulliken, Bruce W. Nelan, Christopher Porterfield, Wallace H. Terry II, Arthur White. CHICAGO: Loye W. Miller Jr., Edgar Shook, Jack Altman, Jon Anderson, Samuel R. Iker, Miriam Rumwell. LOS ANGELES: Marshall Berges, David C. Lee, Joseph Lewis, Joel E. Reingold, John Shaw, Robert Windeler. NEW YORK: James Bell, Nick Thimmesch, Christopher T. Cory, Marcia Gauger, Robert M. Smith, Peter Vanderwicken, Rosalind Constable. ATLANTA: Harry Johnston, Arlie W. Schardt, Roger M. Williams. BOSTON: Ruth Mehrtens, Hugh D. S. Greenway, John L. Wilhelm. DENVER: Barron Beshoar. DETROIT: Mark Sullivan, Joseph J. Kane. HOUSTON: Benjamin W. Cate. SAN FRANCISCO: Judson Gooding, Richard Saltonstall Jr. UNITED NATIONS: Frederick Gruin.
LONDON: Henry Luce III, Marsh Clark, Honor Balfour, Peter Forbath, Horace Judson. PARIS: Curtis Prendergast, Keith R. Johnson, Robert T. Smith, Friedel Ungeheuer, James Wilde. BONN: Herman Nickel, Charles Derecskey. ROME: Israel Shenker. MADRID: Piero Saporiti, Gavin Scott. ZURICH: Robert Ball. EASTERN EUROPE: William Rademaekers. BEIRUT: Lee Griggs. HONG KONG: Frank McCulloch, Loren Fessler, Karsten Prager, Arthur Zich. SAIGON: Simmons Fentress, William A. McWhirter, Donald Neff. BANGKOK: Louis Kraar. NAIROBI: Dean E. Fischer. LAGOS: Alan H. Grossman. NEW DELHI: Marvin H. Zim, James Shepherd. TOKYO: Jerrold L. Schecter, Frank Iwama. SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley. CARIBBEAN: Edwin M. Reingold, Richard L. Duncan. RIO DE JANEIRO: Roger Stone, Barry Lando. BUENOS AIRES: Mo Garcia. NEWSDESKS: Clara Applegate, Minnie Magazine.

PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS.....Lawrence E. Laybourne
John J. Frey
GENERAL MANAGER.....James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR.....Charles B. Bear
MANAGING DIRECTOR (CANADA).....Stephen S. LaRue
GENERAL MANAGER.....Donald M. Wilson
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR.....Stevens DeClerque

© 1966 TIME INC. except Canada section © 1966 TIME International of Canada Ltd. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is prohibited. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

A letter from the PUBLISHER

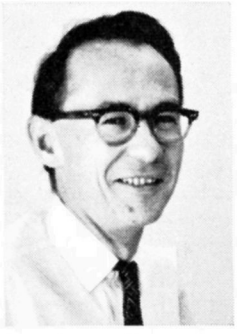
Bernhard M. Auer

IT is probably safe to say that not very many people list dog-sled driving as a hobby. No doubt only a few more can say that, while traveling by other means, they have been forced to drive off the road to avoid a moose and have had their leather two-suiter eaten by Eskimos. These very special experiences belong to Ed Ogle, an Indiana-born, New Orleans-trained newsman who for the past nine years has been our bureau chief in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and who traveled some 10,000 miles over his sprawling territory to do the major reporting for this week's cover story.

His experiences in the course of this assignment were somewhat less exotic than those of his earlier far-north forays, but one was little less surprising. This happened when the cover subject, Premier W.A.C. Bennett, told him: "If it weren't for one of your people, I wouldn't be here in British Columbia at all." Bennett then explained that he started a hardware store in Kelowna, B.C., in 1930, with the moral and financial support of John Truscott Elson, the vice president of an international hardware distributing firm. He was the father of Robert Truscott Elson, an executive of Time Inc., and the grandfather of Associate Editor John Truscott Elson, who, by coincidence, was sitting in last week as editor of the special news section published every week in our Canada edition.

The regular editor of that section, Canadian John M. Scott, stepped away from his desk in Montreal for two weeks to bring his expertise to the World cover story. Also lending special knowledge on the research side was the Canada staff's Beth Cattley, who grew up at the other end of Canada (in Fredericton, N.B.), first got to know and love the West when she trained there with the Royal Canadian Air Force (she came out with the rank of flying officer). For an outsider's impressions of the West's wonders, World Editor Edward Hughes sent Chicago Correspondent Ed Shook on a 4,000-mile trek through the booming prairies and mountains.

Another eye from the outside was that of Painter Henry Koerner, who, in one of our rare gatefold covers, included British Columbia's totem poles, snow-capped mountains, fresh water, lumbering and petroleum industries. In the process, he talked the management of one plant into lighting up early so that he could see the smokestack flame in the right light. He found the pointing pose highly appropriate for Premier Bennett, as he considered his subject "a gesticulating man." Studying the painting in the light of the hitherto untold story of bustling growth and wealth in Western Canada, one office caption writer suggested that the title might have been "This way to the bank."



SCOTT

CATTLEY

OGLE

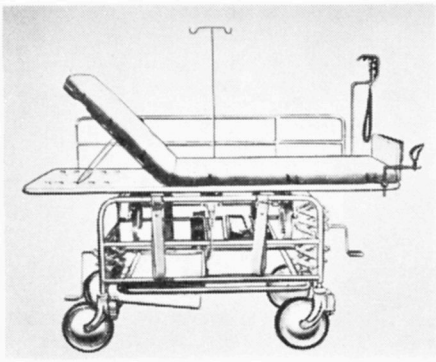
INDEX

Cover Story 34 Color 35; 65; 69 Essay 30

Art	68	Medicine	78	Show Business	60
Books	100	Milestones	81	Sport	80
Cinema	98	Modern Living	57	Theater	63
Education	70	Music	84	U.S.	23
Law	75	People	50	U.S. Business	89
Letters	11	Religion	83	World	32
Listings	2	Science	64	World Business	94

Canada 15

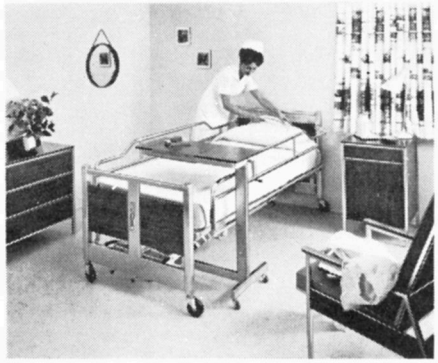
Simmons at expo67



All beds, mattresses, stretchers and all other furniture for 8 First Aid Posts and 4 Medical Aid Stations at Expo '67 will be supplied by Simmons Limited. This includes the latest Vari-Hite* Beds, Beautyrest* Mattresses covered in Fabrisan*, and Hausted stretchers.

We are proud that our hospital equipment has been chosen for the World Exposition to be held in Montreal.

Hospital administrators and doctors are invited to see Simmons' equipment while visiting Expo.



For further details please contact your nearest Simmons Regional Representative or write to:
SIMMONS LIMITED at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary, Regina, Elora.

Simmons — makers of the famous Beautyrest mattress.*

*Reg'd Trademarks

© Copyright, 1963, by the Canadian Corporation for the 1967 World Exhibition

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 30, 1966 Vol. 88 No. 14

CANADA

THE REALM

A Verdict of Guilty

"When national security is involved, doubt must be resolved in favor of the state." With that as his premise and guiding principle it was no great surprise that Mr. Justice Wishart Flett Spence last week solemnly brought in a verdict of guilty against the Tories for their handling of the Gerda Munsinger affair.

In his long-awaited, 93-page report on his judicial inquiry into Canada's juiciest political scandal, Mr. Justice Spence concluded that John Diefenbaker was "most imprudent" in failing to remove Pierre Sévigny as his associate defense minister for consorting with a known prostitute and onetime Soviet spy. Despite his "outstanding war record," and "fine family background," Sévigny himself was unsuited "to hold any portfolio in the Cabinet, let alone the most sensitive one of Associate Minister of National Defense." Former Justice Minister Davie Fulton, whom the judge commended for quickly warning Diefenbaker after he learned of the RCMP dossier on Sévigny's affair with Gerda, was chided for failing to push for a further investigation, which the Mounties could not undertake without specific authorization.

Scathing Commentary. As much as it was an indictment of Tory action, the report was an endorsement of Prime Minister Pearson and his Justice Minister Lucien Cardin, the man who started it all with his heated charge in Parliament last March that Dief had been guilty of mishandling the "Monseignor" case. Pearson's request of the RCMP as to whether they had information "of a scandalous nature" involving any M.P., said the judge, "was a natural and proper one," and "it would have been imprudent and clearly bad administration to have failed to make this inquiry." And except for his rather large error that Gerda had died of leukemia in East Germany, all of Cardin's statements on the case were justified by the facts.

Despite its dry, cool, judicial prose, the commission commentary on Diefenbaker's behavior was as scathing as any hurled at him in the heat of debate. Spence found "much merit" in the argument that Diefenbaker should have presented the Sévigny problem to his Cabinet as a whole, and described as "startling" the fact that he never so much as bothered to inform Sévigny's superior, Defense Minister Douglas Harkness, about the affair. Even if Diefenbaker did not choose the wiser course of dismissing Sévigny from the Cabinet altogether, concluded the judge, it was nonetheless strange that he gave no consideration to shifting him to a less sensitive portfolio. "A more dangerous Cabinet position than that of National Defense, from the point of view of espionage by enemy agents or information seeking by greedy racketeers, could hardly be imagined."

Slight Indiscretion. If Diefenbaker was excessively indulgent toward his erring associate, one reason may have been that Sévigny, in Spence's delicate phrasing, "told his Prime Minister much less than the whole truth" about his relation with Gerda. Faced by Diefenbaker with the RCMP discoveries in December 1960, Sévigny first implied that she was just a friend of his, as she was of Transport Minister George Hees, whose occasional lunches and dinners with Gerda Spence dismissed as an indiscretion, "slight but regrettable." Sévigny, moreover, told his P.M. that he had not seen Gerda for several months, when the facts, said the judge, were otherwise. Not only had Sévigny seen her more than infrequently during all of 1960, but "there would seem no doubt that he was actively using his influence to obtain Canadian citizenship for Mrs. Munsinger."

Concluded the judge: "I am of the opinion that the Honorable Mr. Sévigny's liaison with Mrs. Munsinger was of such a type as might expose him to blackmail or undue pressure, and that nothing could assure that he would not be subject to, and might yield to, such pressure. The mere fact that the liaison occurred, was sufficient in my opinion, to leave doubt as to his reliability and therefore to create a security risk requiring his retirement from the Cabinet."

In this sense, said Spence, Cardin was amply justified in declaring that certain

CANADA WIDE

SEVIGNY

TORONTO STAR

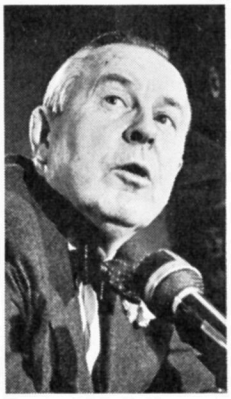
DIEFENBAKER

BRUNO WASKE

MUNSINGER

SPENCE

UPI



PEARSON

CAPITAL PRESS

CARDIN

"Doubt as to security must be resolved in favor of the state."

The emergence of Canada's West is a story that the editors of TIME believe should be told to the readers of all its national and international editions. For the cover story on British Columbia's Premier W.A.C. Bennett and the rich land from the Prairies to the Pacific, see THE WORLD.

aspects of the scandal were "worse than the Profumo case." Whatever else she might have been, Christine Keeler at least had no connection with Soviet espionage, although she once had a Russian officer as a lover (a fact Spence did not mention). Profumo, moreover, at least had the grace to apologize to Parliament and retire from public life when his misbehavior had been documented. But Sévigny, who later publicly denied that he had ever had an illicit relationship with Gerda, never resigned or, for that matter, apologized, and in fact served in the defense ministry for more than two years after the liaison had been discovered.

From A to Z. Understandably elated by so resounding a vote of approval, Lester Pearson released the report to newsmen only a day after the Cabinet—less than two days after he received his own copy. His only comment: "It speaks for itself." Cardin, who once promised to resign after the commission had completed its work, declared that he had been vindicated but somewhat gracelessly added: "If I had to, I'd do it all over again." Davie Fulton noncommittally brushed it off as "merely one man's opinion, six years after the event," while Sévigny, unrepentant, called the report "foolishness from A to Z."

Never one to suffer criticism lightly, John Diefenbaker responded in his customary vivacious style. In a statement put out by his office while he flew off on a sightseeing holiday in Plymouth, Mass., he denounced the report as a "political hatchet job" whose sole objective was "bringing about the destruction of the Leader of the Conservative party." Diefenbaker dismissed Spence's contention that he should have consulted his Cabinet concerning Sévigny, as a reversal of constitutional practice and an attack on a Prime Minister's discretionary powers. "No espionage took place or was alleged to have taken place in Canada," declared the Tory leader—so what justification did Pearson have for reopening the case five years after it had been closed?

UPI

AMBASSADOR NORMAN (1957)
A clash of principles.

As for Spence's argument that "doubt as to security must be resolved in favor of the state," Diefenbaker had his answer ready. He recalled the case of Herbert Norman, Canada's Ambassador to Egypt, who committed suicide in 1957 after his student-days Communist associations were revealed at a U.S. Senate inquiry. Defending Norman in the Commons, Pearson, then External Affairs Secretary, declared that though Norman "had certain Communist associations as a student many years ago, we were not going to allow that to drive him out of the public service of Canada." The judge's principle of conduct, said Diefenbaker, "was not followed by the present Prime Minister in the Herbert Norman case."

Unanswered Questions. Diefenbaker's protest did not do much to counter Justice Spence's conclusion that he had dealt too lightly with a genuine security risk situation. What laid the report open to Tory complaints that it was politically motivated was the Supreme Court Justice's totally uncritical appraisal of the Liberals. When Pearson called for the Munsinger file at the height of the Rivard affair in 1964, it was far too late, as Spence points out, to lay any charges—and the judge himself made no recommendations that the matter be pursued.

Citing previous royal commissions, Judge Spence defended his right to pass judgment on political matters—but then unaccountably failed to do so in the case of Cardin. After examining the factual questions Cardin had raised, Spence left untouched the further problem of whether his bitterness regarding Tory attacks on the Spencer case justified his raising a security matter five years after the event.

The commission's verdict on John Diefenbaker would be hard to challenge. But by failing to answer fully the questions regarding the Liberals—neither Pearson nor Cardin appeared at the hearings—the report seemed unlikely to shake the conviction of many Canadians that the Munsinger affair was a plague infecting both houses.

THE CONSERVATIVES

Palace Revolt

In his ten years as Tory standard-bearer, John Diefenbaker has run through more lives than a dozen political cats. Seldom, though, has his command of party loyalties seemed so shaky and insecure as it was last week. Even before the damning indictment of his conduct made by the Spence commission, the Chief faced a major rebellion from within the ranks led by Tory National President Dalton Camp.

Cause of the revolt was the rapidly growing conviction—shared by Liberal politicians as well as Tories—that whichever party first finds a new, young leader has a long leg up toward victory in the next election. Lester Pearson has never mentioned the exact day when he might step down, although he has made it clear that he will do so before the nation again goes to the polls. Diefenbaker has done all he could to guarantee his own indefinite stay, despite three abortive *Putsches* in the past four years. This spring, he appointed a close friend and ardent supporter, Ontario's James Johnston, to the key headquarters post of national director. In the Commons, he has kept the limelight away from such potential successors as Davie Fulton, Richard Bell and George Hees. Celebrating his 71st birthday this month, Diefenbaker happily told admirers that he looked forward to "a long time at the center of the political battle," and reminded them—in a phrase that is a predictable part of almost every speech he gives these days—that Sir John A. Macdonald won his last election at the age of 76.

THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL

TORY PRESIDENT CAMP
The principals clashed.

One Too Many. For Dalton Camp, that would be one election too many: A cool, astute Toronto adman, Camp stayed neutral in the previous attempts to unseat Diefenbaker. But this year, on his cross-country trips, Camp found ample evidence to support a June Gallup poll report that more than half of the Tories would like to see Dief resign. Last week, carefully timing his attack to precede the Spence report, Camp laid down the challenge. "There are limits to the power of political leadership," he told the Toronto Junior Board of Trade. "It is not, as every politician must know, a lifetime contract. The party is not the embodiment of the leader, but the other way around; the leader is transient, only the party is permanent." Then, Camp demanded that the Tories' National Association meeting in mid-November settle "the reconfirmation—or otherwise

—of leadership." If repudiated, Camp was more than willing to accept "the usual penalties of politics."

Battle-weary by now, leading Tories easily chose up sides for and against the leader. From British Columbia, Davie Fulton applauded Camp for "exercising his responsibility in an excellent fashion." Newfoundland's Tory President James McGrath supported Camp, as did the national vice president, Halifax' Finlay MacDonald. Speaking for a phalanx of Prairie M.P.s, Manitoba's Gordon Churchill angrily demanded that Camp resign for having "abused his temporary position to make a public attack on our leader." And influential Alvin Hamilton dismissed Camp's demand as "an airy-fairy subject."

In Ottawa, an aide described Diefenbaker as being "monumentally indifferent," and to one group of Tories he confided: "I've had the occasional uprising before and beaten it down." Nonetheless, there was some evidence that the old Tory was considerably shaken by his recent troubles, including the loss of a Tory-held Quebec seat in a by-election last week. After a speech to Conservative businessmen at Toronto's Albany Club, Diefenbaker flashed back in anger when Ontario Tory M.P.P. Allan Lawrence bluntly asked him whether he would consider a party re-evaluation of his leadership. "I know you," thundered Dief. "You're a troublemaker, and I have no use for you."

Touch of Tar. Diefenbaker has survived before; he can survive again. Almost certainly he will seek to turn the Spence report to his own advantage, by demanding that Tories rally round their leader in his hour of need. Moreover, Camp's palace coup suffers from the same shortcomings that sundered earlier attempts: lack of a convincing alternative to Dief as party leader. Two prime prospects—Hees and Fulton—were barely touched with tar by the Spence commission findings, but even that may be too much. Camp, a backroom boy who has never served in Parliament, lacks the experience for the job. And even outstanding Tory provincial leaders—Manitoba's Duff Roblin and Ontario's John Robarts—have yet to show their worth nationally. "Roblin says something about everything," grouses one Tory wit, "while Robarts says nothing about anything."

The real test of Camp's revolt will come in the contest for his re-election to the party presidency against a pro-Diefenbaker nominee in November. In the past, Diefenbaker was able to stare down his opposition by insisting that a vote on his leadership be made by public show of hands, but the Tory presidential election, according to party rules, is by secret ballot. A Camp victory would thus imply a non-confidence vote against Diefenbaker, hand the president a mandate to call a formal convention in 1967 at which the explicit issue would be Diefenbaker's leadership.

THE SERVICES

The Pongo Goes to Halifax

"A most rewarding experience," summed up Defense Minister Paul Hellyer. There were other ways of looking at it. Paying his first visit to Halifax since the July dismissal of Rear Admiral William Landymore, the Navy's anti-unification stalwart, Hellyer got a reception as chilly as a northeast gale—and clearly failed to make his one-big-service scheme any more palatable to its belligerent opponents within the RCN.

No Press. Flying into Shearwater Naval Air Station aboard an RCAF Cosmopolitan, Hellyer drove to the three-story, white-and-green official residence of Landymore's successor as Atlantic fleet commander, Rear Admiral John O'Brien. Next morning, with the press barred from station grounds by his personal order, Hellyer inspected a guard of honor, then crossed the parade square to address 3,500 Other Ranks drawn up in the cavernous gymnasium of H.M.C.S. *Stadacona* shore base (renamed, in signs put up the morning of his arrival, as "Canadian Forces Base, Halifax").

Hellyer's speech did little to shake the Navy's disparaging conviction that he is a "pongo" (soldier) at heart.* Confronted by one "killick's" request for a "make-and-mend," Hellyer had to turn blankly to a nearby officer for a translation before being able to grant the seaman's appeal for a holiday. There were some cheers when Hellyer went on to promise a "substantial package" of pay increases next month, designed to stem a drain of strength that has brought the service to its present 14-year low of 105,335 men. But Hellyer rejected demands for a show of hands on unification; boos and scattered cries of "speak for yourself" drowned out one seaman's "I'm for you."

Traditional Courtesy. After a quieter but equally frosty meeting with the petty officers—he received "traditional Navy courtesy," as one put it—Hellyer then faced a one-hour encounter with the station officers. Loud cheers greeted one commander's impassioned defense of the Navy's traditional blue uniforms, which Hellyer next year wants to replace with a standard service green. When Hellyer sharply retorted "your uniform was not ordained by God," the hall echoed with catcalls. Admiral O'Brien finally restored order by jumping to his feet and barking: "Stop this bloody heckling." Lunch in the wardroom of the destroyer escort *Restigouche* completed Hellyer's one-day visit.

Though opposition to his unification plan seems to be as strong as ever, Hellyer appeared in no mood to back down after his trip. "Once the decision has been made," he declared, "military men and women are trained to obey."

WAMBOLDT WATERFIELD

O'BRIEN & HELLYER BOARD H.M.C.S. *RESTIGOUCHE*
"Your uniform was not ordained by God."

* Actually, Hellyer started World War II as a "pigeon" in the RCAF, wound up as a gunner in the Army.

JOURNALISM

With Alice Aforethought

In the hope of brightening up the Toronto Globe & Mail's somber editorial page, Editor Richard Doyle two years ago invited staffers to contribute to a new column of light comment on the news. Much to his surprise, the most persistent volunteer turned out to be Richard John Needham, a staid little editorial writer best appreciated at the paper for his weighty words on finance. Giving in to the inevitable, Doyle finally let Needham take over the column for good. Today, it is unquestionably the Globe's most popular feature, as well as the most "in" column in town—and Needham has 10,000 letters a year to prove it.

For non-subscribers, the best of his columns have now been collected in

Needham's Inferno (Macmillan of Canada; $4.95), published this week. In part, his human comedy is pure Theater of the Absurd, populated by a bizarre cast including two Bay Street Belles named Alice Aforethought and Fifi Fahrenheit. Star is Rudolph J. Needleberry, who beneath the mild-mannered exterior of a reporter on a Big City newspaper is a lecher and boozer of Supermanly proportions. Needleberry speaks mostly in outrageous puns ("the wages of Zen is debt") and wacky one-liners ("the trouble with making love to Chinese girls is that you feel passionate half an hour afterwards")—all of which Needham scribbles down in stray moments on odd scraps of paper and cackles over as loudly as any of his readers do.

A Thoreau in Toronto. Deeper in the inferno, though, Needham appears to be crying on the inside, a Toronto-entrapped Thoreau, the one sane man in a world out of whack. Of picture of a down-on-their-luck family dutifully smiling for the camera, Needham savagely remarks: "We are born, we die, in between we make spectacular blunders and run into awful troubles but we must—we absolutely must—sing and dance and laugh at Mickey Mouse and beam broadly for the photographer." A champion of any underdog, Needham saves most of his tears for the plight of women—neglected housewives, put-upon prostitutes, befuddled teen-agers—since "men, especially businessmen, are too busy making money to notice them."

ROBERT C. RAGSDALE

NEEDHAM & FRANCIE
A romantic in a world out of whack.

Although far from being a Needleberry, Needham himself is as odd as any of the creatures who populate his column. A 150-lb. weakling of 54, he lives alone in a $12-a-week Chinese boardinghouse, buys his suits second-hand from the Crippled Civilians thrift shop. In his cluttered cubbyhole of an office at the Globe, he is as reclusive as a Trappist, hanging up on unwanted callers, glaring fiercely at unwelcome visitors until they go away. So infectious is Needham's nuttiness that his 19-year-old secretary, "Fearless Francie" Healy, once showed up at the Globe in her bare feet. Needham has no use for life's luxuries, claims that "honestly, I don't know what the Globe & Mail pays me." Nor, seemingly, does he care. "A Rolls-Royce is just a piece of tin," he says. "If you have status you don't need symbols, and if you're collecting the symbols you have no status."

Needham's largest expenses are flowers and lunches, which he freely lavishes on almost every woman—cleaning lady or bathing beauty—who hoves into sight. "Once," he recalls wistfully, "I took a girl to Nova Scotia just to collect sea shells. We walked along the shore, collecting shells, nothing else. It was wonderful." Separated from his wife for nearly ten years, Needham is equally lavish in the love he bestows on his three children—and in fact, any children. He will give up everything except his column to speak, for free, to a high school class. He frequently spends Saturday afternoons chatting over coffee in the Lord Simcoe Hotel cafeteria with teen-age friends, dispensing such wicked-uncle advice as "the best education a man can get is by taking out books from libraries—and also by taking out the librarians."

Unprintable Stories. Gibraltar-born Needham quit school at 16, emigrated from England to Canada as a farm hand. He got his first newspaper job at the Toronto Star in 1930, five years later was fired for turning in a stream of unprintable stories about prostitutes and pimps from magistrate's court. Needham landed at the Calgary Herald as editor until 1951, when he returned to Toronto as an editorial writer. He has been with the Globe ever since, except for two years as city editor of the Star, and a three-month experiment at *Maclean's*.

Despite Needham's delight in thumbing his nose at politicians, unions and businessmen, the Globe has received only three outraged letters in two years—and they were from out-of-towners. Editor Doyle, who as the villanous Dietrich Doppelganger of Needleberry's world occasionally gets fan letters in German, insists that Needham is a moralist at heart: "He brings you back to the simple virtues, like an Anglican parson." Needham himself puts it more simply. "I'm a romantic," he says. "I like to think there is still a little bit of magic left in this world." For most of his readers, there is indeed.

THE NORTH

Vote for E7-551

Stretching from the Belcher Islands 2,000 miles north to Alert, the riding of Eastern Arctic encompasses half a million frozen square miles, but only 1,988 voters, mostly Eskimos. Last week Eastern Arctic held its first election—and by a landslide voted in the only Canadian legislator who has a number for a last name. In one of three by-elections for the Northwest Territories Council, Frobisher Bay's Simonie Michael E7-551 (E standing for Eastern, in Ottawa's system of identifying the surnameless Eskimos) became the first member of his race elected to office in Canada.*

Simonie, 33, was born in an igloo near Frobisher Bay. He has no formal education but was trained as a carpenter and mechanic by U.S. Air Force technicians. In 1953, he gained a measure of local fame when Ottawa named him one of the two Eskimos to attend Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Simonie helped found a cooperative that has built 15 houses, and was appointed to the town council. Traveling his riding by canoe, freighter, whaleboat and airplane, Simonie campaigned on the theme that the Eskimos deserve a voice on a territorial council dominated by white men. He had more than race going for him. The Eskimos, Anglicans almost to a man, have a healthy regard for the supernatural, and some of Simonie's coreligionists gave strong moral support to his cause. "Vote for Simonie," warned the Eskimo catechist in Frobisher, "or you will go to hell."

WINNER SIMONIE & FAMILY
Moral support from coreligionists.

* Simonie was not the only victor at the polls in Canada last week. The Liberals won three parliamentary by-elections, picking up a Tory seat in Quebec, and raising the party's total of M.P.s to 131—two short of a majority. The new Liberals: Florian Côté, 37, a farmer from the Quebec riding of Nicolet-Yamaska, Andrew Chatwood, 34, personnel director of a Newfoundland mining company, and Don Jamieson, 45, who as president of CJON-TV in St. John's is—after Joey Smallwood himself—probably Newfoundland's best-known citizen.

Now! Fiddle-free color TV

(Completely automatic color tuning—a Philips exclusive)

Push a button. "Rough-tune" the color. Release the button . . . and your Philips set snaps into perfect color. And it stays in perfect color—even when you come back to the channel later. Philips has put an end to running back and forth fiddling with knobs.

Automatic color tuning is one of ten Philips automatic features. No other color television gives you so many. A Philips set automatically adjusts to give you a perfect black and white picture with no brownish tinge, when programming goes from color to black and white. This is another exclusive Philips feature. A Philips set has no horizontal or vertical hold controls—they aren't needed. A Philips set virtually eliminates any and all kinds of interference that can interrupt or distort your picture. And every Philips color set has special circuits to protect your picture tube investment.

And, Philips is first with the 25" direct vision color tube. You get a sharper, clearer picture because there's no annoying extra glass between the tube and you. See your Philips dealer for picture-perfect, fiddle-free color TV.

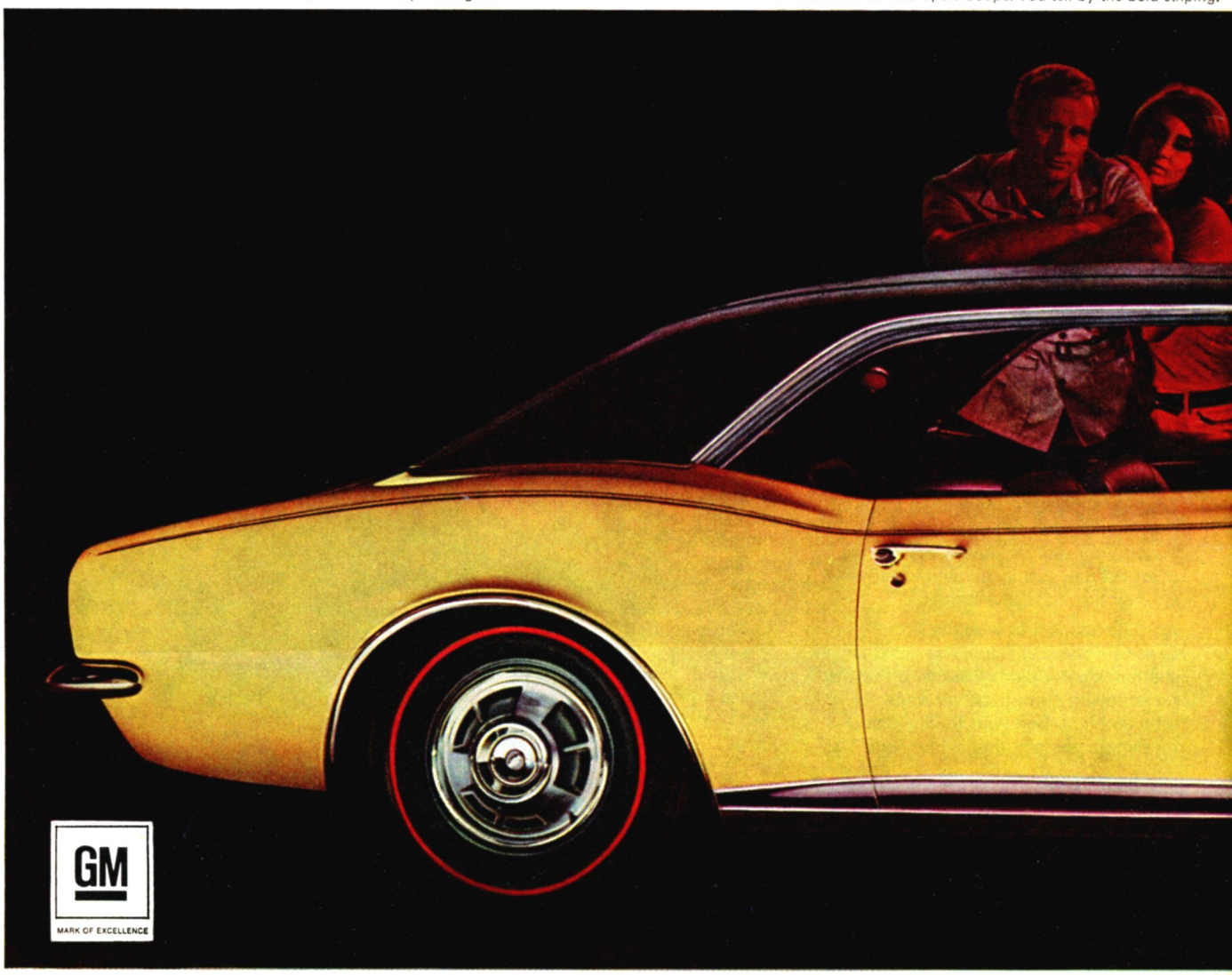
PHILIPS 1891·1966

trust in **PHILIPS** is world-wide

Lead the "New Life"

Camaro Rally Sport Convertible. You tell by the hideaway headlights.

Camaro SS 350 Sport Coupe. You tell by the bold striping.



Camaro By Chevrolet

CHEVROLET

You've been waiting for a Chevrolet like this. Now it's here.

Camaro

One long look tells you that this 4-place driving machine from Chevrolet hands out reasons aplenty to lead a great New Life. But the reasons don't stop at bold new looks alone. Every Camaro comes with Strato-bucket seats for driver and friend, plush carpeting, a fully-synchronized 3-Speed transmission, a 140-hp Six that knows what gas costs and makes the most of it. Every Camaro has all these safety features, too: dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, four-way hazard warning flasher, folding front seat back latches and more, many more.

Camaro Rally Sport

Headlights lurk behind that sophisticated black grille on a Camaro RS. Touch a switch and panels slide away. Touch again—now you see them, now you don't. If you're the sort who just can't leave well enough alone, order the Custom Interior in whichever of seven colors you like best, a Strato-back front seat that looks like buckets but seats three, centre console with shifter right at hand and many other individualizing accessories. Top them all off with a vinyl roof cover for the Coupe.

Camaro SS350

The bulging louver-styled hood and wide stripe banding the grille warn you: inside's the exclusive 295-hp. 350-cu. in. V8! Put that on Camaro's flat-cornering wide stance; add disc brakes, special suspension, 4-Speed gearbox, special instrumentation and you've got yourself a real driving machine. If the Camaro SS350 is more than you want, ask your Chevrolet dealer to set up *your* Camaro with the 275-hp V8, the 210-hp V8, the 155 or 140-hp Six, Powerglide or whatever.
After all, Camaro's *your* idea of a car.

STYLES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: 42310 BROWN 59216 BLACK 42316 BROWN.

Why are these shoes different?

They're McHale... There *is* a definite and distinctive McHALE look. It's a look of quality. An air that speaks well of your judgement and taste. McHale Shoes are made from the world's finest leather, and fashioned with patient skill by men who are proud of their craft. You'll appreciate the special comfort of your McHale Shoes. And others will admire that distinctive McHale look.

Leather styled the new way... benchmade the old way.

FROM THE MEN'S DIVISION OF SAVAGE SHOES LIMITED, PRESTON, ONTARIO.

THE U.S.

THE WAR

What the U.S. Wants

In fall's first week, the air was astir with talk of peace: pleas, proposals, propaganda of every hue. The dialogue yielded little hope of any quick, clean end to the conflict. It did, however, produce the most comprehensive, reasonable, and unequivocal statement of American policy to date.

Addressing the United Nations' 21st General Assembly, U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg made clear in eloquent and civilized terms that Washington would go to almost any lengths to end the war, short of abandoning South Viet Nam to present or future Communist aggression.

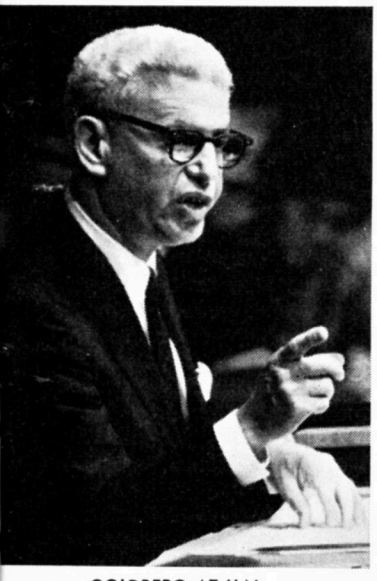
"In God's Name." The war was not even on the agenda as the Assembly convened, though it will clearly dominate the three-month session. On the eve of the opening, Pope Paul VI delivered in Rome an impassioned, 1,700-word encyclical addressed to both sides: "We cry to them in God's name to stop." In another plea, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant made the extravagant claim that the conflict had become a "holy war between two powerful political ideologies." Its issues, he said, can be resolved "not by force but by patience and understanding." Thant went so far as to say that the Viet Nam war has strained East-West relations to a "new low," though, in fact, the world has come a long way since the coldest days of the Cold War.

While the Secretary-General despaired of any immediate prospects for peace, implicitly blaming U.S. intransigence, he told newsmen that he nonetheless considered it heartening that North Viet Nam has never formally rejected his three-point peace formula advanced last February. Neither, as Ambassador Goldberg made abundantly clear, has Washington.

Key Word. In his U.N. speech, Goldberg chided the statesmen—by implication, Charles de Gaulle as well as Thant—who persistently appeal "to one side to stop, while encouraging the other." Denying that the U.S. is engaged in a "holy war against Communism," Goldberg disclaimed any American interest in establishing a "sphere of influence" in Asia. "We want a political solution, not a military solution," he declared. "We seek to assure for the people of South Viet Nam the same right of self-determination—to decide their own political destiny, free of force—that the United Nations Charter affirms for all."

Answering the first of U Thant's three points, a call for an end to U.S. bombing in North Viet Nam, Goldberg vowed that the Administration will gladly halt the raids "the moment we are assured" that Hanoi will curb its war effort. As for a mutual reduction of military activity, Thant's second point, Goldberg pointed out that the U.S. has repeatedly urged a supervised, phased withdrawal of "all external forces." On Thant's third point, inclusion of the Viet Cong in peace negotiations, the U.S. ambassador noted that this was not, in President Johnson's words, "an insurmountable problem." The U.S., said Goldberg, does not "seek to exclude any segment of the South Vietnamese people from peaceful participation in their country's future." A key word here was "peaceful."

For Skeptics. What was significant in Goldberg's speech was mostly its nuances and tone; there was little substantively new. An increased flexibility was apparent in his statement that the U.S. would take the "first step"—cessation of bombing—on Hanoi's mere assurance that it intends to reduce its war effort. Hitherto, Washington has left



GOLDBERG AT U.N.

AP

RUSK & GROMYKO

In response to a new flexibility, reflex reactions.

HO IN HANOI

the impression that the raids would not stop until North Viet Nam gave concrete proof of troop withdrawals. The speech was plainly meant to rebut the skeptics who question the credibility of the Johnson Administration's desire for peace.

The U.S. had particular reason to get that word across in Moscow and Hanoi. Though Washington remains understandably dubious, there have been signs in recent weeks that Ho Chi Minh, alarmed by the frenetic domestic upheavals in Red China, may be edging his nation closer to the Soviet Union. Moreover, through Moscow have come faint but persuasive hints that Hanoi has become more interested in negotiations.

Right Direction. Most non-Communist nations indicated their approval of Goldberg's address, and at home even the Johnson Administration's most vociferous war critic, Senator William Fulbright, was forced to concede: "This approach is in the right direction." Neither the Russians nor the North Vietnamese, however, have expressed any public interest in the American peace overtures. Though Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko conferred privately in New York twice last week, Gromyko delivered a vituperative speech in the Assembly denouncing Goldberg's address as a hypocritical "torrent of words." Hanoi, in turn, blasted it as "another U.S. peace swindle."

Those were the reflex reactions of Communist spokesmen and did not necessarily reflect either government's true inclinations. All the same, they contrasted oddly with U Thant's plea for "patience and understanding." The U.S., at least, had gone out of its way to demonstrate both, while reaffirming its determination to prosecute the war as long as it has no other real alternative.

Dawk Talk

Though Viet Nam does not loom large as an election issue in November, the Republicans would dearly like to make it one. Toward that end, the House Republican Conference last week issued a 37-page indictment of Lyndon Johnson's conduct of the war. In it, the Republicans did their agile best to sail with the doves and swoop with the hawks.

The result was a dawk. The G.O.P. "White Paper" deplores the fact that the number of U.S. fighting men in Viet Nam, now at 310,000, has reached "the maximum level of American troop strength committed in Korea in the 1950s." For this, it argues, the President is solely responsible. Not until well after Johnson was safely elected in 1964, the document points out, did he openly commit U.S. ground forces to combat in Viet Nam. Nor was this decision forced upon him by the SEATO treaty or by "any other obligation entered into by an earlier Administration."

With some justification, the report—presented at a press conference by G.O.P. House Leaders Gerald Ford, Melvin Laird, Les Arends, John Rhodes and Charles Goodell—also charges that the ever-deepening U.S. involvement has been accompanied by obfuscation, miscalculation, even "studied deception." However, the Republican dawks could not convincingly square their criticism of U.S. war policy with their insistence that they still support the war. Moreover, in blaming Johnson for U.S. involvement, they glossed over commitments made by his predecessors, including President Eisenhower, and pointedly neglected to mention Congress' 1964 Gulf of Tonkin resolution, in which Republicans and Democrats alike backed L.B.J. in whatever actions he deemed necessary.

UPI

G.O.P. LEADERS (FROM LEFT) ARENDS, FORD, LAIRD, GOODELL & RHODES

An indictment without an alternative.

Above all, the Republicans offer no alternative. The real problem, says the G.O.P. document, "is how to end this war more speedily and at smaller cost, while safeguarding the independence and freedom of South Viet Nam." Precisely. But the White Paper does not say how this might be accomplished.

• • •

The Republican document was, if anything, mild compared with separate attacks on Administration war policy mounted by two New Frontiersmen who stayed on a while under L.B.J. Writing in the New York Times Magazine, former White House Aide Arthur Schlesinger Jr. scored Johnson for "piling on all forms of power without regard to the nature of the threat." Crueler, and more ironic, was the attack by former Speech Writer Richard N. Goodwin. Addressing the Americans for Democratic Action in Washington, Goodwin assailed the President for engaging in "deliberate lies and distortion" in his war pronouncements—some of which, during Goodwin's White House days, he himself had helped draft.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Ahead of Its Time

Legislation in recent years has gone a long way toward bolstering the Negro's rights in such fundamental areas as education and voting and toward easing his economic plight with a spate of antipoverty programs. Compared with such far-reaching laws, the 1966 civil rights bill seemed something of an anticlimax. It sought to right some blatant wrongs, most notably discrimination in the selection of juries and the sale or rental of housing. Yet, compared with the earlier legislation, the open-housing provision literally came a lot closer to home. The sad, even outrageous, but inescapable fact seems to be that the white is not yet acclimatized to the notion of having a Negro for a neighbor. So the bill last week became the first civil rights measure to be killed by Congress in nine years.

It died almost ignominiously, without even coming to a vote in the Senate. After twelve days of deliberation over a motion to take up the measure, its supporters made their second, foredoomed attempt to choke off debate, but mustered only a 52-to-41 majority for cloture—ten short of the necessary two-thirds of those present and voting. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield thereupon recited the epitaph. "It would be futile," said he, "to prolong consideration of this issue."

Simmering Summer. Bitter postmortems pinned the blame variously on the Senate's Democrats, one-third of whom voted against cloture; on the Republicans, two-thirds of whom did the same; on President Johnson, who did not twist arms with his usual vigor to line up support; on civil rights leaders, who fell to quarreling among themselves, failed to lobby effectively.

To many cartoonists and editorial writers, the man chiefly responsible was Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen, who at one point observed: "Someone has to kill Cock Robin, and it might as well be me." Last week, however, Dirksen argued that the Administration had signally failed to ride to Robin's rescue. "Where was Hubert? Where was the President?" he rumbled. Pointing to the Democrats' 67-33 margin in the Senate, he added: "Had the Democrats in the Senate truly wished it, the bill would have passed."

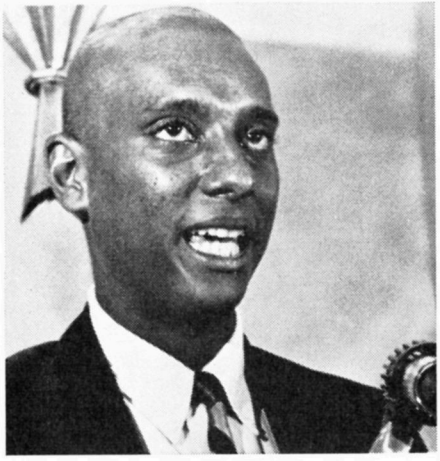
Dirksen knew perfectly well, of course, that a solid score of those Democrats are Southern segregationists, hence that no civil rights bill stands a chance without G.O.P. support. All the same, Majority Leader Mansfield, for one, refused to make Dirksen the scapegoat. He reasoned that support for the bill had been eroded by the "rioting, marches, shootings and inflammatory statements which have characterized this simmering summer." He indicted, in particular, the evangelists of black power, "those who, in the name of racial equality or perhaps more accurately in the name of a new racial superiority, have not advocated further civil rights legislation but, in fact, have actively spoken and fought against it."

Voices of Virulence. Those strong words echoed a feeling held by many, if not most, Americans. The black-power spokesmen—notably the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee's Stokely Carmichael and the Congress of Racial Equality's Floyd McKissick—have broken up the civil rights coalition whose strong, united stand did much to advance meaningful legislation in the past. The voices of virulence also helped fan the riots that erupted in the nation's cities this summer. Thus Congress, which had considered previous rights bills in the context of anti-Negro violence by Southern whites, this time worked at least partly in a climate of antiwhite violence by Negroes in the North. Negro protests now sometimes seem isolated and dogmatic, as for instance during last week's furor over a handsome new school in Manhattan's East Harlem, where parents' groups, spurred on by Carmichael, demanded that a capable white principal be replaced by a Negro (*see* EDUCATION).

Responsible Negro leaders, in consequence, are beginning to speak out against the separatist and racist implications of the philosophy. " 'Black power' not only lacks any real value for the civil rights movement," writes Bayard Rustin, organizer of the 1963 March on Washington, in the current *Commentary*, "but its propagation is positively harmful. It diverts the movement from a meaningful debate over strategy and tactics, it isolates the Negro community, and it encourages the growth of anti-Negro forces."

Green Power. Addressing a steelworkers' convention in Atlantic City, A. Philip Randolph, pioneering civil rights

UPI



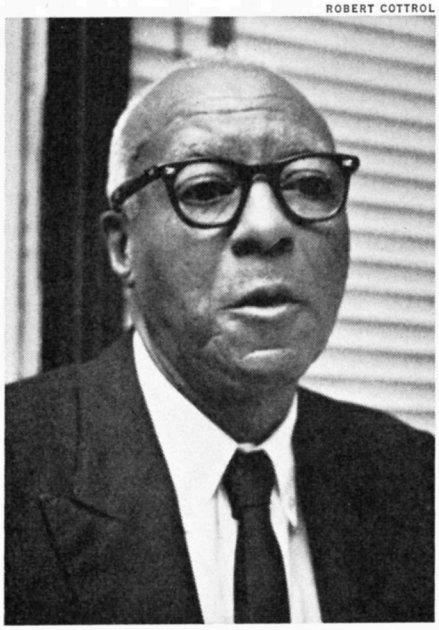
CARMICHAEL
Somebody killed Cock Robin.

leader and president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, indicted black power as a philosophy "based upon the assumption of salvation through racial isolation." Moreover, he warned Negro leaders to "take great care against overheating the ghettos" lest they precipitate "a race war in this nation which could become catastrophic."

In Grenada, Miss., where Negro schoolchildren were savagely beaten this month for attending previously all-white schools, Dr. Martin Luther King drew applause with an appeal for white-black cooperation rather than racial rivalry. "Even we Negroes must learn," he said, "that whites and blacks in this country are tied together inseparably. Neither of us can make it alone." At one point, he gestured toward a collection plate, declared: "Green power—that's the kind of power we need."

Some civil rights strategists are beginning to wonder aloud whether the time has not come to abandon demonstrations altogether—in Randolph's words, to "shift from the streets to the conference room." Many suspect that Negro protest marches may have lost the effectiveness that they undoubtedly once had and, indeed, may only foment white hostility. B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League last week reported that in 1966 Ku Klux Klan membership has increased by 10,000, mostly in the North and the Midwest, to a nationwide total of 29,500, and concluded that urban riots and the "black-power" threat had lent credibility to its shabby hokum among those "who previously would have neither listened nor heard." Misdirected Negro militancy also gives those who might otherwise be ashamed of their anti-Negro prejudices a ready-made excuse and self-justification.

ROBERT COTTROL



RANDOLPH
Nobody can make it alone.

As for the 1966 bill, Lyndon Johnson indicated last week that he would disinter it when he delivers his State of the Union message in January. But, given the current climate of opinion in the U.S. and the likelihood that the 90th Congress will be a shade or two to the right of the 89th, there is scant probability that a similar bill will fare any better in 1967 than the original did.

This prospect does not surprise many responsible civil rights leaders. For one thing, few Negroes as yet have the money or overriding desire to move into solidly white neighborhoods. The 1966 civil rights bill was, in this aspect at least, ahead of its time. Before the push for open housing can really hope to succeed, the U.S. Negro will have to build up his economic power. In the immediate future, his most important goal will be the full and forceful implementation of all the Great Society and civil rights laws already on the books.

THE CONGRESS

Judgment of Daniel

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

—Byron

Adam Clayton Powell has many proclivities in common with George Gordon Byron, but he has one clear occupational advantage over the poet. He composes his own sermons. Last week, addressing the faithful at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, Pastor-Congressman Powell recounted the saga of Daniel, with himself in the starring role. The lions, he implied, were those ravening "racists" on his House Education and Labor Committee who planned to make *entrecôte* of their chairman.

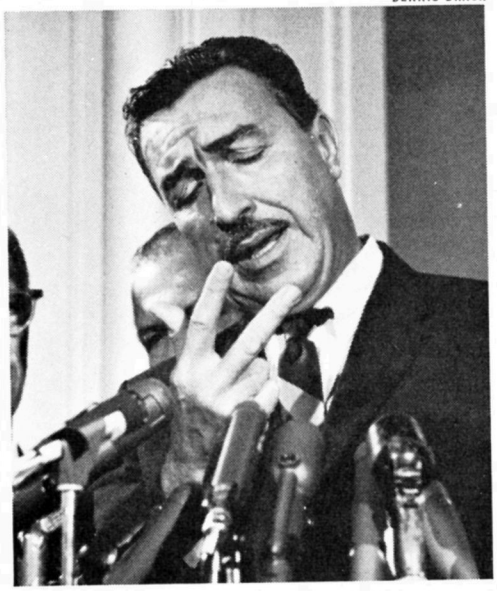
Two hours after Powell entered his closed-door confrontation with the rebellious committee, the chamber was opened. The lions were licking their chops. Oddly enough, Daniel was also smacking his lips. Later, in his office, Powell sipped—appropriately—at a Jack Daniel, without soda, and allowed that "the noose slipped."

A Diligent Beauty Queen. If Powell escaped procedural hanging, he had certainly been drawn and congression-

ally quartered. By a vote of 27 to 1 the committee adopted stringent measures to control its wayward chairman. Among them were provisions 1) making the committee staff director responsible to the majority rather than Powell; 2) empowering the ranking majority member to report committee-approved bills to the full House, thus ending Powell's ability to pocket veto legislation at will; 3) requiring majority approval of the committee budget and a detailed review of all expense accounts.

For all his peccadilloes, few of his critics deny that Powell on the whole has been an effective if erratic committee chairman. Only last March President Johnson wrote him to commend a "brilliant record of accomplishment" that has included passage of 56 key bills for the New Frontier and the Great Society.

DENNIS BRACK



POWELL AFTER COMMITTEE MEETING
The lions were licking their chops.

Powell's extracurricular record has been more consistently spectacular. For years he finagled luxurious European jaunts, in the company of pretty secretaries, at the taxpayer's expense. His third wife lives in Puerto Rico while drawing $20,000 annually as a staff member; estranged from her about two years ago, Powell has recently been depositing her pay in his own account. Another staff member was a former beauty queen whose diligence once earned her a raise from $10,144 to $15,583 a year. Even as rebellion flared in Powell's own committee last week, the House Administration Committee launched a separate investigation of his expense-account sleight of hand.

"All in a Jam." Over the years, Powell's flamboyant aberrations have become an embarrassment to Congress. With leisure to spare for fishing trips in the Bahamas, he has stalled the Administration's crucial $1.7 billion antipoverty bill for four months; though the committee has approved the bill, the House was still waiting for it at week's end. In the House, Powell has shown up for only 54 of 135 roll calls this session.

In exasperation, seven committee Democrats have been plotting their revolt against the chairman since midsummer. When Powell got word of their plans, he denounced the uprising as a racist conspiracy, aiming his angrier invectives at Florida's Sam Gibbons, 46, a Democrat with an unimpaired liberal record who has had to assume responsibility for the antipoverty bill in Powell's absence.

Fearful of the chairman's black-power demagoguery, committee members from cities with large Negro populations were loath to humiliate him. "We were all in a jam," admitted one rebel. Nonetheless, the panel that prepared the rules changes made only one concession to Powell: they agreed to his amendment giving the chairman control over hiring, firing and paying the staff, but obtained the right of the majority to veto his decisions.

The only pro-Powell vote was cast by the ranking Republican committee member, Ohio's William Ayres, a Powell pal whose Akron district has a heavily Negro vote. Ayres, who may some day succeed Powell, was worried that the chairmanship itself would be weakened by clipping Powell's wings. But the rules changes adopted last week should strengthen the committee's hand by eliminating the wanton delays that have often kept important legislation in the pigeonhole.

Strong Plants. As for Powell's political future, ironically he can only gain from his foray into the lions' den. Elected to his eleventh term in the House in 1964 by a 9-to-1 margin, he has always been, in the eyes of his constituents, an audacious Daniel in the white man's Congress.

In any case, Powell insisted that his prerogatives had not been severely curtailed but only slightly "pruned." And, the chairman observed hopefully, "You know what happens to plants when you prune them? They grow even stronger."

Without a Prayer

Everett Dirksen was an eight-term Congressman back in 1948 when his doctors told him that he was losing his eyesight. Though a sure winner, he declined to run for a ninth term and went home to Pekin, Ill., to pray. Dirksen, who today is almost as sound of vision as he is of voice, is genuinely convinced that what saved him from blindness was prayer—and he is determined to pass on its 20/20 benefits to the rest of the U.S.

Last week, fresh from his successful battle to kill the 1966 Civil Rights Act, Dirksen rose in the Senate to introduce his so-called "Amen Amendment"—a measure designed to strike at two Supreme Court decisions by modifying the First Amendment so as to permit voluntary prayer in public schools. Few religious leaders favored the amendment, but that hardly daunted the minority leader. Who did support his cause? "Not the professionals in the church hierarchy," declared Dirksen. "Not the cocktail-party, luncheon-circuit bunch. I'm talking about the church members—the rank and file—and they're in favor."

In an election year, when a "nay" might seem like a vote for atheism, Ev was confident that he could put the amendment over. Nor was he worried that Senate liberals might try to talk it to death. "Well, now," he said, "if anybody wants to filibuster the Lord . . ."

Nobody had to. Dirksen got expected support from most Republicans and Southern Democrats, but he ran into a formidable obstacle in the form of North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin, whose concern for the Constitution rivals Dirksen's passion for prayer. "For God's sake," bellowed Ervin, "and for freedom's sake, let us not vest arbitrary permission power in school boards." When the vote came, Dirksen never really had a prayer. Though he won a 49-to-37 majority, he fell nine short of the two-thirds margin required to amend the Constitution.

Even so, Dirksen refused to give up on the Amen Amendment. "I will not let it die," he said, adding that a national organization is already being formed by such Protestant leaders as Daniel Poling and Billy Graham to carry on the fight in the 90th Congress.

ILLINOIS

Beyond Grief

Addressing a Saturday night rally of campaign workers, the candidate could not resist a word of praise for his daughter. "Valerie," he said, "is my best precinct worker." Charles Harting Percy was not simply indulging his paternal pride. In his hard-hitting campaign to unseat Illinois' three-term Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, 74, comely, honey-haired Valerie Percy, 21, a June graduate of Cornell, proved one of Chuck Percy's doughtiest aides. With sunny enthusiasm that made the task seem effortless, she recruited and coordinated hundreds of youthful Percy-for-Senator volunteers, helped set up 22 campaign centers in the Chicago area, made dozens of warm little speeches for her father. She toured the wards wearing a winsome smile and a button that said, "HI! I'm Valerie Percy—Chuck's My Dad."

About midnight, five hours after his ad-libbed tribute to Valerie, Chuck Percy wearily returned to his $230,000, three-acre estate, Windward, on the Lake Michigan shore in Chicago's elegant suburb of Kenilworth. Valerie was in her bedroom watching television. She had decided earlier that day not to attend a "Dance-for-Percy" party on the North Shore; she dined at home with two young men who were working for the campaign, and retired shortly after 10 p.m. Her twin sister Sharon

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

CHUCK & LORAINE PERCY WITH SHARON (LEFT) & VALERIE (1964)
A classic success story, but stalked by tragedy.

was in another room. Another of Percy's daughters, Gail, 13, was asleep; his sons, Roger, 19, and Mark, 11, were away. Percy and his wife Loraine looked at a late TV show, went to their master bedroom, and turned out the light at about 1:30 a.m.

"She Is Dead." About 3½ hours later, Loraine Percy was partially aroused by the sound of tinkling glass and brief, faint, clicking sounds. Assuming that one of her children had knocked over a drinking glass, she sank back into sleep. Minutes later she was awakened again by a deep, agonized moaning. Mrs. Percy leaped out of bed and followed the sound down the hallway to Valerie's room. Inside, she saw a shadowy figure bent over Valerie's bed. The intruder instantly straightened up, whirled about and transfixed Loraine Percy in the blinding glare of a powerful flashlight. Screaming, she ran back to the master bedroom, where she punched a wall button that set off a rooftop burglar-alarm siren.

Her husband at once ran to Valerie's room and switched on the lights. The girl, piteously mutilated, lay blood-soaked and inert. Loraine Percy felt a faint pulse. While she swabbed the blood from Valerie's face with a pillowcase, Chuck Percy telephoned Dr. Robert P. Hohf, a neighbor.

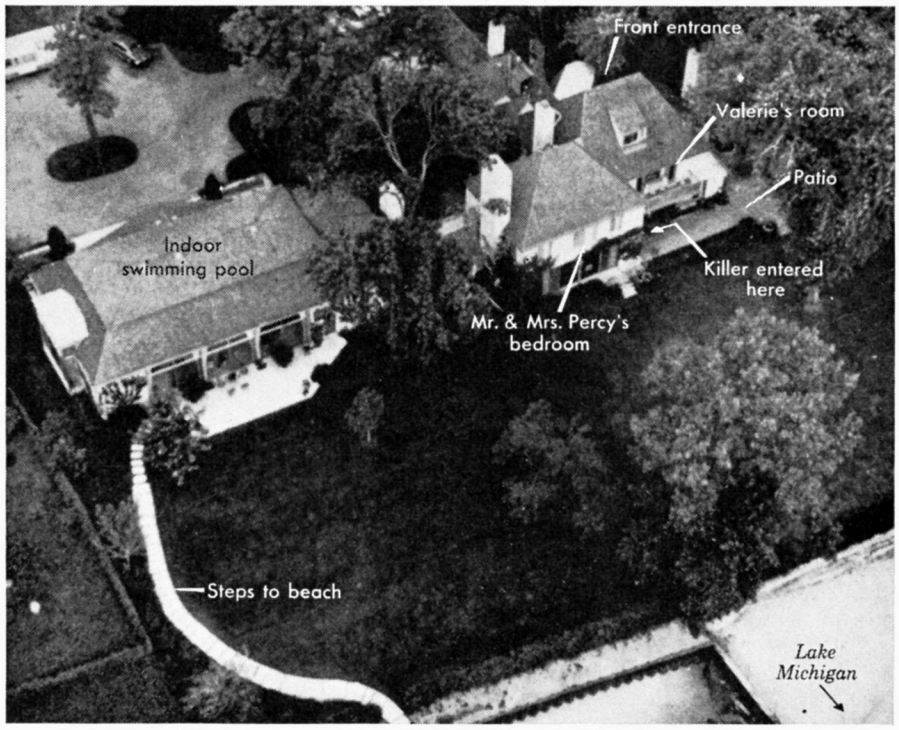
The doctor arrived minutes later, at about 5:10 a.m. He found that Valerie had been stabbed six times around her nose and left eye, once in the neck, twice in the chest and twice in the stomach. There were four cone-shaped puncture wounds in her skull, all caused by heavy, bludgeon-like blows. Dr. Hohf slowly descended the circular staircase to the living room where Percy, Loraine, Sharon and Gail sat in wordless shock. Percy rose, and Hohf said: "Valerie is gone. She is dead."

Intruder's Path. Investigating their first murder case since Kenilworth (pop. 2,789) was incorporated 70 years ago, patrolmen from the eleven-man police force were joined by Chicago detectives and crime-laboratory experts, Cook County state's attorney's men, sheriff's deputies, state police and FBI agents. As best they could, the investigators reconstructed the murderer's moves. The intruder, it seemed, had entered the 17-room mansion by way of a flagstone patio on the lake side of the house, slashed an opening in a copper-screen door, then used a glass cutter to remove a pane in the French door. The killer reached through the hole to open the door from the inside, then crossed the slate-covered floor, climbed the 18-step staircase, walked stealthily past the open door of Mark Percy's empty room, past sleeping Sharon's closed door and into Valerie's bedroom.

The police found several clear fingerprints that did not belong to the Percys or to people who frequented their home. The investigation, at week's end, had yielded frustratingly little evidence; it had not even been established whether Valerie's murderer was a man or a woman. Police theorized that the killer might have been familiar with the Percy home, and may have come there with the intention of seeking out and killing Valerie. Lawmen had a vast list of people to question. At week's end 150 had been interviewed—though none, apparently, were rated prime suspects.

"I Will Understand." After the first few hours of private grief, boyish-looking Chuck Percy, 47, a devout Christian Scientist, weathered the ordeal with spartan composure. His life had been a classic tale of success—a rise from $12-a-week clerk to president of Bell & Howell Co. at 29, a millionaire at 40. But this was the second untimely death that had stricken his family. In 1947 his first wife, Jeanne (who was not a Christian Scientist), died of a violent reaction to drugs after a seemingly simple and successful operation. Percy married the former Loraine Guyer, now 37, in 1950. Last week, the day before a memorial service for Valerie, Percy stood with his family in a funeral-home receiving line for four hours as grieving friends filed by. Though his eyes occasionally brimmed with tears, he remained sternly in control of himself, automatically wiping his eyes with the back of his hand and speaking individually to each mourner. "We all have problems and we overcome them," he said to one friend. "There has to be a reason for everything." After Valerie's body was cremated and buried in a Winnetka cemetery, the family fled their home for a few days' rest in private.

The Senate race was suspended at



PERCY ESTATE IN KENILWORTH
An abundance of people to question, but frustratingly few clues.

least until Percy's return. On hearing of the tragedy, Senator Douglas, who was once his opponent's economics professor at the University of Chicago, wired Percy: "My heart goes out to you over your cruel and terrible loss. I am calling off all campaigning." Before Percy left Chicago last week, he replied: "It is impossible for me to say at this time when I will be able to resume my own candidacy. Whenever you resume your campaign, I will understand completely." It was a savage irony, for the death of Valerie Percy will probably seal a victory for Chuck Percy in November that had already seemed almost within his grasp.

Percy had been labeled a long-odds underdog last winter when he resigned as board chairman of Bell & Howell to devote all his energies to the Senate race. His dynamic, articulate campaign since then had steadily propelled him ahead of aging Paul Douglas. The liberal Democrat's dignified but tired electioneering stirred little enthusiasm. His immovable stand in favor of open-housing legislation—a particularly explosive issue in Chicago—and his consistently pro-civil rights votes on Capitol Hill cost Douglas the support of many fearful whites. Against the advice of campaign aides, Percy has also come out in favor of modified open-housing laws, but he has not been so outspoken on the issue as Douglas. Beyond that, the Democrat's prospects have been dimmed by an inchoate sense of dissatisfaction with the Administration.

At week's end Chuck Percy had said nothing publicly about resuming his campaign, but advisers predicted that he would restrict his activities to a few television appearances and issuance of position papers on major issues. No matter which man wins in November, his victory will inevitably be clouded by Valerie's death, a tragedy that made political issues seem almost irrelevant.

THE ADMINISTRATION

State's New Team

Having summoned newsmen to the White House Cabinet Room for a hastily arranged press conference, Lyndon Johnson blandly allowed that he had nothing to announce. After 17 minutes of aimless exchanges, Columnist Marquis Childs—who had been cued in advance by an Administration aide—asked the right question. "Mr. President, there are a number of vacancies in the State Department," said Childs. "Can you give any indication of when those will be filled?" With calculated casualness, Johnson replied: "Well, one became vacant yesterday—the Under Secretary, Mr. Ball—and that will be filled right now."

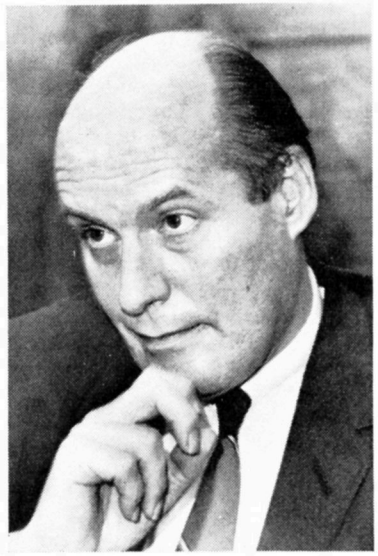
Thus, in a characteristic charade aimed at dramatizing the news he had planned to disclose all along, Johnson announced the appointment of Attorney General Nicholas deBelleville Katzenbach, 44, to succeed George W. Ball, 56, who had long been impatient to resign as Dean Rusk's No. 2 man and resume private law practice. Beaming at the success of his ploy, the President went on to inform startled newsmen that he had filled two other major vacancies in the State Department. For the No. 3 job, Under Secretary for Political Affairs, Johnson had selected Eugene Victor Debs Rostow, 53, former dean of the Yale Law School, who is the elder brother of Walt Whitman Rostow, the top White House foreign affairs adviser; Gene Rostow succeeds Thomas Mann, who resigned in June.

As Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs, the fourth job in the Foggy Bottom hierarchy, vacant since U. Alexis Johnson was named U.S. Ambassador to Japan in July, the President picked Foy Kohler, 58, a career foreign service officer who for the past four years has served ably as Ambassador to Moscow.

ROBERT CHILD

EUGENE ROSTOW

AP



NICHOLAS KATZENBACH

With a taste for wine and honors on the test.

"Fudge Factory." The importance of finding a successor to Ball was heightened by the possibility that Secretary of State Rusk, suffering from fatigue and financial strain, may in time decide to step down. Johnson's first choice for Ball's job, and a possible successor to Rusk, was Washington Lawyer Clark Clifford, a former aide of Harry Truman. The bait was rejected by Clifford and other prospects. So L.B.J. decided to worry about Rusk's successor later, settled on the Attorney General.

Katzenbach has had only peripheral foreign policy experience, most notably in advising President Kennedy during the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. Nonetheless, he is brilliant, energetic and, as he proved in his negotiations with Congress over civil rights legislation, a sound diplomat. Named Acting Attorney General by Johnson after close friend and mentor Bobby Kennedy resigned to run for the Senate, it was five uncomfortable months before he was formally given the top job, but Katzenbach passed L.B.J.'s private loyalty test with honors by assuring the boss that he would serve in any capacity the President requested. His switch from the Cabinet to the State Department post means a considerable reduction in rank, not to mention a $5,000 salary cut (to $30,000), but Katzenbach was clearly eager to make the change.

As Under Secretary he will take over many of the administrative chores for which Rusk has neither time nor temperament. If only because of his lack of experience, Katzenbach is expected to be more flexible than Ball, a hard-line "theologian" who pushed fervently for European unity and rigidly opposed the views of Charles de Gaulle. Ball—who this week will deliver a Washington valedictory entitled "Six Years in the Fudge Factory"—was known for his unofficial role as devil's advocate, questioning such decisions as the bombing of North Viet Nam.

Princely Protection. In view of his estrangement from the intellectual community, the President particularly savored the academic credentials of his appointees: in Katzenbach, Rostow and Kohler, he has, respectively, a Rhodes scholar, a holder of five degrees (three from Yale, two from Cambridge), and a Phi Beta Kappa. Rostow, an eloquent authority on foreign affairs, brings with him a taste for bow ties, waistcoats and fine wine—as well as his copy of Machiavelli's *The Prince*, which he expects to rely on "for protection."

Johnson next must appoint an Attorney General to succeed Katzenbach and an ambassador to replace Kohler. Though rumors were rampant (among those mentioned to head the Justice Department: Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman), the President squelched them with characteristic querulousness. Speculation about any forthcoming presidential appointment, he averred, "is the best indication that it is not likely to happen."

DEMOCRATS

The Nation Builder

"Let's dig this ditch for Mike!" shouted Mississippi's John Bell Williams, and minutes later, a mighty chorus of "ayes" echoed through the House chamber. The "ditch" is a projected 120-mile waterway that will connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River at a cost estimated as high as $3 billion. The project has a flock of critics. But its sponsor is Ohio Democrat Mike Kirwan, 79, the Congressman responsible each year for doling out some $4 billion in pork-barrel projects to his colleagues, and most House members would sooner abandon Panama than damn Kirwan's canal.

Last week Kirwan's annual public-works appropriations bill sailed through the House on a 354-to-25 vote. Not a dollar was put into or subtracted from the legislation as it was reported out by his Subcommittee on Public Works Appropriations. Since "Big Mike" likes to keep all House members happy, every state had at least one slice of bacon. But Kirwan was undisguisedly most elated about his own project. "This is going to be the greatest canal," he bragged, "in the history of mankind."

Roughhewn, Pennsylvania-born Michael Joseph Kirwan dropped out of school after the third grade and followed his coal miner father into the pits. Later, he worked on oil gushers, farms and railroads.

The Tank. In 1937, at the age of 50, Kirwan came to Washington from Youngstown, elected to the congressional seat once held by Presidents James Garfield and William McKinley. Despite his double negatives and other grammar gaps, he was re-elected 14 times, thereby earning enough seniority on the Appropriations Committee to become the House's undisputed Prince of Pork. Kirwan is never loath to combat a political foe by lidding his barrel. Four years ago, when Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse voted against a $10 million aquarium for the District of Columbia—a pet Kirwan project—Mike simply lopped four Oregon projects out of his pork bill. Morse eventually backed down. "Mike's Fish Tank" will be built, and Oregon got back its appropriations.

Mike scrupulously takes care of his friends on both sides of the aisle (though every project in his bill must satisfy a cost-benefits formula established by the Army Corps of Engineers). His hackles rise at any suggestion that his subcommittee ever approves a boondoggle: "Name one project that won't stand the acid," he challenges. Kirwan views his work as nation building. "Unfortunately, men are selfish, they are just interested in taking care of themselves," he says. "We had better wake up and do what is necessary to preserve, protect and develop America."

As Mike sees it, one certain way to preserve America is to elect Democrats. He has been chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee for 18 years, during which he has doled out some $7,000,000 among Democratic candidates.

For their part, canny Congressmen make doubly sure of preserving and developing their own districts by selling tickets to Big Mike's fund-raising dinners, digging his ditch and seeing to it that they are present and accounted for each year when his appropriations bill comes to the floor.

MICHIGAN

Faceless Favorite

"People," he says plaintively, "don't recognize my face." True enough. When Michigan's Republican Senator Robert Griffin alighted from a plane at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport last week, the crowds ignored him. By contrast, Griffin's Democratic opponent for the Senate, wealthy G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, a longtime (1949-60) former Governor of Michigan, has made his name, face and green bow tie familiar fixtures from Aetna to Zeeland. Despite the recognition gap, the Detroit News last week published a poll showing that Griffin has established a splinter-slim, 51%-to-48% lead over Williams.

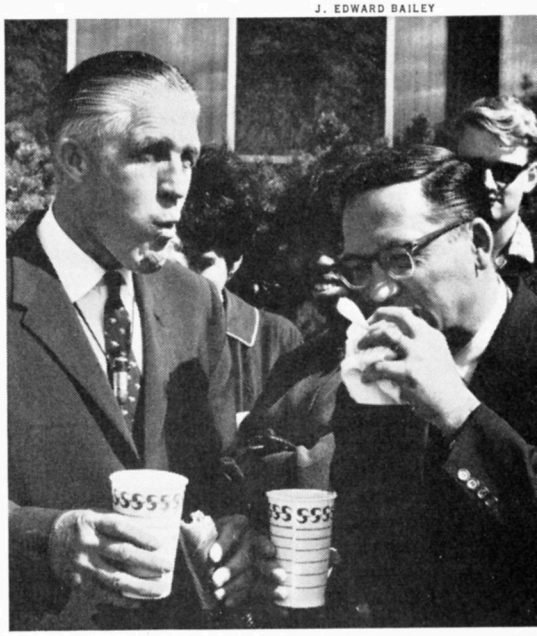
Only months ago, Griffin, 42, was hardly known outside his rural, upstate (405,000) congressional district. During his five terms in the House, his name has appeared on only one major law, the embattled Landrum-Griffin Act, which sternly regulates the intra-union powers of labor leaders. That is scarcely a boost to any statewide campaigner in the labor-powerful state of Michigan. Last May, when George Romney appointed Griffin to the U.S. Senate seat vacated by the death of Democrat Pat McNamara, the Governor pointedly refrained from any enthusiastic commitment to campaign for his fellow Republican this fall.

The Uninvited. In view of Romney's past record of running as a loner, Griffin had scant hope for help. But things are different this year. Romney now has realistic hopes of winning the Republican presidential nomination. His prospects were advanced last week by a national poll that gave the Governor only 2% less support than Lyndon Johnson. In another survey, top Republican "citizens" (as opposed to party professionals) rated Romney a heavy, 40%-to-29% favorite over Richard Nixon for the 1968 G.O.P. presidential nomination. As Romney well knows, the national Republican powers would consider him a leading candidate for the nomination if he could carry Bob Griffin to victory.

Thus, for the first time in his political career, Romney, who has only nominal competition in his own re-election campaign, has laid his reputation and enormous vote-getting powers on the line for another candidate. He has made speech after speech for Griffin, filling the autumn air with praise ("He is frank; he is direct; you can trust Bob Griffin!"). Romney has set a punishing schedule (25 downstate appearances in one day last week), made countless curbstone handshaking forays, appeared on TV spots and shows for Griffin. The Governor even took the Senator in tow and crashed the Democrats' Labor Day festivities. The two Republicans marched —uninvited—in a Democratic parade, went to the airport—uninvited—to meet President Johnson, and sat—uninvited—in an A.F.L.-C.I.O. audience during Johnson's speech at Detroit's Cobo Hall. Then Romney and Griffin helicoptered to Flint and clambered over a wire fence to appear—uninvited—at a U.A.W.-sponsored picnic.

Let George Talk. Griffin, of course, is still a long way from winning. Williams, 55, who is one of the most effu-

J. EDWARD BAILEY



ROMNEY & GRIFFIN IN DETROIT
Reputation on the line.

sive, effective factory-gate-and-street-corner glad-handers in memory, has been out of commission since mid-August, when he underwent a painful operation for kidney stones; he has been even more pained by his doctor's continuing insistence that he spend most of each day in bed. All the same, Williams says he is not worried about last week's poll: "The only thing that counts is the poll on Nov. 8. When the people compare our records, they will understand what a retrogressive character Griffin is." Williams intends to accentuate the negative in Griffin's congressional record—votes against poverty bills, aid to lower education, rent subsidies, the "demonstration cities" program.

Griffin, for his part, charges that sending Soapy to the Senate would only add another vote in favor of the "inflationary programs" advanced by the Johnson Administration. But as a member of Romney's hyperactive Action Team, the faceless favorite lets George do most of the talking.

TIME ESSAY

KEEPING LAW & ORDER IN SPACE

IN all his long upward odyssey, man has never been confronted with anything quite like it. It is an ocean without shore, yet it bathes every nation's border. It is a military "high ground" of measureless potential, yet no nation has so far dared to exploit it. It is a resource of such proportions that man has only begun to tap it. And in all this vast province of opportunity called space, no writ runs. All the experience of quest and conquest, of discovery and exploration of the earth provides scant precedent for dealing with the promise and problems of space.

The first precedent was set by Sputnik 1, which, in 96.2 minutes in 1957, sailed blithely across the skies, bridging the theoretical boundaries of nations without so much as an *izvinite* or by-your-leave. What could any of the violated nations do about it? Nothing. None of them even thought to protest. That spontaneous abdication of national prerogative in deference to Sputnik's achievement still informs the approach to space nearly a decade—and thousands of trespasses—later. No established rules exist in space, and no method has yet been found to make rules effective there. No one has devised a way to station a traffic cop or patrol vessels to guard the boundaries of some theoretical *mare nostrum* of space. A canon of space law can thus be created only by mutual consent.

An Arch of Forbearance

So far, the approach to space has been remarkably amicable, even though that attitude requires the mutual tolerance of the U.S. and Russia, at present the only two space powers of any consequence. The reasons: neither nation is quite sure what the uses of space are; neither has determined whether it is possible to dominate outer space, or whether success would be worth the immense price. The result is a kind of *détente,* a protective arch of forbearance beneath which a small group of international lawyers have been scurrying about attempting to establish order. In particular, the legal subcommittee of the United Nations' 28-member Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space has been wrestling with the problems of bringing law and order to a new and uncharted world in the hope of having a draft treaty ready for General Assembly approval this fall.

The member nations involved in drawing up the space treaty have already agreed on nine of the roughly one dozen clauses planned for the treaty. Working in Geneva and New York, they have agreed to ban weapons of mass destruction from outer space, make the moon and all other celestial bodies "the province of all mankind," conduct all activities in outer space under "international law, including the U.N. charter," and even to report to all other nations and to the U.N. "any phenomena they discover in outer space that could constitute a danger to the life and health of astronauts."

Just when the conferees seemed to be making good progress, the Soviet Union suddenly brought matters to a halt. It demanded that any nation granting tracking facilities to one country must grant "equal conditions" to all others—which might mean that the services of the worldwide system of tracking stations laboriously negotiated and constructed by the U.S. would be available on demand to the Russians. Many of the nations involved promptly objected, having no wish to have Soviet technicians invade their observatories. Nonetheless, the Russians have insisted that this demand be the basis for all other agreements. As the new session of the U.N. Assembly opened last week, U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg declared that a space treaty was "too important and too urgent to be delayed." He made a dramatic offer, in the hope of ending the impasse, to allow the Russians tracking facilities on U.S. territory if a "mutually beneficial" pact can be negotiated. Whether the treaty moves forward or dies is now up to the Soviet Union.

While the U.N. is trying to put together the world's first space treaty, space lawyers and scientists inside and outside the U.N. are grappling with a host of problems that are almost as vast and formless as space itself.

• THE BORDERS OF SPACE. One of the space lawyer's first problems is staking out the territory. Where does space begin? The classic doctrine, derived from ancient Roman law, is *cuius est solum eius est usque ad coelum*—"who owns the land owns even to the skies." This was incorporated into English common law as early as the 16th century, but the development of the balloon and the airplane brought modifications. The 1919 Paris Convention on aerial navigation and the International Civil Aviation Convention in Chicago in 1944 recognized that a nation has "complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." But where does air space end? There is growing support for the proposal of the late Professor Theodore von Karman, who suggested that the limit was about 50 miles up, where molecular oxygen breaks down and air-lift vanishes. Legally, the question is not yet settled but, like much of developing space law, the "Von Karman line" is today effective by default: what cannot be policed can scarcely be claimed.

• A QUESTION OF SOVEREIGNTY. Alongside the question of where space begins is the matter of who owns it. Russia and the U.S. agreed that no state shall claim sovereignty over the moon or any other celestial body in a spirit of mutual self-interest, also pledged that neither would attempt to establish any military base on the moon or elsewhere in outer space. The model for this formula is Antarctica, whose hostile environment, lack of population and high cost of exploration offer good analogies to the moon. In Antarctica the exploring nations set aside any territorial claims for the term of a 30-year treaty, agreed that no one should establish any military base or installation there and accepted the principle of mutual inspection. The agreement has worked in Antarctica, and the U.N. hopes that it will work in space too.

Like Antarctica, the moon was originally thought to be of huge strategic and economic importance, particularly as an invulnerable base for rockets. But, as with Antarctica, the strategists have had second thoughts. First off, the expense of ferrying missiles to the moon and installing them would be literally astronomical. Any rockets launched from the moon would be in transit to the earth for more than 30 hours, ample time for them to be detected, identified and destroyed by an anti-missile system. As for the moon's economic potential, any metal or mineral found there would have to be priceless beyond anything on earth to make it worth exploiting. Some experts figure that the cost of shipping material back to the earth could run to roughly $500,000 an ounce.

• THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM. Though the military or commercial exploitation of space is some way off, a traffic problem is already developing. Some 1,111 man-made objects and fragments of objects are circling the earth—and that is just the beginning. The problem is not yet acute; space is so vast that the chances of a collision—and the attendant legal problems—are still greater than a million to one. But as more and more satellites are lofted, some form of traffic control will have to be worked out.

To keep track of the objects in space—and particularly to detect among them any "dark," or radio-silent, object that might house a nuclear weapon or pose some other threat—the U.S. has developed a highly sophisticated system of surveillance. Each object now in outer space is given its own number and meticulously tracked by radar sensors (which can follow an object as small as a 30-cal. rifle bullet 200 miles into space), computers and special cameras with a range of 50,000 miles. The North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) can tell where every object is at any given moment. Of the orbiting objects, 251 are "useful pay-

loads"—201 American, 43 Russian, three French, two British and two Canadian. The remaining 860 pieces are "garbage," including Mike Collins' lost Hasselblad camera and Dick Gordon's jettisoned space pack. (Ed White's glove has dropped out of orbit and burned up.)

What if all or part of an orbiting object falls to earth and harms either property or persons? Nobody has yet been hit by a piece of falling space hardware, although four years ago a 20-lb. piece of Sputnik 4 plunked down on a street in Manitowoc, Wis. (It was duly returned to the Russians after being analyzed.) Because of the inherently high velocity of any object in orbit, most pieces of space junk are consumed in their fiery plunge through the earth's atmosphere. But as man launches more and more satellites and probes—the Japanese are scheduled to loft their first satellite this week—the danger, however small, will obviously increase. The U.N. conferees have agreed that the launching nation should be liable for any damage inflicted by a satellite dropout, and both Russia and the U.S. have promised to accept liability without the customary court showing of negligence. In a related issue, they agreed that any downed astronauts should be treated as "envoys of mankind" and promptly returned to the nation that launched them.

• TALKING SATELLITES. Of all the objects now in space, those with the most dramatic potential for civilian use are communications satellites. How to handle them in the future is a problem so complex that the U.N. subcommittee has shied away from it. By 1969, the Communications Satellite Corp. will have five Early Birds in space, which will enable any single TV broadcast to blanket the globe, and within the next few years some 20 countries will have built stations to tune in on Comsat's broadcasts. Such prophets as RCA's David Sarnoff foresee the day when it will be possible to reach every home in every country by direct broadcast from a satellite. Not everyone, of course, can be expected to view this possibility with enthusiasm. The Russians would not like the idea of every *dacha* in the Ukraine receiving broadcasts from New York, nor would the U.S. wish to hear instant Communist propaganda broadcasts on Channel 14.

Some experts consider Sarnoff's approach too visionary, believe that for a long time to come Comsat will serve strictly as a telephone and telegraph conveyance that would only occasionally be used for broadcasting international events of overriding importance. Even so, some form of agreement will have to be reached, if only to settle quarrels that are already looming—over what fees Comsat can collect, what programs it should broadcast, who should own the ground stations that will relay them, and whether Comsat should retain its monopoly status.

• SPIES IN THE SKY. A different kind of "communications" satellite has already been widely used by both the U.S. and Russia. A considerable number of the U.S.'s orbiting objects are surveillance satellites that guard the U.S. against surprise attacks and provide constant watch over both Russian and Red Chinese territory. Since the U-2 flights over Russia were halted in 1960, the U.S. has had to depend heavily on its Samos, Ferret, Midas and Vela systems for vital intelligence about the Soviet Union. With those satellites, the U.S. has mapped and photographed Russia's missile sites and radar installations, followed the stages of nuclear progress in Red China, watched troop movements in both countries and eavesdropped on conversations at the Russian cosmodromes.

The Russians, who brusquely rejected President Eisenhower's "open skies" offer in 1955, loudly complained about these spies-in-the-skies when they were first launched in 1960. But a potentially sticky conflict over aerial espionage was averted when, a couple of years later, the Russians launched their own equivalent, the Cosmos, and fell silent. Last year alone they launched dozens of Cosmos satellites that passed over the U.S.

• MILITARY POTENTIAL. While the advantages of orbiting spies are obvious, the potential for the military use of space itself is less clear. The U.S. and Russia pledged to the U.N. in 1963, and reaffirmed in the present treaty draft, that neither would put nuclear bombs in orbit. They were moved partly by the knowledge that such bombs would pass over any target only at widely spaced intervals, would be easier to track than ICBMs and could be delivered at best in hardly less time than the 30 minutes needed for an ICBM. Even so, this *détente* is subject to constant strain; each nation has made clear that, in the event of any breach of the agreement, it could "kill" any bomb put up by the other.

The great military fear is that one nation might make technological advances that would enable it to deny the use of space to others. For this reason the U.S. is apprehensive about the expected launching, probably next year, of a Russian-manned space laboratory called the Proton—a huge, stable reconnaissance and surveillance "island in the sky" manned by relays of crews. The Proton may be the prototype of a command ship that could control whole fleets of spaceships capable of denying to the U.S. the "near space" between the atmosphere and the 600-mile-high Van Allen Belt. Washington's answer is its own Manned Orbiting Laboratory, a bus-sized vehicle scheduled to be launched in 1969 in which crews would live and work for a month at a time. In case Russia presses the challenge, the U.S. is experimenting with a laser weapon that has no recoil and therefore could be safely fired from a spacecraft.

Thus, whatever the Soviet Union does or plans to do, the U.S. must do or plan to do better. No one particularly welcomes this competitive prospect. One estimate of the cost of countering a Russian effort at space denial and of assuring U.S. domination is a round $250 billion—and presumably it would cost the Russians just as much. While the U.S. and Russia may reach general agreement on many aspects of space exploration, the outlook for military uses of space is an expensive stalemate much like that now in effect on earth.

Probabilities of the Future

The problems of space law, while most ominous when they touch upon the military, nonetheless are so broad that space lawyers—a new but growing breed of specialists—have hardly begun to consider their ramifications. What happens, for example, if a civilian British scientist should kill an American or a Russian astronaut on the moon? Who would arrest whom, and what court of what country would have jurisdiction? Despite the fact that nations have forsworn territorial rights on celestial bodies, questions of property rights are bound to arise when exploration and interplanetary travel increase. The French have already raised one question: What happens if one nation establishes a mining camp on the moon and starts sending back valuable samples to the earth for analysis or exploitation? Is this an appropriation of international territory? Should some international organization be paid for mining rights? Who should license such projects, and how should the cost be deducted from any profits for tax purposes?

Insurance companies, whose business is to study the probabilities of the future, have so far declined to write policies for possible fires in possible homes of future moon dwellers on the grounds that there are no guiding statistics yet available. But one company did issue life insurance policies on the first seven astronauts, calculating their risk status as somewhat higher than a military jet pilot but less than a steeplejack. (The present astronauts, besides having group insurance through NASA, are also offered a travel accident insurance policy at the relatively low premium of $60 a year for $100,000.) The U.N. committee, intent on the bigger questions, is leaving such problems to be settled in the future.

Since every nation will invariably act to protect or advance its own interest when confronted with the problems of space, many space lawyers believe that the only effective way to control the exploration of space is to put it under some form of international control, much as the high seas are now covered by maritime law accepted by almost all nations. Space specialists are not utopians; they recognize that man, not yet having succeeded in establishing the rule of law on his own planet, can be expected to carry many of his rivalries, prejudices and problems into outer space—along with his ideals. Their hope is that some human frailties, at least, will be modified in the face of the great challenge, vast expense and hostile environment that mark space exploration.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Exit the Peace Force

The American one-star general turned to the newsmen who had trailed him to a waiting U.S. Air Force C-130 transport at San Isidro airbase ten miles east of Santo Domingo. "Gentlemen," said Brigadier General Robert Linvill, 53, deputy commander of the Inter-American Peace Force, "I am the last combat soldier of the IAPF to leave the country." With that, he too departed.

Thus ended the successful effort by the U.S. and five hemispheric partners —Brazil, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay—to save a revolt-torn country from Communist subversion. When President Johnson first took the painful step of ordering the 2nd Battalion of the 6th Marines ashore, Santo Domingo was in the grip of near civil war, with local rebels infiltrated by trained Red agitators. Now, 17 months later, the country is at peace and has a new government under the direction of President Joaquín Balaguer. Its troubles are far from over, but the little nation now appears capable of coping with its problems on its own.

BERNARD DIEDERICH

U.S. TROOPS LEAVING SANTO DOMINGO
The end of a success story.

RED CHINA

Appalling & Alone

Even before Mao Tse-tung unleashed the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Red China had managed to isolate itself from most of the world. The weird rampages of the Red Guards made the alienation virtually complete. As no other major nation in modern times, Red China stands alone, with other Communist countries possibly even more appalled by its actions than anyone else.

Even the Communists of Eastern Europe, who in the past were content to condone China's aberrations in order to gain more leverage from the Sino-Soviet split, are now roundly denouncing the Red Chinese as "insane." Hungarian Communist Boss Janos Kadar calls the events in China a "national tragedy." East Germany has accused the Red Chinese of "encouraging the cult of Mao to boundless excesses."

"Winds of Madness." There was speculation last week that Red China's last friend in Europe was having second thoughts. Albania's party press has avoided any mention of the Cultural Revolution—perhaps because it could not bring itself to say anything good about it.

The Russians were almost breathless in their shock at the events in China. Pravda and Izvestia were providing some of the most detailed—and accurate—reports as the Red Guards continued their odd operations. The whole Cultural Revolution, charged Izvestia last week, is "a monstrous discreditation of the ideas of Marxism-Leninism."

Communist parties in the free world also bitterly denounced the events in Peking. The Japanese Reds, reportedly ordered by Mao himself to risk their cherished legality by initiating a campaign of terrorist attacks, responded by purging pro-Peking leaders and tearing down pictures of Mao. The French Communist newspaper l'Humanité said the new wave is "stirring disquiet and stupefaction in our ranks." Asked a Spanish Communist spokesman: "What winds of madness are these, sullying the authentic Chinese revolution?"

The West's China-watchers awaited with fascination the reaction in Hanoi. The pickings were slim, because Ho Chi Minh's propagandists were largely silent. Yet Hanoi's official newspaper last week obliquely endorsed the concept of a united front of the world's Communist parties for aiding North Viet Nam in the war. Since the united-front concept represents the Soviet view, some experts interpreted Hanoi's statement as a tentative attempt to escape Peking's go-it-alone policy. North Korea's latest statement was more direct: it ripped the Red Chinese for "leftist extremism" and "dangerous Trotskyism."

Internal Alienation. Peking has reacted to the criticism from abroad with hysterical cries of delight. "We love precisely what the enemy hates," exulted Peking's Red Flag. "It is an honor for the Red Guards to be attacked wildly by enemies abroad." Just to show their total disregard of world opinion, the Red Guards razed a European cemetery near Peking.

Nor did the Guards limit their scorn to foreigners. To Premier Chou En-lai's recent order to stop insulting and beating people, a member of the Red Guards last week replied: "Why shouldn't we insult? We shall also do some beating." The announced targets were "the rightists and revisionists" within the party, but in fact the Red Guards seemed to have declared war on the party in general. There were more reports of indiscriminate beatings of local party officials, and in one town the party leader was smeared with muck and dragged through the streets. Despite Chou's explicit warning, Red Guards also ransacked the Shanghai home of Madam Sun Yat-sen, the widow of the man who founded the Chinese Republic in 1911. The Guards denounced her for living in luxury unbecoming to a citizen of Mao's China. On yet another front, the Guards ordered the disbanding of the 60 million-member Young Communist League. The League has apparently failed to show the proper fervor for Mao-think.

Even the army was caught up in the violence. Or so it seemed from an order published on the front page of the Liberation Army Daily. It decreed an end to squabbling between political commissars and their counterparts in uniform. In fact, the shreds of evidence emerging last week suggested that Mao and his fanatical followers were becoming alienated not only from significant elements in the army but from sizable numbers of the Chinese people, just as they were from the rest of the world.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Buildup on the Border

Their green twill uniforms and tan pith helmets identified them as North Vietnamese regulars. Intelligence said they belonged to Ho Chi Minh's 324B Division, which the U.S. Marines had routed out of South Viet Nam in Operation Hastings in July. Back up to full strength, the division was once more on the move. Advance units had infiltrated back across the supposedly neutral demilitarized zone, perhaps to secure a foothold from which Ho's invaders could launch a major offensive.

The chosen foothold was Gia Binh, a coastal village 300 yards south of the DMZ, and the Communists went to work with a fury. They laced Gia Binh with bunkers and tunnels, brought up mortars, heavy machine guns and 57-mm. recoilless rifles, even posted a sign on the outskirts of the village: "We will fight to the last man."

They did not. Hit by waves of Marines on the ground, pounded by the big guns of the U.S. Seventh Fleet offshore, the Reds held out for five days, then fled with their dead.

The fall of Gia Binh is not likely to deter the Communist buildup. Marine units patrolling the border of the DMZ report almost constant contact with the North Vietnamese, including three fresh battalions from the North; two full divisions, including the newly formed 341st, are believed to be grouping along the DMZ to join the 324B when the rains come. To meet the possibility of a major offensive, the Marines have moved five battalions up to the border, transformed a remote outpost at Dong Ha into a major base, complete with airstrip and facilities for 7,500 men.

"I Thought I'd Better Shoot"

Ever since the U.S. began bombing North Viet Nam in February of last year, American pilots have been puzzled at the way Ho Chi Minh has used his air force. There were always plenty of MIGs on the ground, and bomber crews occasionally reported sighting small formations of the Russian-built fighters on the horizon. But the MIGs seldom ventured to attack unless the odds seemed overwhelmingly in their favor. Never have they made a concerted effort to protect any target. Never have they been seen over the Panhandle, the vital staging area for all military units infiltrating the South. And in the past year, although markedly more MIGs have been sighted, they came in week-long spurts separated by lengthy lulls.

Last week was a week of spurt, and the biggest so far in the war. At one time or another, 29 of the Communist jets rose to challenge the Americans. On one day, surprised U.S. fighter pilots found themselves engaged in eight separate dogfights—in which two Communist jets were shot down and three others damaged, while the Americans escaped untouched.

Both kills were made by F-105 Thunderchiefs which, although faster than the MIGs, were designed more as bombers than fighters. And in both cases, the American pilots made use of their greater speed to surprise the Communist planes from behind. Lieut. Karl W. Richter, 23, of Holly, Mich., zeroed in on a MIG-17 that was chasing a flight of F-105s, poured cannon fire at it until its right wing broke off and the pilot ejected. Lieut. Fred A. Wilson, of Mobile, Ala., overtook another MIG-17 so fast that he had no time to adjust his gun sights. "I was about to hit him, so I thought I'd better shoot," he said. "It took five seconds. I was so excited I was talking to the MIG. 'Look out, look out, you're going down!' "

The next day the Communists pulled in their horns. Only one MIG was anywhere to be seen, and it stayed far away from U.S. jets. Total score in 18 months of on-again-off-again air combat: 21 Communist planes shot down *v.* four American.

AP

MARINE WOUNDED NEAR DEMILITARIZED ZONE
Five days to break a foothold.

WEST GERMANY

Seeking Solace in Washington

Ludwig Erhard has made five trips to the U.S. since he became Chancellor, but none was so important to him as the visit he is making this week. Its significance has less to do with international issues than with the impact back home. Erhard's problems began in July when his Christian Democrats lost ground to the opposition Social Democrats in a crucial state election. Since then, he has been beset by a quasi-uprising of German generals, and by political snipers, who even blame his government for the recent tragic loss of an elderly submarine and 19 sailors. With all this going against him, Erhard badly needs a success at the White House.

His main concerns are German prestige and pocketbooks. Tops on the agenda is the so-called "offset" agreement by which West Germany helps compensate the U.S. for the cost of maintaining its forces there by purchasing American military equipment. The Germans have fallen $600 million in arrears on their commitment to buy $1.3 billion in U.S. arms during a two-year period ending next June. Erhard's argument is that West Germany needs no more equipment at this time, and cannot really afford to keep to its contract.

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara so far has refused to allow the Germans to back down on their agreement. His unspoken threat: if Bonn does not ease the U.S. balance of payments burden by continuing the scheduled purchases, American forces might be substantially reduced in Germany. The prospect of U.S. troop reductions is a nightmare for any West German politician, and especially for Erhard. Nothing would bolster his standing in Germany quite so much as a resounding pledge from the President that U.S. troop strength will remain close to current levels. Presumably, Erhard also wants to try again for a commitment that the U.S. will help West Germany achieve some sort of eventual participation in a NATO or European nuclear force.

RICHARD ARLESS

MONTREAL'S SKYLINE
A prosperity the neighbors are scarcely aware of.

CANADA

Surging to Nationhood

(See Cover)

Long into the night the combines clattered and roared, their headlights probing like huge pale fingers into the golden sea of Saskatchewan's wheatfields. As the harvest gathered momentum across the 1,000-mile sweep of the Canadian prairies last week, the empty, echoing granaries filled with the largest crop in the nation's history—a crop that is already sold out, as is all the grain the prairies can grow for the rest of the decade. With the rumble of the harvest came a cacophony of Canadian sounds that, taken together, sounded unmistakably like boom.

Among the scrub pines and lakes of the Manitoba wilderness, where only the cry of the loon could be heard a few years ago, the stillness was shattered by the hissing and hammering of the world's largest nickel mine and smelter. In the Alberta foothills northwest of Edmonton, the ring of sledge hammer on steel counterpointed the polyglot curses of Portuguese, Greek and Italian gandy dancers, pushing the Alberta Resources Railway 111 miles north to the coal and gypsum deposits of the Peace River country.

Farther to the north, construction crews swarmed over the superstructure of a $230 million Great Canadian Oil Sands Ltd. processing plant that next year will begin tapping the Athabaska tar sands—an oozing black oilfield the size of Maine, which contains as much petroleum as all the world's proven reserves.

The bulk of Canada's 20 million people are clustered within an hour's drive or two of the U.S. border. Many of the nation's cities are within reach of wilderness where Indians still hunt deer. Canada remains one of the world's last frontiers, but it is subduing nature with the tools of modern technology rather than oxcarts and covered wagons.

No man exemplifies that spirit of machine-tooled pioneering better than British Columbia's Premier William Andrew Cecil Bennett, 66, full-time politician and part-time prophet. He feels that Canada's thin population belt must push into the undeveloped North and the still developing West. "Canada is as broad as the U.S.," Bennett says, "but only half an inch deep. Until we push up from the border, we just won't go anywhere." Bennett himself has been pushing for 14 years, and it is his sort of effort that lies behind Canada's hope for the future.

Looser Reins. On the eve of its 100th birthday, Canada is surging with unprecedented prosperity—a prosperity that its American next-door neighbor is scarcely aware of. That ignorance is doubly ironic since it is largely because of U.S. capital investment—$8 billion in the past decade—that the Canadian boom was launched. Much of that ignorance will be dissipated during 1967, Canada's centennial year, when Americans in considerable numbers will head north of the border to visit Expo 67, the Canadian world's fair in Montreal. Just how considerable is far from clear. Expo has counted on attracting 5,000,000 U.S. fairgoers, but its promotion has fallen badly short.

Visitors to Canada in its centennial year will see a phenomenon subtler than the fair's attractions: a nation still in the painful process of realizing its own identity. When Prime Minister Lester Pearson's Liberal government came to power three years ago, some wondered whether there would be a Canada, at least in its present form, to celebrate the centennial. The French-speaking third of the population was demanding ever more stridently that Ottawa loosen the reins of strong central control acquired during World War II and permit French Canada to go its own way. Separatist fanaticism was fanned by extremist parties, which demanded that Quebec secede from the Canadian confederation and assume national sovereignty on its own.

Over the past three years, Pearson has allowed the delicate balance between Ottawa and the provinces to alter. He has eased up on central control and given in to provincial demands for a larger share of federal tax revenues. He has gone far to ease French Canada's sense of second-class citizenship by massively promoting the use of Canada's two languages throughout the civil service and the armed services.

Leggy Gerda. Not that Canadian politics are tranquil. Pearson is preoccu-

WALTER PETRIGO

HARVESTING WHEAT AT TWILIGHT IN ALBERTA
And the farmer sits in an air-conditioned cab.

CANADA'S BOUNTIFUL WEST

Burgeoning British Columbia's No. 1 industry is forestry, with a billion-dollar variety of products each year. On Vancouver Island, log booms fringe a sawmill, paper and plywood complex of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., B.C.'s largest wood processor.

At Edmonton's $120 million civic center, Albertans lower a skylight onto a library. Across the square: new apartments, a railway office tower, City Hall, legal offices.

From Regina's ribbon-shaped Saskatchewan Power Corp. building, the view, by night and day, stretches beyond the thrusting skyline for endless miles across the plains.

Outside Vancouver, B.C., the $23 million Simon Fraser University was completed in 18 months by order of Premier Bennett. Glass roof will shield the mall from rain showers.

Gas pipelines brought new prosperity to Western Canada in the late 1950s. Nowadays there's another plus—sulphur, once scrubbed as waste but now profitably marketed at special plants like that seen above outside Taylor, B.C.

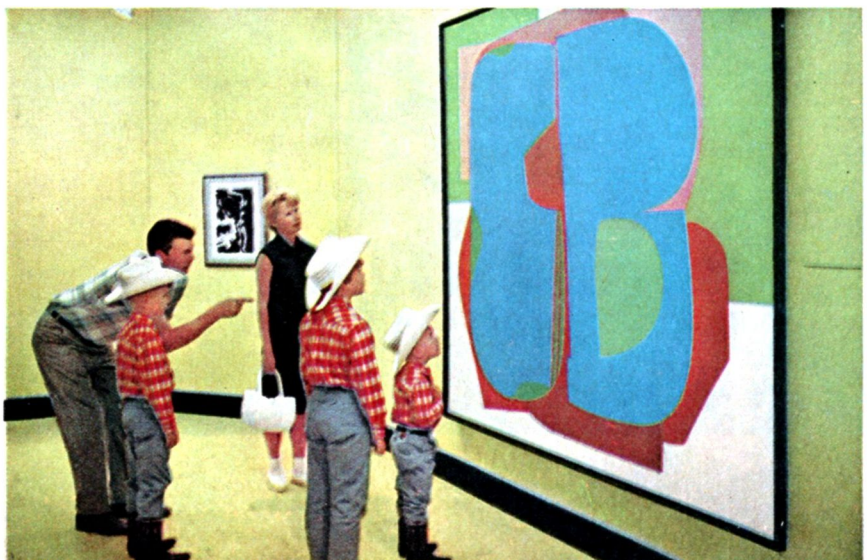
Wheat is life to Paul Strilaiff, son of Russian settlers, who tends 4,800 acres at Kamsack, Sask., with equipment worth $200,000.

Nickel has created Thompson, Man., a modern town of 10,200 in the wilderness around the International Nickel Co.'s $185 million plant. Complex forms the world's largest integrated mining-smelting operation.

545

Dance students at the University of Alberta's fine arts extension at Banff practice on a roof top.

Racing at Vancouver's Exhibition Park means seats in a glassy new grandstand, drinks and dinner in a fine restaurant.



Art by members of the Regina school —Douglas Morton's at left—fills out the life of Saskatchewan gallerygoers.

pied by a running blood feud with his archenemy, Opposition Leader John Diefenbaker. As a result, Ottawa echoes with the insults and absurdities that the two national leaders regularly exchange. Noisiest at the moment is the "Munsinger Affair," which involved former Associate Defense Minister Pierre Sévigny and his affair with a leggy West German prostitute, Gerda Munsinger, who had been a minor espionage agent for the Soviet Union. Last week Canadian Supreme Court Justice Wishart Spence delivered his long-awaited judgment on the scandal, concluded that Diefenbaker, while Prime Minister in 1960, had been "most imprudent" in retaining Sévigny in his post although he knew about the affair.

With Ottawa engaged in its own petty wars and party intrigues, the provinces have surged ahead on their own under strong premiers, and especially British Columbia's Bennett, who typifies the questing confidence of this new leadership. Under the urging of these premiers, confidence in Canadian nationhood has been reborn. Canada's historic fear of being more or less taken over by its powerful U.S. neighbor—though still strong and often shrill—has diminished. Prosperity is building toward a crescendo. And this is happening not only in Bennett's West, but all across the nation, to the bleak barrens of Newfoundland in the East.

Signs of Change. In Newfoundland, Premier Joey Smallwood, 65, a scrappy high-school dropout, has concentrated much of his abundant energy on building Memorial University, the province's first institution of higher learning, and the only university in the world where students are paid salaries ($50 to $100 a month) to attend classes. Nova Scotia's hard-bargaining Premier Robert Stanfield, 52, has won for his province an impressive string of achievements: an RCA satellite communications station at Liverpool, a Volvo automobile assembly plant in Halifax, two heavy-water plants that will concoct coolants for the Canadian atomic energy generators of Ontario.

Toronto, capital of Ontario, reflects the new sense of vigor and individualism in Canadian arts and architecture: Toronto's daring, curved city hall symbolizes the gradual emancipation of Canada's largest English-speaking city from its provincial past. A massive bronze sculpture by Britain's Henry Moore will soon adorn the city hall, shortly to be neighbored by a $260 million high-rise complex of office buildings, apartments and a circular hotel.

At Chez Fanny. Montreal remains Canada's most exciting city: its skyline altering almost as rapidly as New York's with such buildings as the Montreal Stock Exchange tower and Canadian Pacific's Chateau Champlain. From the glassed-in rooftop restaurant of the $100 million Place Ville Marie, a diner can watch Soviet freighters loading grain. As the second largest French-speaking city in the world, Montreal has long been praised for its restaurants, but increasingly the words of praise for the bouillabaisse at Chez Fanny or the Café Martin are in the Ukrainian, Hungarian or Polish of Eastern European immigrants.

But it is still in the West, in the Big Sky country where the chief amusement is shooting a stick of pool at Fort St. John's Klondike Recreations parlor or listening to the marching bands tootling up Moose Jaw's Main Street, that Canada's frontier spirit is most exciting, its economic boom most startling.

Until the Canadian Pacific Railway forged its "two streaks of rust across the wilderness" through the Rockies, the Canadian West was, as one Canadian Prime Minister lamented, "little more than a geographical expression." At Craigellachie, B.C., C.P.R.'s Donald Smith hammered the last spike of the continent-spanning line on Nov. 7, 1885, and before the century was out, the Canadian prairies buoyantly celebrated Queen Victoria's Jubilee with the slogan, "Granary of Empire: Free Homes for Millions: God Bless the Royal Family." This invitation, plus government-subsidized tickets for the

voyage, brought the dispossessed of Europe flocking in by the tens of thousands. J. S. Woodsworth, the pastor of a Winnipeg mission who was later to lead Canada's socialist party, swore that when he was once asked his nationality by a census taker, his reply of "Canadian" so puzzled the man that Woodsworth had to spell it out. "First one of them kind of people I've found around here," said the official.

The homesteaders were lured by the promise of a 1,000-mile sweep of land where, as the land agents put it, there was "neither stone nor stump to check the plow."

Thus, gradually, the West was won—but it took a long time to come into its own.

The Tall Firs. Today, from an Air Canada DC-9 flying west from the foothills of Calgary to the Pacific, Bennett's British Columbia still seems a vast corrugation of rivers and snow-streaked Rockies. Closer to the ground, the theatrical effects are only slightly diminished in a land as large as Texas and half again. The fjords of its 7,000 miles of coastline jut into forests timbered with Douglas firs that were saplings in A.D. 600. The warm offshore Japanese Current gives Bennett's capital of Victoria an English winter (and English fogs).

In the interior is the high plateau of the Cariboo, where Texas longhorns came lowing and kicking up the Oregon Trail in the gold rush of the 1860s. It is one of the last open ranges in North America; its Gang Ranch is a larger spread than Texas' King Ranch. But mostly B.C. is forest—a $1 billion-a-year resource that accounts for 11% of Canada's exports to the U.S. It is not a declining asset: B.C. grows enough new wood every year to build a 10-ft. boardwalk to the moon.

Up from Poverty. As Canada's most ebullient premier, Bennett falls into the tradition of a British Columbia premier of the 1870s who loved the world so much that he legally changed his name to Amor de Cosmos. At 19, Bennett abandoned the rural poverty of New Brunswick for the beckoning West, and he affects a pride that he never finished high school. In the Okanagan Valley town of Kelowna, Bennett went into the hardware business, intending from the start to make himself financially independent for politics. Brash and backslapping, he was an instant success.

As premier, he has carried his salesmanship to the place where votes are. No promise is too glittering: "Life in contentment to each man, under his own fig tree," he loves to shout to his delighted audiences. And no stunt is too outrageous. In 1959, when he announced retirement of B.C.'s $190 million public debt, he hired an armored truck to cart the last $85 million worth of bonds to Kelowna, where they were soaked in gasoline and floated out on a raft into Okanagan Lake. While a festive crowd of 20,000 lined the starlit shores, "Der Preem" shot a burning arrow in the air—and missed, leaving a Mountie to put a torch to the bonds.

Such pizazz has paid off. Two weeks ago Bennett's Social Credit Party* went to the polls, and his government breezed home for another five-year term with 33 of the legislature's 55 seats. Somehow Bennett managed to be disappointed that he won only 46% of the popular vote.

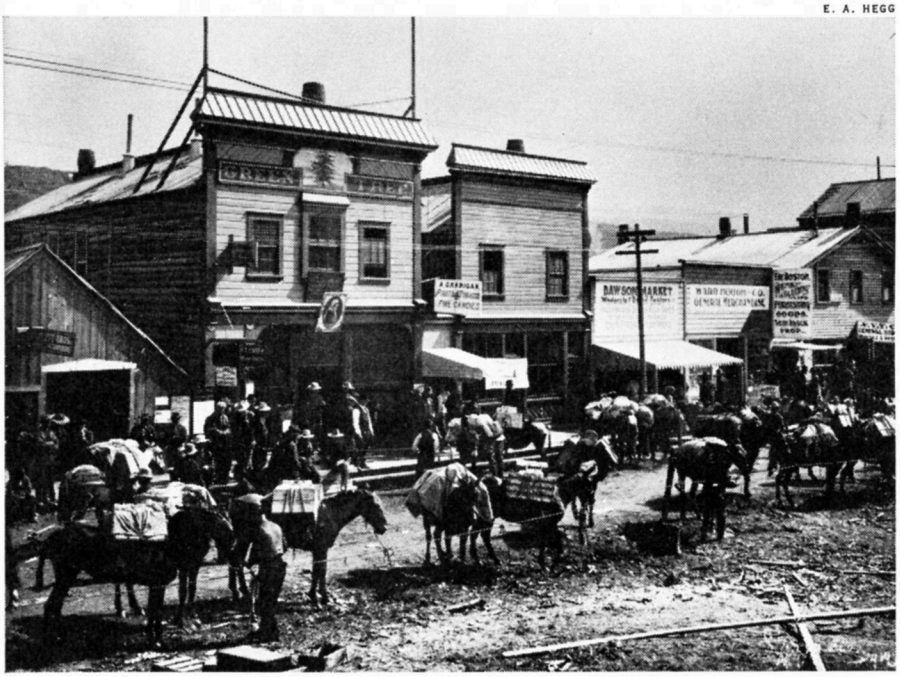
Whatever his majority, Bennett is so adroit a doer that he has reduced his socialist opposition to largely ineffective me-tooers. He runs a coastal ferry service that has more ships (23) than the Royal Canadian Navy has frigates, and his own railroad. The 800-mile Pacific Great Eastern (once otherwise known as the Past God's Endurance) stretches from Vancouver to the Peace River country; Bennett intends to push it on to Alaska. He has also built a remarkable 6,400 miles of highways, has equipped his flamboyant highways minister Philip ("Flying Phil") Gaglardi with a 518-m.p.h. Lear jet to make it easier to inspect his road crews.

The key to Bennett's dream of developing the vast mineral riches of the north is hydroelectric power, and in this, the premier has proved himself a locksmith with few peers. Under the Canada-U.S. Columbia River treaty, Bennett is building three massive storage dams on the Columbia that will hugely increase the hydro power that such U.S. dams as Grand Coulee can generate downstream. Half that extra power will be Bennett's, and he has already sold it to a consortium of U.S. power companies for a sum that more than pays for the dams. When Lyndon Johnson and Lester Pearson put a seal on the deal at a ceremonial inauguration at the Friendship Arch straddling the border 30 miles south of Vancouver, Johnson noted that Bennett's check for the power came to exactly $253,929,534.25, and drew a chuckle from the crowd with the wry comment that "the Canadians even went for the last 25¢."

With his Columbia dams thus nicely paying for themselves, Bennett plunged ahead on the northern Peace. The Peace dam is a great earthen slab that will rise higher than the Grand Coulee, 2,700 ft. wide at the base and stretching 1.3 miles across the valley. Engineers devised a mammoth conveyor belt that, moving at 12½ m.p.h., delivers 12,000 tons of fill an hour from a moraine four miles away. When the dam is topped off, it will back up a lake stretching for 240 miles.

Tuxedos & Stocks. The $800 million that Bennett is pouring into the Peace project have already quickened a northern rush in anticipation of the power. British Columbia can muster some epic boom-town types. In Prince George, for instance, there is Contractor Ben Ginter, who arrived in 1949 with a stake of $1,500. He has run it to $20 million since, building highways and pulp mills, and a $250,000 hilltop house for himself that includes an indoor waterfall and swimming pool fed by a diverted mountain creek. While clearing the sites for the new pulp mills of Prince George, Ginter thought ahead and bought up

E. A. HEGG



DAWSON CITY AT HEIGHT OF GOLD RUSH
Plus enough new wood each year for a boardwalk to the moon.

* Social Credit derived from an economic movement current during the Depression. It involved the artificial creation of purchasing power through "prosperity certificates" that were issued like scrip. Since then, the movement has abandoned "funny money" theories and turned conservative.

BILL CUNNINGHAM

BENNETT AIMING ARROW (1959)
A pioneer with machine tools . . .

swatches of land in the hills overlooking them. "When those pulp mills start producing," he says, "that stench is going to sit right down there in the valley. And people are going to start scrambling up these hills to build their homes. And they are going to build them on my land."

Ginter is fairly typical. In a 250-mile radius of Prince George, miners are digging for mercury and steel-hardening molybdenum, copper and zinc. At least 125 mining-company whirlybirds are chopping the mountain air in the hunt for minerals. In the past three months alone, 130 mining companies have been formed, mostly to mine the craze for penny dreadfuls on the frantic Vancouver Stock Exchange, where, since trading opens at 6 a.m. to be on schedule with Toronto and New York, it is not uncommon to see tuxedoed partygoers stagger in for a fling of late action.

In Vancouver, an alpine cable car whisks diners to a restaurant 3,700 ft. up the side of Grouse Mountain, overlooking the lights of the busiest harbor on the entire West Coast and a forest of apartment towers on English Bay that give the city the look of a northern Rio. Downtown, the old waterfront is getting a face lift, and the commercial center a cluster of towers, one of which would be ideal for the Bank of British Columbia that Bennett promises.

British Columbia shares the great boom with three other provinces of Canada's West:

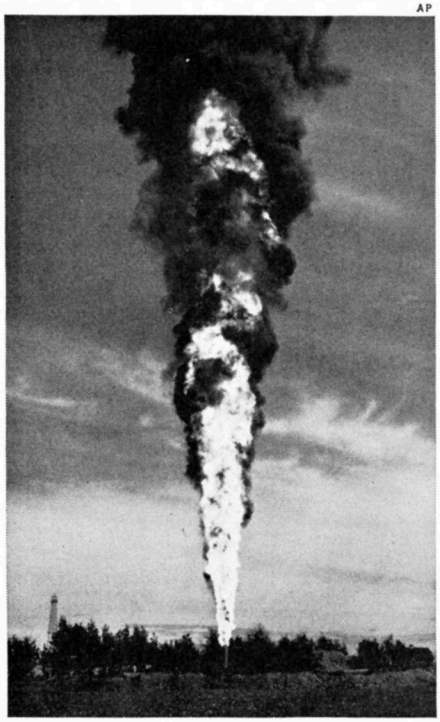
Saskatchewan (pop. 954,000) has been transformed by the great wheat bonanza from a simple society where, until well into the 1950s, farm wives cooked on wood stoves, hauled water from the well and did their evening chores by the flickering light of a coal-oil lamp. Now farm families are moving into town, and the old-fashioned threshing gangs have given way to the farmer who sits in the air-conditioned cab of a $15,000 combine; he can now harvest a 1,000-acre crop with the help of a single hired hand. The farm-equipment industry is, not surprisingly, in clover. Near Kamsack, Sask., Farmer Paul Strilaiff farms the homestead where his Russian immigrant parents settled at the turn of the century. He has done so well sending wheat back to Russia that last fall he walked into the office of a Kamsack implement dealer, placed an order for four swathers, six tractors and eleven combines—and wrote out a check for $200,000.

Ironically, two Communist countries are responsible for much of this new prosperity. Since Red China placed its first order in 1961, the Canadians have sold a billion bushels of grain behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains, not to mention to Britain, Japan and 101 other countries.

Not that wheat is the only treasure of the prairie provinces. Another is potash, greatly in demand as fertilizer. Saskatchewan has so much of it underground that Premier Ross Thatcher may fairly accurately boast that his province not only grows the wheat that feeds the world, but also mines the potash that grows the wheat that feeds the world. At Esterhazy, the 3,200-ft.-deep corridors of a new $60 million International Minerals & Chemical Corp. mine glow in strobe lights, as drilling machines shear out the pink ore for export to Europe and Asia. Eleven more potash mines are in prospect.

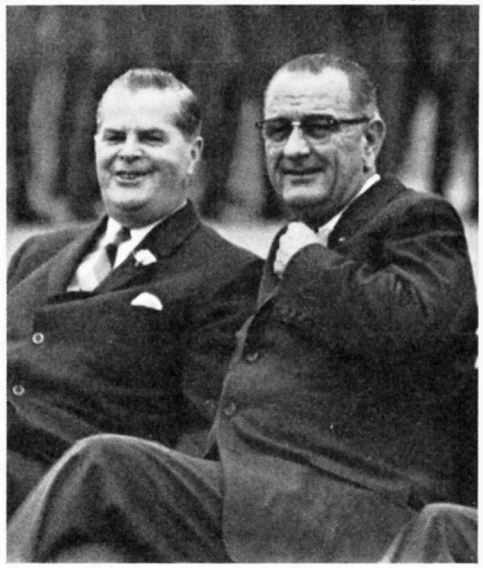
Manitoba (pop. 958,000) is the only relatively "have not" province in the West, though it too has greatly progressed in recent years. In Premier Dufferin Roblin, 49, it has an able Tory whom many Conservatives consider a good bet for the leadership of the national party when John Diefenbaker eventually retires. Manitoba also has the prairie's most diversified industry and a newly beckoning north into the bargain.

AP



LEDUC NO. 1 COMING IN (1947)
Flames like birthday candles.

UPI



BENNETT & JOHNSON (1964)
. . . and a carp from the Emperor's moat.

International Nickel's new town of Thompson is still farther into the wilderness of scrub pines and countless lakes, but shows the new face of the push north. Its curving streets of ranch homes might have been lifted from the split-level suburbia of Cleveland or Chicago and deposited as they are 476 miles north of Winnipeg. On the Nelson River, 579 miles northeast of Winnipeg, construction was started this summer on a $325 million power project, as well as a new $100 million forest industry complex at The Pas.

Alberta (pop. 1,464,000) is the West's great oil domain. It is administered by Premier Ernest Manning, 58, who, like his colleague Bennett, has his political roots in the Social Credit movement, though his policies are now cautiously conservative. Every Sunday Manning conducts a radio *Back to the Bible Hour* (his wife plays the piano) devotedly followed by an audience of 1,000,000 in Canada. Every summer, the province is rocked by the Calgary Stampede ("the Greatest Outdoor Show in the World"), during which secretaries dress as cowgirls, oil barons race wagons, and everyone pretends that Alberta is a hick town still. Since Imperial Oil's Leduc No. 1 blew in 20 miles south of Edmonton 19 years ago, Alberta has collected $1.8 billion in royalties. On the 55-minute shuttle air flight from Edmonton to Calgary, the wheatfields look like a giant succotash birthday cake, with the flares of oil-well waste burning like thousands of candles. This year pipelines will carry 650,000 barrels daily of crude oil and 2.3 billion cu. ft. daily of natural gas to Eastern Canada and the U.S. Thanks to the oil wealth, Albertans pay Canada's lowest corporation tax, lowest gasoline tax and no sales tax, and even

TERENCE LE GOUBIN—BLACK STAR

EXPO 67 ON ISLANDS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE

Cheers for the bouillabaisse in Ukrainian, Hungarian and Polish.

after spending notably more on highways and schools than any other Canadian province, Alberta's treasurer still stashes away a surplus every year, which now amounts to $542 million. Nor is there much chance of the black gold running dry. In the continent's hottest oil play since Leduc, the northwestern Rainbow Lake area has suddenly blossomed with oil rigs. Rainbow Lake pool may be larger than all of the reserves proven elsewhere in Alberta, outside the Athabaska tar sands.

In Fort St. John, radio station CKNL still broadcasts the radio personals that are essential communication in the north ("A message for Mrs. Barry Bragg. Baby Barry has been discharged. Providence Hospital"). But the rough edges are wearing off in the lively cities. In Edmonton and Calgary, Canada's two fastest-growing cities, slowly revolving restaurants atop hotel towers are the vogue. To be an artist is no longer to become an expatriate, as travelers with any waiting time at Winnipeg's and Edmonton's gleaming new airports delightedly discover. They display inventive murals and sculpture, including, at Edmonton's International Airport, a 37-ft. impressionistic landscape that moved Edmonton's M.P. to ask the government "to give serious consideration to my suggestion that we hang the painter instead of the painting."

For all the promise of Canada's economic boom, problems still hang over the nation. Industrial growth demands investment capital, and Canada is still suspicious of its best source: the U.S. As the boom expands, Ottawa may be tempted to follow the advice of Former Finance Minister Walter Gordon, who urged the nation to "buy back its heritage" and put even stricter bars on the inflow of the Yankee dollar.

Canada for the next few years will remain largely dependent on its national resources—and, as other countries have learned, metals and minerals can quickly become as cheap as sand. Already some gloomy Canadians say that sales of forest products are falling off. The deep divisions between the French and the English, though less troublesome, are hardly closed. And Canada is still sometimes hampered by a provincial outlook on the world. In one sense, Canada is international-minded: there has been no U.N. peace-keeping mission in the past decade that has not prominently included Canadian troops. Yet Canada has been able to fulfill this role only because it is not a major world power. Most Canadians accept their country's role as a middle power, but still wish that Canada could display more initiative.

Visitors Welcome. Such concerns aside, Canada is justly proud of its achievements. Next year's centennial shivaree will symbolize this pride. It will be the longest and one of the most expensive birthday blowouts any nation has ever had. At the spectacular harbor site of Expo 67, on mainly man-made islands in the St. Lawrence River, the pavilions of 70 nations, which are now abuilding, will welcome visitors. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip have already accepted invitations. The Parliament buildings in Ottawa will provide a backdrop for a May-to-October son et lumière spectacle, and Sir Tyrone Guthrie, the Shakespearean showman who launched Canada's Stratford, will produce a centennial spectacle on Parliament Hill.

As part of the celebrations, 2,500 cities and towns have adopted civic projects that range from Ottawa's plan to plant 70,000 flowering crab apple trees to a Japanese garden in Lethbridge, Alta., that expects to get a school of royal carp from Emperor Hirohito's moat. Athletically, Canada will be host to no fewer than 17 international competitions, from snowshoeing (in Ottawa) to water skiing (in Sherbrooke, Que.) to the Pan American games in Winnipeg.

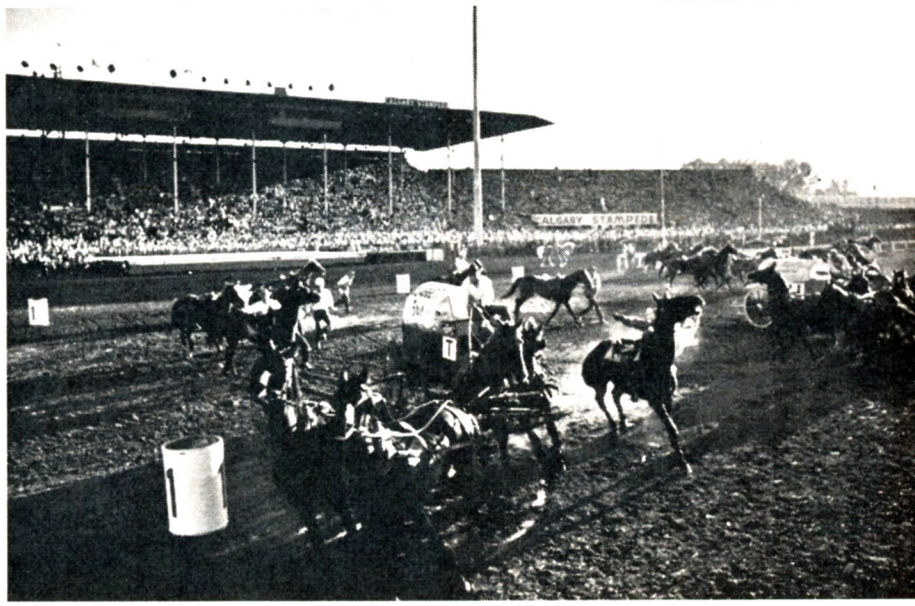
When the centennial bells ring out, wildly, in the tiny outport churches of Newfoundland, in the cathedrals of Quebec City, in Peace Tower on Parliament Hill, in prairie steeples and out to the West Coast, they will ring in a 100th year that Canadians should indeed find a cause for cheer. In the sound and fury of the centennial celebrations, Canadians are bound to hear echoes of their own success in turning the wilderness into a thriving nation.

NATO

A Place in the Country

Ever since Charles de Gaulle served his eviction notice on the North Atlantic Alliance last March, NATO officers have been frantically trying to find a new home for Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, now handsomely based near Paris. Belgium was a convenient alternative, but its government vetoed

TED SPIEGEL—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

From Newfoundland to the Big Sky country, rumble, rattle, boom.

An amazing thing happened to the lumber our company shipped to Australia last year. It all came back to Canada in the form of dollars. Forest products are Canada's largest source of export income. MacMillan Bloedel is Canada's largest forest products exporter.

MacMILLAN BLOEDEL LIMITED

LUMBER NEWSPRINT PULP PLYWOOD PACKAGING FINE PAPER PANEL BOARDS SHINGLES

Fast company!

Yours when you fly Air Canada...drive Hertz

Two girls with one thought in mind — getting you to your destination fast!

What more could a man ask for!

When you fly Air Canada, you get there fast and comfortably. And your trip seems to go even faster, because of the attention you get from an Air Canada Stewardess.

Getting you out of the airport fast is Hertz' job. Our Hertz girl can put you behind the wheel of a new Ford or other fine car minutes after you arrive.

From the start to finish you don't have to think about anything except the reason for your trip. Air Canada and Hertz look after everything else.

So why settle for second best. Call your local Hertz office, or when you fly Air Canada, have them make your reservation for a Hertz car. It puts you in fast company.

Car and truck leasing services also available.

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat.

WORLD WIDE
HERTZ
RENT A CAR

SHAPE's suggestion that Brussels be the site. The capital, it seemed, had no desire to become a prime military target for Soviet missiles. Besides, argued the Belgians, Brussels was already overcrowded, and the sudden appearance of the SHAPE staffers and their families would be certain to drive up the cost of apartments, which was already too high.

Instead, the Belgians invited the generals to pick out a nice place in the country. So, after surveying a number of desolate sites, SHAPE with a sigh last week began construction of its new headquarters in the hamlet of Casteau, a wide spot in the road 30 miles southwest of Brussels.

Casteau (pop. 1,800) is so small and undistinguished that it does not even rate a line in Michelin's guidebook. But it has some old red brick barracks on an 800-acre military reservation. By next spring, construction teams intend to throw up a modern headquarters, heliport, and 600 prefabricated houses for SHAPE's staff of about 2,000 men and their numerous dependents. The cost —$43 million—will be shared by the 14 surviving NATO military members. France avoided a share of the bill by withdrawing from NATO's military committee.

CAIRO PHOTOS

NASSER & SALLAL
The very image of Medicare.

Though SHAPE's officers may groan at the thought of swapping Paris' glitter for bucolic Belgium, locals around Casteau consider the choice a stroke of luck. Real estate prices have doubled, and rents are sure to follow. Besides, many of the residents share a SHAPE passion: "I'm looking forward to the Americans," says one Casteau golfer. "We need some competition."

MIDDLE EAST

A Call to Mecca

In the Middle East, where hates flare and die with the course of the sun, there is no letup in the feud between Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, who leads the Arab world's revolutionary camp, and Saudi Arabia's King Feisal, who leads the conservative forces.

Nowhere is this rivalry more sharply drawn than in the arid sands and craggy cliffs of Yemen. There, in four years of sporadic skirmishing, the 50,000 Egyptian troops sent in by Nasser have been fought to a standstill by tribesmen loyal to the ousted Imam Badr, who holds the hills and sustains his ragged army with supplies and arms from Feisal. Of late, however, Nasser has had less trouble fending off Feisal's royalist friends than in keeping in line the ragtag republican regime he sponsors in Yemen's capital of San'a.

A year ago, Nasser discreetly removed republican President Abdullah Sallal, who had turned out to be so much of a Nasserite that his fiercely xenophobic republican colleagues were growing restive. If Sallal had become too fawningly dependent on Cairo, his successor, General Hassan Amri, proved to be too fiercely independent. So Nasser reinstalled Sallal as his proconsul. He was no more welcome than before. To demand that Nasser bounce Sallal once again, Amri flew to Cairo three weeks ago, taking with him, as Amri boasted, "the entire state of Yemen": nine Cabinet officers, three members of the Republican Council, and 29 important army officers. Amri wanted better treatment from Nasser, and he got it—in a Cairo clinic.

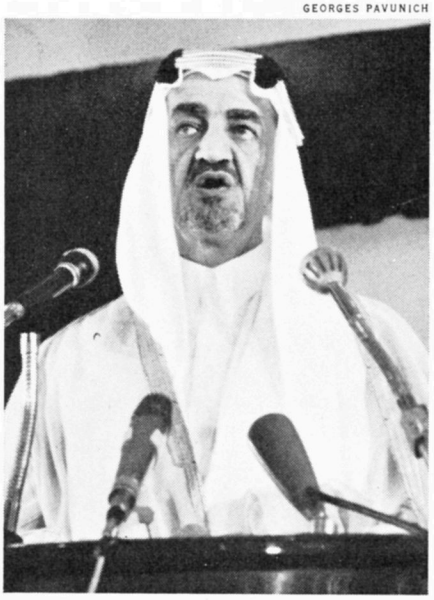
On the Radio. Egyptian military police carted Amri and 15 of his most important officials off to military hospitals for "medical treatment." With Yemen's government thus quarantined in Cairo, Sallal proclaimed a new one in San'a, taking over the premiership as well as the presidency, and forming a Cabinet nearer to Nasser's desires. Sallal then took to the San'a radio to warn that the "traitors and deviationists" who had "led a campaign of doubt and suspicion between the U.A.R. and Yemen" would be brought to trial.

Nasser's brand of political Medicare would hardly help his image in the Arab world—or the prospects for peace in Yemen. Nasser wants to keep the feud going so that his expeditionary force in Yemen will be positioned for a possible move into strategic Aden when the British withdraw year after next.

Traveling Salesman. That prospect is anathema to Saudi Arabia's monarch, King Feisal, the ruler of the largest and richest of the moderate Arab nations. Last week Feisal wound up a 28-day, five-nation tour in President Habib Bourguiba's Tunisia—his latest trip in ten months to promote his projected Islamic summit meeting in Mecca. While Saudi Arabia's government-controlled newspapers call the rulers of Egypt "butchers," and Cairo's press summons all good Arabs to "a battle of destiny" against Feisal, the King himself preaches Islamic brotherhood and cooperation. "President Nasser is one of our great Moslem leaders," says Feisal, "and it is inconceivable that he should consider our Islamic call to be aimed against him."

In the seething tangle of Middle Eastern intrigue, that is precisely what Nasser does consider it—and he is determined to frustrate Feisal's call to Mecca just as he torpedoed the fourth Arab summit meeting, which was to have been held this month, rather than sit at the same table with Feisal's "forces of reaction." Increasingly, the Arab states are being called to line up on one side or the other, Nasser's or Feisal's. Nasser is still the name to conjure with in the streets of the Middle East, but Feisal can offer hard cash to his allies. In addition to helping the Yemeni royalists, he is supporting Jordan's King Hussein with millions of dollars for everything from road building to weapons. He is also strengthening Saudi Arabia's own defenses with purchases of some $1.5 billion in military hardware in case a fight with Nasser should ever be necessary.

GEORGES PAVUNICH



FEISAL IN TUNISIA
Now the man with the cash.

The Line-Up. In such a showdown, Nasser could count on Algeria, Syria, Iraq and Sallal's part of Yemen—all more or less socialist, Soviet-armed regimes. Feisal would have on his side Western-equipped Jordan, Bahrain, the tiny sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf, and perhaps Morocco, Tunisia and Kuwait. Non-Arab Iran, whose Shah despises Nasser, would probably aid Feisal enthusiastically. Anxious to remain neutral are Lebanon, Libya and the Sudan. But it may never come to a showdown. The meeting around a fire is as old as

Arab history: much coffee and lengthy but inconclusive talk. Should Feisal ever get his Islamic summit, it might prove just the cooling-off conclave the Middle East requires.

SOMALILAND

Costly Choice

During the past decade, while the winds of change whipped through the rest of Africa, the only thing blowing in French Somaliland was sand. An arid enclave of 72,000 African tribesmen, 8,000 Arabs and 600,000 goats, it voted in 1958 to remain a colony of France, apparently content with the several million dollars a year that the French spend to help support it. Or so it seemed until last month, when Charles de Gaulle passed through on the first leg of his round-the-world tour. Unexpectedly, he was greeted by riots and demonstrations whose message to the French was clear: Blow.

It was an embarrassing start for a trip designed to shine up De Gaulle's image as an anti-imperialist, and heads immediately rolled. The Governor of French Somaliland was fired, the vice president of the local government council was whisked off for "extended leave" in France, and hundreds of agitators were expelled to the neighboring Somali Republic. Still the riots continued, and last week a disturbed De Gaulle acknowledged that something might be wrong. Minister of Overseas Territories Pierre Billotte proclaimed that "whatever France's interests in Somaliland may be, they are not worth her being open to the accusation of colonialism in these times." Hence a new independence referendum will be held in the colony before the middle of next year.

There was one minor, inevitable catch. If the Somalis were "adventurous" enough to vote for independence, said Billotte, "they must understand that this will be the end of collaboration with France. There will be no more French aid, military, economic or financial."

SOUTH KOREA

Saccharin

The weapons of parliamentary debate throughout the world vary considerably. Britons belabor one another with icy scorn, Greeks bang their desk tops, and Italians hurl inkwells. The U.S. House of Representatives has witnessed its share of fist fights and even, in the 19th century, quick-draw confrontations with cocked pistols on the floor. Black magic has its place in the legislative assemblies of modern Africa. Last week in South Korea, a new, but old, weapon was added to the armory.

The debate in Seoul's National Assembly swirled around a smuggling scandal concerning some 92 tons of saccharin that had been illegally imported from Japan by an arm of the multimillion-dollar Samsung business combine. Charges of government involvement flew from the backbenches; indignant silence wreathed the Cabinet ministers of Premier Il Kwon Chung. Then tall, tough Kim Do Han, 49, an independent Assemblyman from Seoul with a reputation as a street brawler, took the rostrum to question the Cabinet. With him he carried a three-gallon can marked "saccharin."

After a brief harangue, Kim said: "I am a man of action, not words, and with action I will hand out a judgment." Whipping the lid from the can, Kim dashed over to the row of ministers seated beside the rostrum and poured the contents over their heads. It was human excrement.

Premier Chung and his Cabinet fled. Four hours later, freshly bathed, they presented their resignations to President Chung Hee Park because "today's incident has greatly impaired the prestige and honor of the Cabinet." Though Park refused to accept their resignations immediately, it seemed that a Cabinet reshuffle was imminent. As for Man of Action Kim, he, too, tendered his resignation—probably to avoid censure from the Assembly.

SOMALI DEMONSTRATORS WAITING FOR DE GAULLE
Only one minor, inevitable catch.

MIHAJLOV
Some comfort in the sentence.

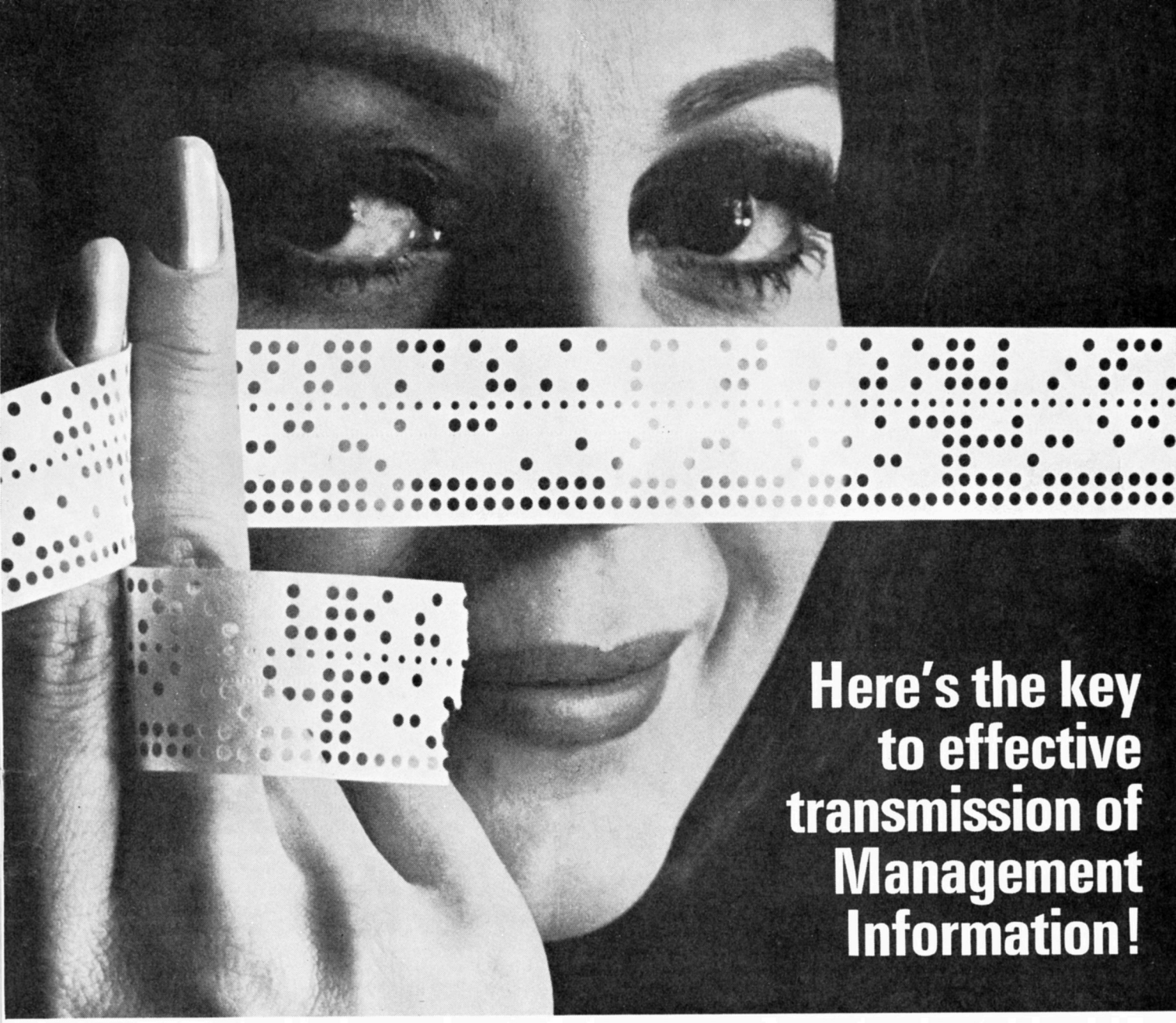
YUGOSLAVIA

Limits to Liberalization

Yugoslavia has come a long way from totalitarianism in recent years. Most Yugoslavs can travel freely to Western nations; President Tito himself has severely handcuffed the once-dreaded secret-police apparatus; and the regime is openly encouraging a measure of economic and local political competition. But there are still some limits to liberalization, as Writer Mihajlo Mihajlov discovered last week. A Yugoslav court sentenced Mihajlov to ten months in jail for writing uncomplimentary things about the way Tito runs his country.

Mihajlov's offense was to suggest that Yugoslavia needed a two-party system —and to set about promoting an opposition party complete with its own magazine, *Slobodni Glas* (The Voice of Freedom). As he told the court in his own defense: "I cannot consider socialist a society in which only 6% or 7% have all the rights and the others none." The state prosecutor was not impressed. Mihajlov's demand for a multiparty system, he warned the court, was "a Trojan horse for the restoration of capitalism."

In his writing, Mihajlov is far more concerned with human rights than economics. "Yugoslav society is ready for democracy and does not want anyone, in any central committee, in any single party, to decide what people may or may not know about the world, about life and political events," he wrote last July. It is a measure of how far Yugoslavia has moved that Mihajlov's sentence was so much less severe than the letter of the law against "spreading false information about Yugoslavia" would have allowed—and that the writer is still free, pending the outcome of an appeal. In an earlier period, Mihajlov might never have been seen again after his trial was over.



Here's the key to effective transmission of Management Information!

Use your Telephone Company's TWX business information/data service

You can transmit almost any kind of information by our TWX service. Production reports, for example. Sales figures. Orders. Payrolls. Inventories. Estimates. Specifications. Invoices.

TWX can move such operating information over regular telephone lines as easily as you talk over them! Information typed on a standard keyboard can be converted into punched tape—and transmitted at 100 words-per-minute, to one or more points, across town or the continent. Information can be received in page form or on your own multi-copy forms.

TWX can also be integrated with data processing systems. Its 8-level punched tape language is geared to data processing. And TWX is used as an input/output device for computers. TWX lets you interrogate a computer and get instant answers.

The result can be completely *integrated* information-handling. It speeds decision-making and improves efficiency all through your organization.

Many businesses are profiting from use of TWX. One of our Communications Representatives can advise you if you can, too. Just call us and ask for his services.

The Telephone Company serving you

PEOPLE

In London to film a quickie called *Two Weeks in September*, **Brigitte Bardot** explained that the theme was "love —the greatest illusion. It is ecstatic, painful and hopeless at the same time." Well, maybe, but following her around, B.B.'s new husband and Great Love No. 3, German Playboy Gunter Sachs, hardly seemed hopeless. And he was not the sort to be upset when Brigitte added: "Of course, love has nothing to do with marriage or children or washing the dishes."

• • •

Whitehall was aghast in 1948 when London University Law Student **Seretse Khama**, young chief of Bechuanaland's Bamangwato tribe, wooed and won London Typist Ruth Williams. She was a white woman, which was bound to cause trouble among the natives. Quietly, Whitehall asked the couple to live out of sight in England. Politely they refused—and when they insisted on going home, the government banished them from Bechuanaland until 1956 when they and their children (now three sons, one daughter) were finally allowed to return. Britain may have long since swallowed its prejudice, but it took until last week to show its pride when Queen Elizabeth knighted Prime Minister (since March 1965) Khama, 45, as Commander of the Order of the British Empire. None too soon. On Sept. 30, Bechuanaland becomes the Independent Republic of Botswana—Sir Seretse Khama, President.

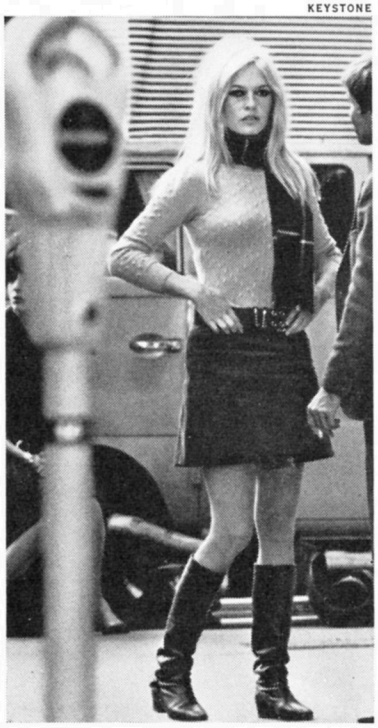
• • •

If teen-agers swarm into theaters to see a new spy spoof called *Murderer's Row*, it won't be for the sake of Star Dean Martin. The big draw is a hirsute trio called **Dino, Desi and Billy.** Only a couple of years ago, big Dino's 14-year-old son and namesake got together with Drummer Desiderio Arnaz IV, Desi's 13-year-old son, and Guitarist Billy Hinsche, 14-year-old son of a retired Beverly Hills real estate man. Now the boys have a 350,000-record hit (*I'm a Fool*) and archly refuse to appear anywhere the cops can't guarantee protection from their fans. "I think we would have made it without our parents," says Dino Jr., "but not as quick." And who knows what lies in store after their voices crack?

UPI

DESI & DINO
Fans forever.

KEYSTONE



BRIGITTE
Dishes never.

• • •

How sharper than a barber's shears! As proprietor of three fancy salons in London, Hairstylist **Vidal Sassoon**, 38, has coiffed some of the world's most elegant women, and for the past 16 months he's been practicing his art in a Manhattan shop as well. Trouble is, New York State requires a license for that sort of thing, and it wants him to take its hairdresser exam. "Asinine and obsolete," said Sassoon. "The test requires that I do finger waving and reverse pin curling—things that haven't been used since Gloria Swanson was in silent movies." It wasn't that he couldn't do these things, he added, but that he wouldn't. Responded the New York State secretary of state: You can't.

• • •

The newlyweds have only been married for two months, but they're thinking about anniversaries. The silver-edged invitations read: "Mr. and Mrs. **Frank Sinatra** request the pleasure of your company at a Lost Weekend on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of Silent Sam and his bride." To those who know Silent Sam (Movie Producer Freddie Brisson) and his bride (Actress Rosalind Russell), the nickname fits like a five-thumb glove. "He hasn't shut his mouth for the past half century," reported Suzy, gossip columnist for the New York World Journal Tribune. Still, it sounds like the kind of blast that everybody will have something to say about. The invitations promised a trip to Las Vegas aboard "Howard Hughes's wooden flying boat," a "straw drawing for rooms," and a lunch in Death Valley. And the finale is a sing-along with the host.

• • •

Nothing on TV could match the characters in the Manhattan courtroom of Civil Court Judge J. Daniel Fink. The plaintiff was **Lewis S. Rosenstiel**, 75, founder and president of Schenley Industries. The defendant: blonde Susan Rosenstiel, 45, his estranged wife. Roy Cohn was counsel for the plaintiff, Louis Nizer for the defense. Rosenstiel charged that his wife changed all the locks on their East Side mansion, hired guards to keep him out, and ran up $100,000 in bills for such "necessaries" as jewelry, furs and caviar. The evidence to prove it: 22 separate lawsuits against them for nonpayment of bills. Appalled, Judge Fink called Susan "a woman with an insatiable desire and hunger for money, with an appetite that could not be satisfied or appeased." He then ordered her to pay for her own canards.

• • •

With a big red learner's "L" on the car to warn other drivers, Britain's **Prince Charles**, 17, took the wheel of the family Austin to drive the 60 miles from Balmoral Castle to his old school of Gordonstoun. Beside him on the front seat was six-year-old Prince Andrew, while the Duke of Edinburgh lounged unconcernedly in the back seat. The arrangement elicited polite shock from Britain's Automobile Association, which declared that "We always accept the view that the qualified driver should sit at the side of the learner —within reach of wheel and emergency brake." A most acceptable view, but one which overlooked the fact that Charles, while technically only a learner, has been tooling around the royal estates since his earliest teens.

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

PRINCE CHARLES
"L" for learner.

This scene was the inspiration for the freshest idea in men's fashions since Adam reached for a fig leaf. Five fashion leaders, Michaels/Stern, John Forsyth, Stetson, Terry Williams and Harvey Woods created Hickory 'n Blue Spruce—the new color-coordinated total fashion look for men. Handsome Hickory browns and rich blue-greens are mixed, matched and contrasted in suits, topcoats, shirts, ties and accessories, hats, sweaters, hosiery and shoes. Take this insert along on your shopping trip. It will help you select the Hickory 'n Blue Spruce wardrobe that does the most for you.

Hickory 'n BLUE SPRUCE

The new Total Fashion look for fall

Michaels/Stern makes half-time conversation more interesting in a one-button worsted suit with Precedo styling, L-shaped lapels, slanted flap pockets, side vents and trim trousers. $95. Forsyth coordinates with a Hickory all-cotton English twill shirt and Peel collar. $8.95. Striped underknot tie. $2.50. Silk pocket puff. $3. Both by Forsyth. Stetson adds a semi-casual note with a shaggy spectator hat and braided band. $13.95. Terry Williams makes a goal-line stand for modified Mod in sweaters. The Henley-neck pullover features wide rib and raglan sleeve. $18.95. Collapsible cloth houndstooth hat by Stetson. $7.95. Spirited combed cotton sport knit by Forsyth has buttoned cuff and hand-crafted collar. $6. Harvey Woods hosiery teams Hickory with Blue Spruce. Slim shape Hickory brown has Lycra elasticized cuffs $2. Blue Spruce in neat rib knit. $1.50. Both have reinforced heel and toe. Soft-grain calf demi-boot by Stetson.

MICHAELS/STERN

Stetson goes to the track and just about everywhere with the Toronado—a trim feature hat with narrow brim and traditional centre crease. $16.95. Invader outercoat is imported English velour from Michaels/Stern. $79.95. Pure wool scarf by Forsyth $3.50. Another good bet for semi-casual wear, Blue Spruce from Stetson's Gun Club collection. Side pinch, bound silk edge and matching band. $13.95. In Hickory, Stetson invents a brushed shaggy felt with back kick brim $16.95. Terry Williams sends spirits soaring with an Orlon and Wool machine-washable V-neck pullover. Saddle shoulder, ribbed cuff and bottom. $13.95. Sporty Stetson velour hat features bright feather pin and braided band. $16.95. The Carnaby Street influence from Terry Williams is crew neck pullover in pure virgin wool. $18.95. Harvey Woods lets you sit handsome with a fancy jacquard design in stretch nylon. $1.50. Overplaid diamond Argyle pattern is unshrinkable Kroy Wool reinforced with 10% Nylon. $2. Forsyth's nod to Mod: Chief Petty Officer sport shirt—epaulets, pleated pockets and button flaps in crease-resistant Viscose $8.95. Pure silk ascot. $5. Forsyth dress shirt is a maize jacquard weave with dome tab, tapered body, double cuffs. $6.50. Textured stripe tie. $2.50. Wrap-around links. $8.50. By Forsyth.

STETSON

Women's Fashions: Creative Pantino

Besides Hickory 'n Blue Spruce, color the Terry Williams look in sweaters "He-Manly." Featured hand-knitted Hickory cardigan has turn-back cuffs, genuine leather buttons and hand-sewn pockets. Pure virgin wool. $40. You can even look like a football hero in a Terry Williams 6-button cardigan, inspired by the Canadian Football League. PRO-RATED features include Swiss rib stitch in a blend of Acrilan and Wool, two insert pockets and machine washability. $19.95. Maize shirt and tie are by Forsyth. A new tradition in the Autumn world is the Ph.D. Sport Suit with vested interest from Michaels/Stern. Jacket is an imported shetland highlighted by slanted flaps and side vents. Matching reversible vest, tie, puff and coordinated slacks in superfine melange flannel. Complete outfit $95. Stetso tops the Sports Suit look with a side den centre-crease hat. $13.95. Forsyth complete the ensemble in a white English twill broa cloth shirt with Madison eyelet collar. $8.9 Alligator walks out on the town in Hickor brown loafer slip-ons from Stetson. The c ordinated hose are by Harvey Woods in stret Nylon with Lycra Spandex elasticized cuff $1.50. Cuffless Innovator slacks are Michaels/Stern. $27.95.

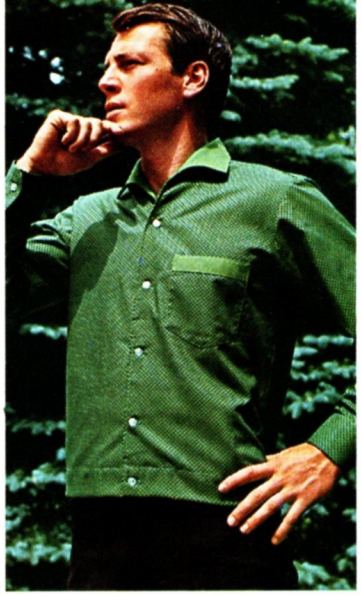
Terry Williams

Hickory'n **BLUE SPRUCE**
The new Total Fashion look for fall

Forsyth makes news at the office with an imported Blue Spruce all-cotton jacquard stripe. Flattering tapered body and French cuffs. $6.50. Tie. $2. Matching jewelry. $10. For week-ending in the country, Forsyth's Sanforized all-cotton Como Jac. Plain collar, blue and burgundy stripe. $8.95. Ascot also by Forsyth in silk shantung. $4.50. For town-wear, Forsyth harmonizes a Hickory-look in an all-cotton English twill of Egyptian yarn with tapered body and Burke collar. $8.95. Terylene degradé striped tie. $2.50. Jewelry stone setting. $8.50. All from Forsyth. Blue Spruce hosiery punches in with neat clock patterns of Kroy Wool with 10% Nylon. $1.50.

Forsyth

Harvey Woods also highlights slim shapes in plain rib with Nylon reinforced heel and toe and Lycra Spandex cuff. $2. Moccasin slip-ons and Mod-inspired demi-boots are by Stetson. The suit is a Michaels/Stern Ph.D. vested, natural shoulder worsted. $95. Co-ordinated Forsyth shirt features Pinacle collar. Terry Wiiliams builds action-styling into a crew neck pure virgin wool pullover with wide-rib and raglan sleeve. $18.95.



Harvey Woods

Harvey Woods sends hosiery on its way up to stay up neatly in mid and executive lengths. Stretch over-the-calf styling (right foreground) features trim rib effect with Kroylon (Kroy Wool and stretch Nylon), and deep lastex cuff. $2. Fashion rightness also means neat slim-shape ribs in fine clock patterns. Kroy Wool and 10% Nylon with hi-splice heel and elasticized cuffs. $1.50-$2. Blue Spruce English rib (centre foreground) has special hi-splice Nylon heel and elastic top. $1.50. (All hosiery is STERISEPTIC-treated and remains anti-septic for its normal lifetime). Forsyth's piped trim all-cotton Sanforized pajamas $7. Stetson adds a lush lustre to hats. Suede finish tapered crown and centre crease. $16.95. The double-breasted 2-button blazer is imported mohair and wool from Michaels/Stern. $65. Stetson's versa-tile Toronado hat is the perfect match-mate. Forsyth supplied the tie, puff and maize jacquard shirt. $6.50. Terry Williams tailored cardigan has 6-button natural shoulder styling and verti-bar pattern. Machine washable blend of Orlon and Wool. $15.95. Also by Forsyth, all-cotton Sanforized Jac-shirt with blue polka dots for extra fashion zing. $8.95. Coordinated Forsyth sport shirt. $8. Forsyth trim-tapers a Hickory-striped sport shirt in crease-resistant Viscose with Dandy button-down collar. $8. Silk ascot. $5.

Hickory'n **BLUE SPRUCE**

The new Total Fashion look for fall

All prices shown are "about."

THE LAND

America the More Beautiful

For 18 months, Lady Bird Johnson has been dashing about planting a tree here, dedicating a park or playground there, and cheering conservation-minded citizens everywhere. Of all the Great Society programs, beautification is the one closest to her heart, and future generations are likely to remember her for her campaign to beautify America, much the way Eleanor Roosevelt is recalled as the first First Lady to show up in a coal mine or Jacqueline Kennedy as the hostess who brought chic to the White House.

Lady Bird's fervor and her whole program may seem a little corny, but they have touched a genuine national concern. Into the small White House office that she has set up to handle the beautification drive come up to 400 letters a week and countless phone calls. Last week Lady Bird was off again, this time on a three-day, 4,300-mi. swing through the West, accompanied by Interior Secretary Stewart Udall. In California, she dedicated Point Reyes National Seashore and almost got trapped by a wave. She switched from natural to artificial beauty long enough to help open the San Francisco opera season. Next day she planted a horse-chestnut seedling at Monterey, then hurried along to unveil a plaque along the Big Sur Scenic Highway near Carmel.

Love of the Land. It was appropriate enough for Governor Pat Brown to accompany her every step of the way. Lady Bird endorsed him pointedly: "No one knows better than the grass-roots conservationists the value of having a believer in the Governor's chair." One quip had it that the real reason for her trip was "to beautify Pat Brown"—who needs all the help he can get in his race with Republican Ronald Reagan.

If politics comes naturally to Lady Bird, so does her love of the land. Though she is generally credited with inspiring the Highway Beautification Act of 1965 ("the Billboard Bill"), she has no official authority. The proper measure of her success is the grass-roots response she evokes. From businessmen and mayors to garden-clubbers and oldtime conservationists, she is receiving a rousing chorus of "America the Beautiful"—or, more precisely, "America Must Be More Beautiful."

Roses & Honeysuckle. At least 30 state conferences on beautification have been held since the White House Conference on Natural Beauty in the spring of 1965. Countless mayors and city councils have appointed local beautification committees. On the national level, Laurance Rockefeller is heading a twelve-member Citizens' Committee on Beautification that will make specific recommendations to the President on coordinating the work of some 20 federal agencies dealing with recreation and natural beauty. Executives of all the major oil companies have met with Mrs. Johnson in the White House to discuss their wayside service stations; CITGO has issued a landscaping manual to its 488 station operators, will underwrite $700,000 of new planting.

Even at a modest level, the citizens are finding beautification a worthy cause. In Gary, Ind., the wife of Mayor A. Martin Katz came back from the White House Conference on Natural Beauty determined to follow Mrs. Johnson's example; she took up a collection of money and materials from individuals and businesses, renovated an old pavilion, restocked a lagoon, and installed night lighting in Marquette Park. In San José, Calif., Mrs. Lorna Smith watched Lady Bird on TV, picked up a trowel, marched out and planted a 30-ft. bed of iris next to the bus stop.

Beacons of Blossoms. Project Green Thumb, a much-praised part of the antipoverty program, resulted directly from a meeting of Lady Bird with representatives of the Farmers' Union. Now, in pilot projects in four states, retired farmers from 55 to 78 years old work three or four days a week using their know-how with the soil to carry out roadside beautification projects.

Nowhere has Lady Bird's beauty crusade had more impact than in Washington, D.C. There her Committee for a More Beautiful Capital has enlivened the city's triangles and circles with trees, flowers and grass, turned the entrances into beacons of blossoms. The principal shopping thoroughfare, F Street, is being torn up to make room for a new landscaped center strip with fountains. Her own personal project is the Capital Mall, where her plans call for sidewalk cafés, gardens, pools and bicycle paths, and a new museum to house the Hirshhorn sculpture collection.

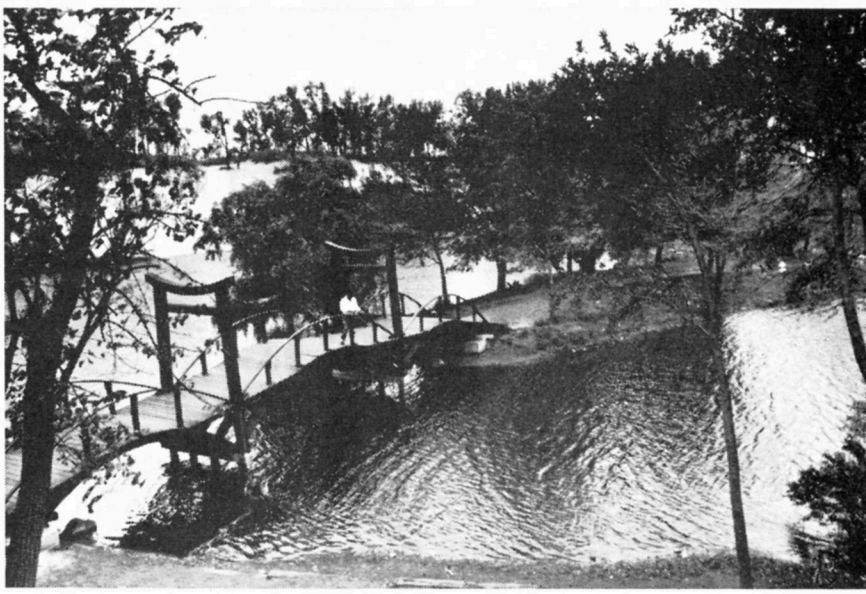
Nor does Lady Bird's eye miss the capital slums. One project: the beautification of schools in the city's poorer districts. "Broken windows cost the District of Columbia $118,000 each year," she says. "I stood in front of a school one day and counted 26 broken windows on one side alone. But—and here is the magic—at the nine schools we have landscaped, the breakage has dropped to almost nothing."

Lift of Spirit, Surge of Pride. Her powers of persuasion are considerable—and her speech writers are good too. To the population of Page, Ariz., assembled to witness the dedication of the 710-ft. Glen Canyon Dam, Lady Bird Johnson last week recalled "those disfigurements of rocks and trees where someone with a huge ego and tiny mind has splashed with paint or gouged with knife to let the world know that Kilroy or John Doe was here." But the beautification drive, she went on, "is a new kind of 'writing on the wall'—a kind

UPI

LADY BIRD, WITH UDALL (LEFT) & BROWN AT POINT REYES

ART SHAY



LAGOON IN GARY'S MARQUETTE PARK

A new kind of writing on the wall that says, "Man was here."

So you've actually got your wife convinced that you save money by trading cars every two or three years.

You rascal.

Why don't you cut that out.

There are cars that will hold up longer than two or three years, as you well know.

A Volvo will hold up quite a bit longer than two or three years.

In Sweden, where there are no speed limits on the highways and over 70,000 miles of unpaved roads, Volvos are driven an average of eleven years.

Keep a Volvo just six years and you'll make out. That'll give you three years to pay for it, three years to put money in the bank after you've paid for it.

A Volvo will give you something else you may never have experienced before: performance *and* economy. Volvos run away from every other compact in their class... yet deliver over 30 miles to the gallon, even with automatic transmission.

And if you're concerned about having a six year old car sitting in the driveway, don't be. Your neighbors won't notice its age any more than you will. Volvos aren't given a new look every year. So you're not stuck with an older look every year.

Besides, your neighbors won't be wondering why you have a six year old car in the driveway. They'll be wondering where you got the money to take your wife to Europe.

VOLVO

that says proudly and beautifully, 'Man was here.' "

Beauty may not be the nation's most urgent issue, but it is significant that in an earlier day, it might have seemed almost frivolous. Today, in a basically affluent society, people have the time and the means to take it seriously. The most earnest liberal reformers now assert that the big challenge, in one form or another, is the quality of the American environment.

THE NECROPOLIS

First Step Up to Heaven

His associates called him "The Builder," and well they might. In the space of 50 years, Millionaire Mortician Hubert Eaton transformed 55 acres of mud, brambles and neglected tombstones into the world's most famous necropolis—Forest Lawn Memorial-Park in Glendale, Calif. Half of Hollywood is buried there, amid rolling lawns, splashing fountains, marble statuary, all of which proclaims that Death Can Be Beautiful. Eaton's handiwork evoked virulent attack (Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death*) and savage satire (Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*). In fact, the reality of Forest Lawn defied parody.

Eaton was the original upbeat undertaker, and his fight to deny the ultimate reality of death has already entered folklore. "I wanted to erase all signs of mourning," he said. Thus death became "leave-taking," a corpse "the loved one," who awaited burial after elaborate cosmetic treatment in a private, well-furnished "slumber" room. Subdivisions of the cemetery have such reposeful names as Lullabyland, Graceland and Babyland (designed in the shape of a heart); soothing music and inspirational messages waft out from loudspeakers hidden in the shrubbery.

Art, too, soothes, and Forest Lawn is replete with over 700 statues, including a reproduction of Michelangelo's *David*, with fig leaf added. Eaton vainly offered 1,000,000 lire to the Italian artist who could paint him "a Christ filled with radiance and looking upward with an inner light of joy and hope—I want an American-faced Christ."

Under One Management. Born in Missouri, the son of a Baptist minister, Eaton tried Mammon's way first, took an unsuccessful flyer at gold mining in Nevada before settling down to his life's work in Southern California in 1917. He took over a failing cemetery, pioneered the concept of pay-now-die-later, which he delicately dubbed "The Before-Need Plan." Prices at Forest Lawn begin at $385 for the cheapest grave; after that, there is literally no limit. Eaton put up giant billboards all over Los Angeles, traded heavily on Adman Bruce Barton's slogan describing Forest Lawn as "a first step up toward Heaven." Eaton's basic pitch: "Everything at time of sorrow, in one sacred place, under one friendly management, with one convenient credit arrangement and a year to pay. ONE TELEPHONE CALL DOES EVERYTHING."

FOUNDER EATON
Among the immortals.

Over the years, Eaton expanded the original Forest Lawn to 317 acres, opened new ones in Hollywood Hills, Cypress and Covina. But not without opposition. When his plans for Covina became known, outraged residents rushed out to picket, carrying signs reading "Drop Dead Elsewhere" and "Land of the Free or Home of the Grave?" Overnight, Eaton's men buried six bodies in the property—the exact number necessary, under California law, to constitute a cemetery.

More than 1,000,000 visitors now pass through the gates of Forest Lawn each year, making it only slightly less of a tourist attraction than Disneyland. For some, the gates themselves are worth the trip: modeled after those at Buckingham Palace, they are 80 ft. wide and 25 ft. high. Necrolatry has also produced a curious sideline: there have been 50,000 weddings in Forest Lawn's seven churches. Eaton foresaw the visitors' need for mementos, provided a convenient gift shop. One of the bestsellers: a large plastic walnut with a mailing label reading "Forest Lawn Memorial-Park—in a Nutshell! Open me like a real nut . . . squeeze my sides or pry me open with a knife." Inside is a miniature booklet illustrated with scenes of Forest Lawn.

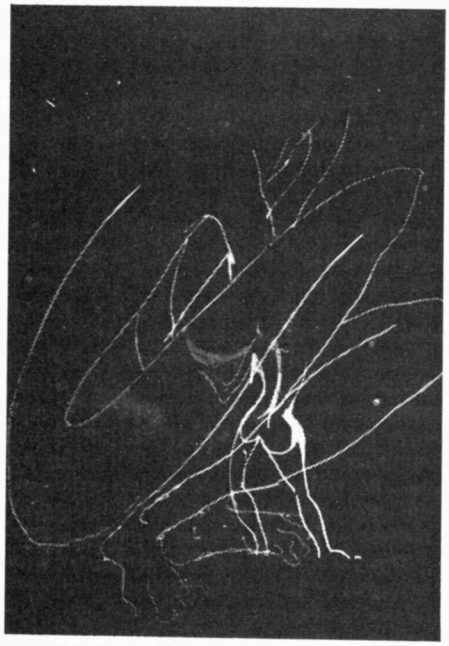
Westminster in America. When the palace gates opened this week to receive the original Loved One, Hubert Eaton, who died at the age of 85, it was bound to be a funeral to remember. Eaton's own final instructions were modest: the Lord's Prayer and a rendition of his favorite song, *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*. But the event could not pass that simply. "We know what he would have liked," said Forest Lawn officials, and they gave it to him.

The lying-in-state took place in the Memorial Court of Honor; the service, backed up by the Roger Wagner Chorale, in the massive, Gothic-façaded Hall of the Crucifixion and Resurrection. Among the participants: Tenor Brian Sullivan, singing *Softly and Tenderly*, and former Republican Governor Goodwin Knight, delivering a "narration." As the organ thundered *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, the elaborate casket was placed alongside Wife Anna's, in The Westminster Hall of America, "the only place money cannot buy"; its crypts are "reserved as gifts of honored interment for Americans whose lives shall have been crowned with greatness." The Forest Lawn regents, in solemn conclave, had declared Founder Eaton to assuredly be among "The Immortals."

JULIAN WASSER

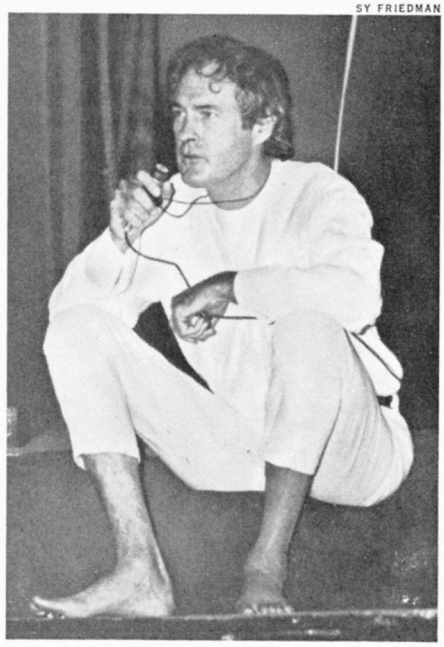
FOREST LAWN
The reality defied parody.

SHOW BUSINESS



SLIDE SHOW FROM "DEATH"

SY FRIEDMAN



GUIDE LEARY

Weirdo, sexo, boffo.

NEW ACTS

Impresario Religioso

THE DEATH OF THE MIND, a psychedelic celebration, presented by the League for Spiritual Discovery. At the Village Theater, Manhattan. $3 (No Smoking.)

THE CAST

The Guide . . . . Dr. Timothy Leary
Harry . . . . . Dr. Ralph Metzner

So says the program. As the show starts, guitars throb, drums thrump. On the screen, a bloated slide projection of Harry, the Imprisoned Intellectual, is suddenly swallowed into a great green greasy neon doughnut. "Can you float through the universe of your body?" wonders the Guide.

Obligingly, Harry slithers into a cauldron of bubbling body organs and coiling viscera. Now a gallery of all the women he has ever known flips on and off, on and off, mid-screen. "All girls are yours!" the Guide exclaims. He points to one, saying: "See her stamen trembling for the electric penetration of pollen." Then Harry is rudely thrust back into a dizzying montage, "The Neurological Chess Game" of everyday life. Abruptly he is told: "It's time to play the game of death." Harry reaches for a girl—and compulsively strangles her. A hangman dangles a noose before him, and Harry vaporizes into "the galaxy of the senses." The music stops. The shadow play is over. The special-effects spotlights and the ten slide and movie projectors momentarily cool it.

Parental Wrath. The uninitiated in the nearly full house of 2,500 people are still a little dazed by it all. But the Guide explains. "What we have relived tonight," he says, "is one minute in an LSD session. Visionaries throughout history have made this voyage and come back to teach its truths to the waiting world."

The Guide ought to know. He is Dr. Timothy Leary, former Harvard professor whose experiments with psychedelic drugs aroused such parental wrath that he was dropped from the faculty (TIME, March 29, 1963). Since then, Leary has struck out on a one-man crusade aimed at making LSD and pot as American as apple pie. He is also trying to found a new religion. *Death of the Mind* is billed as the "first public worship service of America's first indigenous religious movement," the League for Spiritual Discovery. (The initials spell LSD, get it?)

As an off-Broadway potboiler, Leary's new show ought to be socko box office, as *Variety* might put it, although nabes in the sticks will be better off running *Tarzan* instead. For acid heads and the impressionable, however, Leary provides all the right production values: religioso gimmicks, weirdo music, sexo fantasy, all boffo. Following a run of twelve weekly performances in Manhattan, Leary will open his show in California, which manages to be boffo, religioso, weirdo and sexo with or without LSD. The turn may not make psychedelic drug-taking and its kicks comprehensible to the average ticket buyer, but it ought to attract enough attention to pay the nut. That's O.K. as far as Producer-Star Leary is concerned. "Any money that we make," he says, "will be plowed back into the religion."

LUKAS & BLANE IN "GRAND SLAM"

MOVIES

When Bare Breasts Are Decent

The Hays Office, and the Hollywood Production Code it used to administer, are institutions as quaint and dated as Busby Berkeley musicals and brown-and-white shoes. Yet their demise and the present attempt to replace them tell a good deal about American show business—and therefore about American mores.

The code was designed in 1930 to keep actors and actresses out of bed—on the screen. It seemed like a good idea at the time, for movies were as sex-conscious as the films coming out of Sweden today. But the production code launched an era of hypocritical leer; moviemakers often did their vulgar and ingenious best to be as provocative as possible, without violating the code's letter.

Despite the rule against "suggestive posture," Paul Lukas, with nimble hand, and Sally Blane, with ample thigh, cavorted in 1933's *Grand Slam*. Despite strictures against *double-entendre*, Mae West scarcely needed to be more direct than when she observed, "I like a man who takes his time." Later, the code's prohibition against "lustful embraces" did not stop Burt Lancaster and Deb-

CULVER PICTURES

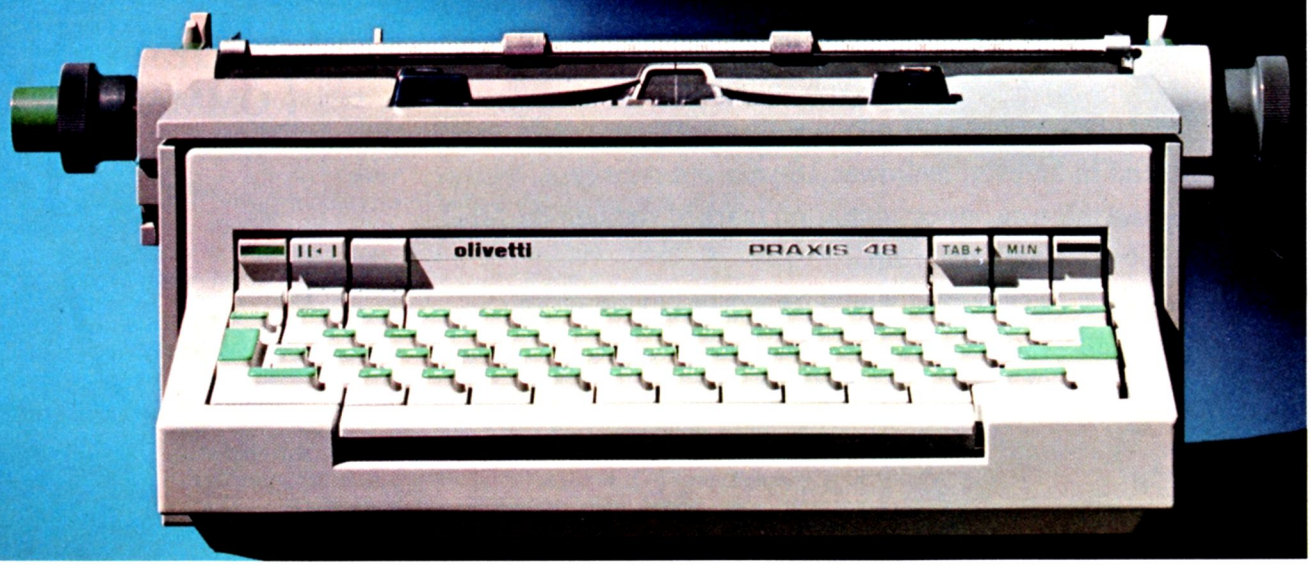
MAE WEST (1933)

To expand creativity without tolerating license.

Praxis makes perfect

Any secretary who has ever wanted an electric typewriter now has the perfect reason to have one: Praxis 48. This beautiful compact electric costs only $335. (Little more than most manuals.) What's more, it doesn't make mistakes, even if you do. It's the only electric at any price that automatically prevents the 4 most common typing errors: flying caps; improper spacing; blurring; crowding. It even centres titles automatically. (Imagine all the time and retyping saved.) Call today for a demonstration. Wherever you are, you'll find Olivetti Underwood sales and service. See your Yellow Pages.

olivetti underwood



The Classic 1929 L-29 Cord Roadster

The magic of age

Age works wonders.
It can turn a car into a classic.
And make a smooth whisky even smoother.
With Royal Command, we take a fully aged 8-year old,
then blend in an even mellower 18-year old whisky.
You'll find this **true age** combinat on marked right on the label.
Take a look. Then take a sip.
For a whisky so smooth it would be worth paying more.
You don't have to.
Royal Command costs no more than other fine whiskies.

PARK & TILFORD

ROYAL COMMAND

MASTER BLEND

8&18 YEAR OLD

CANADIAN WHISKY

CANADIAN PARK & TILFORD LTD.

WHO ALSO MAKE:

4 & 12 YEAR OLD MEDALLION • 4 & 8 YEAR OLD THREE FEATHERS

orah Kerr from wrestling all over a Hawaii beach in *From Here to Eternity*. And scarcely anybody paid any attention to the taboo against "explicit treatment of adultery."

Ratifying the Changes. The code was in tatters by 1953, when the Motion Picture Producers Association refused to grant its seal of approval to Otto Preminger's *The Moon Is Blue*, because it dealt frivolously with seduction. Preminger thumbed his nose and distributed the picture anyway, benefiting from reams of publicity about the dialogue, which actually dared to use the word virgin.

The code came to be totally ignored in the era when European films depicted what comes naturally (and occasionally, unnaturally), and when books gained almost complete literary license. But nobody in the movie industry thought it was worth the bother to bury the dead code until Lyndon Johnson's former aide Jack Valenti became president of the M.P.A.A. last May. Valenti, who had been a Texas public relations man before he went to work for L.B.J., was determined to give Hollywood a new image (TIME, Sept. 2). Last week, after four months of work with the M.P.A.A. board, Valenti presented a new code that he hoped would "expand creative film making without tolerating license."

The new code will tolerate a great deal, if not everything. In effect, it merely ratifies the changes that have taken place in American sensibilities. The old puritanical tone is virtually gone. The first principle of the old code stated that "no picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it." The new code leads off with the suggestion that movies should "keep in closer harmony with the mores, the culture, the moral sense and the expectation of our society."

Parental Guide. A classification system will enable the M.P.A.A. to label certain films as "Suggested for Mature Audiences." Even this is not mandatory; it is a "request" to theater owners and a caveat to customers. Valenti feels that it is up to grownups to decide which pictures they want their children to see; the warning label will be mainly a guide for parents.

Old taboos are either eliminated or modified. Gone in the era of Billy Wilder is the statement that seduction is never "acceptable as a subject matter for comedy." Instead of "profanity is forbidden," the code specifies that "undue profanity should not be permitted." Where once the code banned nudity altogether, it now forbids "indecent or undue exposure." When a reporter asked Valenti if "bare breasts could be deemed indecent in one film and decent in another," Valenti emphatically replied, "Yes."

There is no guarantee that movies will now be better than ever, but it is a safe guess that they will be sexier than ever—in which case Hollywood may have something to export to Sweden.

THE THEATER

Whisky Before Breakfast

A Delicate Balance. A character in the new play with which Edward Albee opens the Broadway season is somewhat shocked to find himself drinking whisky before breakfast. Says another character reassuringly: "Think of it as very late at night." The lateness of the night, the thirst of the soul, the solitary anguish of the self—these have always been the prevailing mood winds of Albee's plays. But he cannot construct a credible plot in which to trap them, and he fails again in *Balance*.

With gracious manners, in a spacious drawing room, a fiftyish couple are leading an embalmer's parody of life. Tobias (Hume Cronyn) looks like a

ALIX JEFFRY

TANDY & CRONYN IN "BALANCE"
An embalmer's parody of life.

pair of rumpled pajamas; Agnes (Jessica Tandy) has the cool, waxy elegance of an unlit candelabra. Their 36-year-old daughter has drifted away from four husbands. Agnes' unmarried sister Claire (Rosemary Murphy) drifts blissfully on a sea of alcohol. Like autumn leaves, they celebrate drift, having forgotten how to cling.

These numb people are suddenly intruded on by another couple, close friends of 40 years' standing. They claim to have been routed out of their own home by an onrush of mutual terror, left unexplained by Albee, and they propose to settle in. Words are exchanged and exchanged and exchanged, but no deeds, and the test of friendship ends with the familiar knowledge which unduly saddens Albee, that the self is a castle without a drawbridge.

Edward Albee can be trusted as a bartender, an unleasher of tirades of aggression, a put-down comedian, and a lover of English whose sentences curl with the involuted beauty of a sea shell, but when he puts on his thinking cap, he is a poseur. To embrace everyone is to be no one. *A Delicate Balance* is a wish for oblivion posing as a plea for love, and its fine cast and funny lines cannot hide its phony bones.

USE YOUR BA CREDIT CARD OR BOOK FOR ALL SERVICES AT EVERY

Holiday Inn®
CANADA OR U.S.A.

When the word is

GO

GO UNITED

Let the experts at United Van Lines take the worry out of moving. One look at our smartly uniformed personnel and SANITIZED® vans and you know your possessions are in safe hands. Call your United Van Lines Agent. He's in the Yellow Pages under 'Movers'.

MOVING WITH CARE... EVERYWHERE

SPACE

Sad End for a Surveyor

The fabulous achievement of Surveyor 1, which sent back more than 11,000 pictures from the surface of the moon, was a tough act to follow. In a disappointing performance last week, Surveyor 2 did not even come close. Uncontrollable and lifeless, it plowed into the moon's Seething Bay at 6,000 m.p.h. and was completely demolished in the crash.

It was a sad ending for a flight that had made an impressive start. Launched by an Atlas Centaur rocket less than a second before its time "window" closed,

NASA

ASTRONAUT CERNAN IN POOL
Every motion requires the utmost effort.

Surveyor headed toward the moon on a near-perfect trajectory that would have set it down just 40 miles from its intended target in Central Bay. Their hopes buoyed, scientists at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory planned a minor mid-course correction and ordered Surveyor's three small vernier engines to fire briefly. Two of the engines performed obediently, but the third refused to work. The resulting unbalanced thrust threw Surveyor into a tumble that built up to 146 revolutions per minute after repeated but vain attempts to fire the balky engine. As the ship's solar panels whirled wildly, they were unable to fix on the sun and generate electricity, and the spacecraft's batteries began to fail.

Aware that Surveyor was dying in space, scientists decided to salvage some engineering telemetry data from the mission. They turned on the craft's landing radar system to check the effect of failing batteries on its operation, then they opened the vents on the liquid helium tanks to test the system that pressurizes Surveyor's rocket fuel. In a last effort, they fired the spacecraft's big retrorocket while it was still 70,000 miles from the moon. The spin rate slowed, but not nearly enough. Then, while the retrorocket was firing, all contact was lost with the ill-fated lunar voyager.

How to Make Out with EVA

Nothing in the mass of telemetered data, no comment in the yards of tape-recorded communications brought back the drama of the three-day flight of Gemini 11 with quite the same impact as the remarkable color pictures shot by the astronauts. The movie footage and still shots released by NASA last week give an astronaut's clear-eyed view of everything from the weird undulations of the tether that briefly connected Gemini and the Agena target vehicle, to vast panoramas of the earth seen from altitudes never before attained by man.

Devoid of Life. In the most spectacular movie sequence, shot with a camera fixed in the left cabin window, Gemini and Agena gyrate erratically at opposite ends of the oscillating Dacron tether while the earth swings dizzyingly below. Gradually, as Command Pilot Pete Conrad fires short blasts of his thrusters, the two ships settle down into stable rotation. The tether stretches taut between them. Frames taken after the tether is cut loose show the long Dacron strap winding in haphazard fashion around Agena.

Other shots from the cabin window show Gemini in a successful rendezvous and docking maneuver with Agena. As the coupled craft soar toward their record apogee of 850 miles, the curvature of the earth's horizon becomes more pronounced, and the earth assumes an unmistakably globelike shape. Though the pictures are sharp and show geological features plainly, the earth seems devoid of life; it offers no visible evidence of its teeming population, its great cities, its bridges or its dams.

Movies of Richard Gordon's unsuccessful space walk, shot automatically from a camera he mounted on Gemini's hull, graphically illustrate the already familiar difficulties of extravehicular activity (EVA). As he moves slowly toward Gemini's nose, the astronaut is clearly out of his element; his movements are labored and uncertain. The simple task of clamping Agena's tether to Gemini's docking bar is an exhausting struggle. As Gordon attempts to straddle Gemini's nose, cowboy-fashion, he proves unable to assume a stable position. There is every indication that he may be bucked off at any moment.

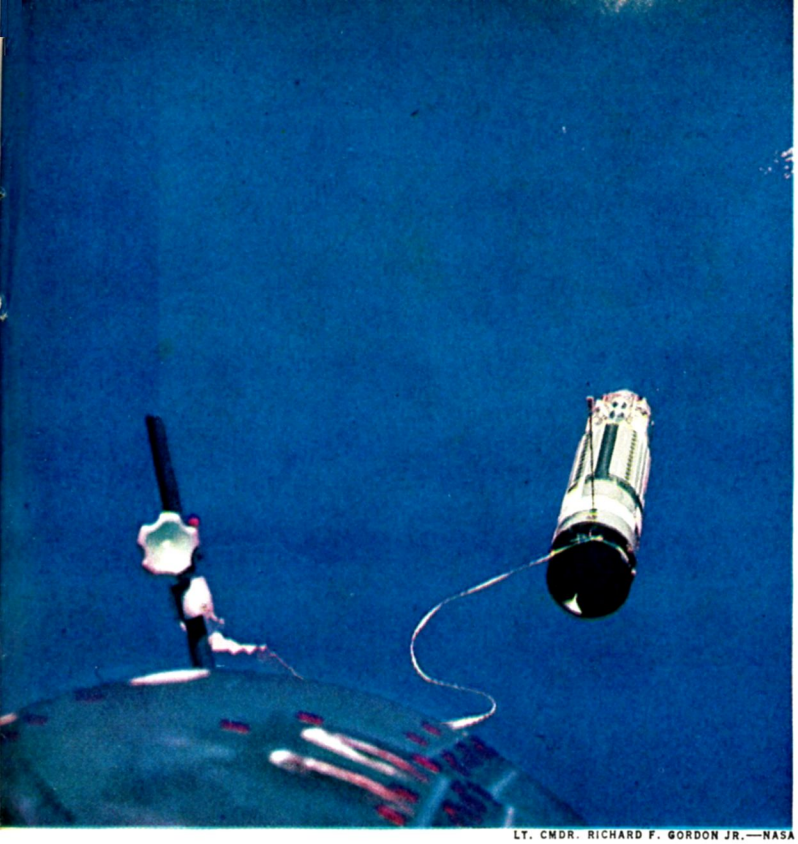
Psychological Problems. During debriefing sessions last week, Gordon confirmed what the movies make obvious. In his weightless state, he complained, he had difficulty holding his equipment and keeping it in front of him. He found that his legs moved uncontrollably, that every motion required the utmost physical effort. Space experts were convinced that part of Gordon's problems with EVA were psychological. "No matter how many times you've seen EVA films and been told that you'll not fall," said one Air Force officer assigned to the Gemini missions, "the first time you do it for real is something else. There's a psychological factor involved which we don't know very much about and which we cannot measure."

To ease the psychological adjustment for Astronaut Buzz Aldrin, who will take a space walk during the flight of Gemini 12 this fall, NASA now plans to acclimatize him more gradually to open space. Before he leaves Gemini's cabin entirely, Aldrin will poke his head through the open hatch, stand up on his seat and shoot pictures with only the upper half of his body outside the spacecraft. NASA officials point out that Gordon and Gemini 9's Eugene Cernan, both of whom had trouble with EVA, took their space walks before their open-hatch photography sessions. But Gemini 10 Astronaut Mike Collins, who warmed up by taking photographs through his open hatch first, experienced no apparent difficulties during his space walk; it was cut short only because Gemini 10 began to run out of fuel.

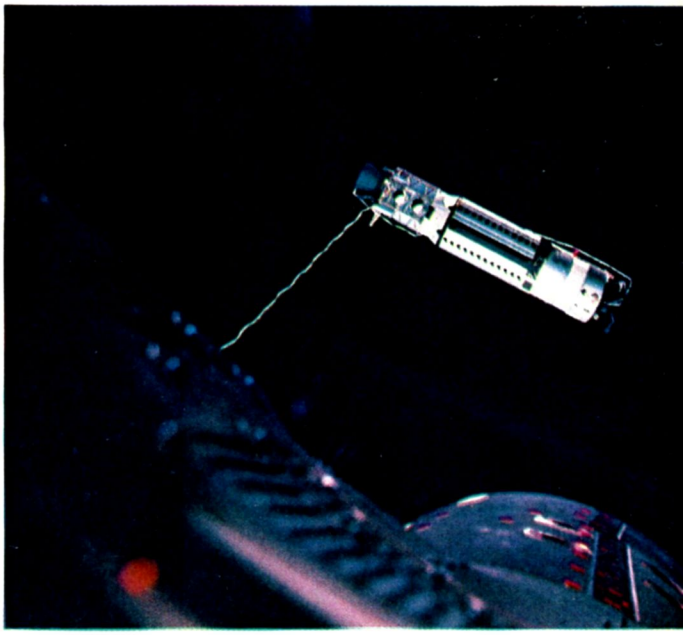
Underwater Workouts. In an attempt to familiarize Aldrin with weightlessness, which until now has been simulated for astronaut trainees in an Air Force KC-135 for only 30 seconds at a time, NASA has been giving him workouts in a Baltimore swimming pool that contains a full-size mock-up of Gemini's equipment section. Dressed in a special pressure suit rigged with weights and floats that enable him to remain buoyant at a specific level underwater, Aldrin has spent hours practicing his EVA assignments under conditions that approximate but do not exactly duplicate weightlessness. Astronaut Cernan has also used the pool to re-enact his Gemini 9 experiences.

Aldrin's underwater training has been largely pointed toward the most ambitious EVA activity scheduled for Gemini 12: use of the Buck Rogers-like, jet-propelled Astronaut Maneuvering Unit (TIME, Nov. 26). Initial plans called for Aldrin to emerge from his hatch and work his way back to the AMU, stowed in Gemini's equipment section. After snapping the AMU's chairlike arms into place, he was to strap himself in and then jet about in space, connected to Gemini by a 125-ft. safety tether.

But the space-walk difficulties encoun-



LT. CMDR. RICHARD F. GORDON JR.—NASA



Tether connecting Gemini 11 and Agena target vehicle loops like skip rope (*left*), then begins to wind around Agena after Gemini crew cuts target loose.

Coupled to Agena while rising toward record, 850-mile apogee, Gemini soars 460 miles above Suez Canal (*left*) and Sinai Peninsula (*center*). Pole in foreground is Agena's transponder antenna, used in rendezvous.

LT. CMDR. RICHARD F. GORDON JR.—NASA

From 540 miles above Indian Ocean, entire subcontinent of India is visible. Scattered clouds cover Arabian Sea (*left*) and island of Ceylon (*lower right*). Bay of Bengal is at right.

tered by Gordon—and by Cernan before him—have had a restraining effect on NASA officials. Last week, anxious that nothing go wrong on the final Gemini flight, they canceled the entire AMU experiment and began planning a simpler and less arduous space walk that will give Aldrin a better chance of making out with EVA.

GEOPHYSICS

History on the Rocks

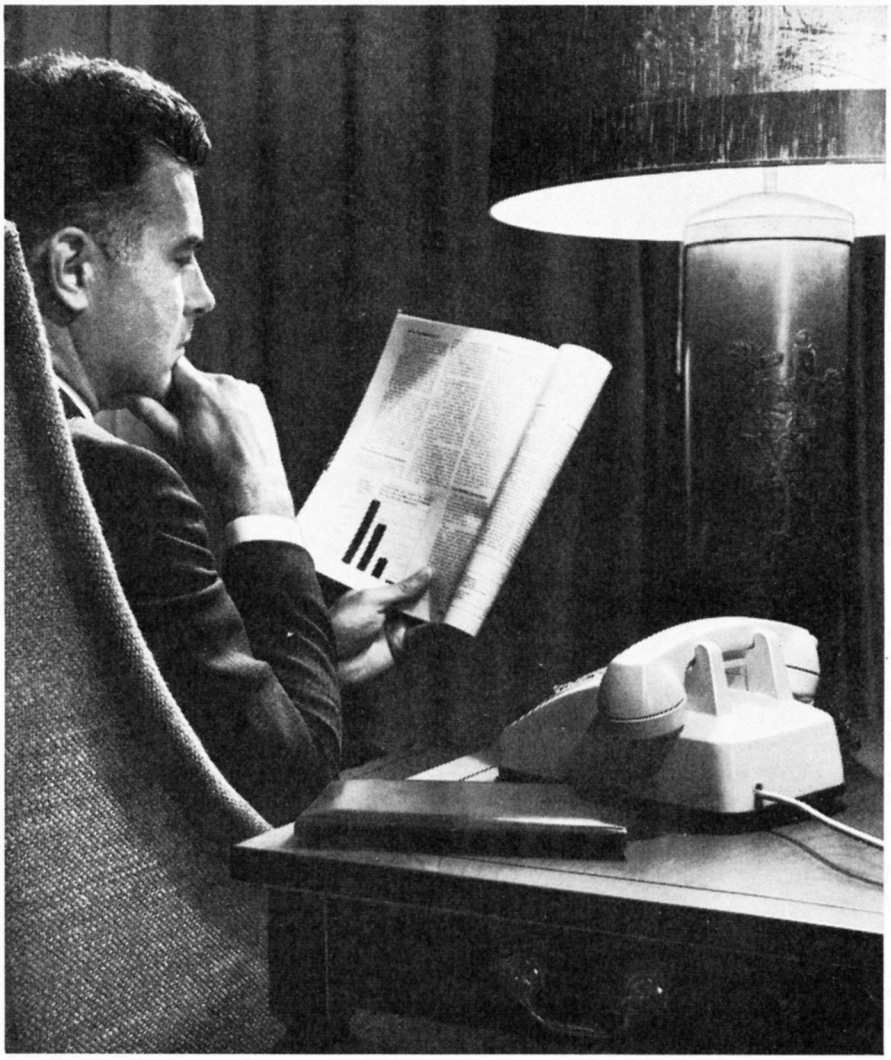
The reporters were accustomed to more stimulating press-conference refreshment. But if the Coca-Cola served at the Pentagon last week seemed bland, the ice that cooled it was something else again. That ice, announced Army scientists, was formed from snow that fell around the time that Christ was born. It had been taken from 1,800 ft. below the surface of the Greenland ice sheet by an Army team that had drilled to a record depth of 4,550 ft.

To retrieve ancient ice, Army engineers, led by Physicist B. Lyle Hansen, used a thermal drill with a hollow, electrically heated head that melted its way down through the sheet, while leaving a 5½-in. ice core intact inside it. Every 5 ft. the drill was stopped so that the core could be returned to the surface for study.

At the Army's Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory at Hanover, N.H., Geologist Chester Langway Jr. has been dating the ice cores both by counting the yearly layers—much as the age of a tree is determined by counting its rings—and by isotope dating of bubbles of ancient air trapped when the ice was formed. Samples taken from the bottom of the sheet have been found to be as much as 10,000 years old. The ice and the trapped air bubbles are also being analyzed for composition, organic and inorganic impurities, influences of climate and other characteristics that add up to a polar history of the earth over the past 100 centuries.

Though thorough analysis is far from finished, Army scientists have already made a number of notable findings. For reasons that they do not understand, the amount of cosmic dust that falls on the earth—now about 2,000 tons daily—has trebled in the past 750 years. They have discovered that ice and snow accumulations during the Viking age (9th and 10th centuries) vary little from the present and that 1776 was an unusually warm year. They also found that the temperature at the bottom of the ice sheet was a cozy 9°F.—much warmer than the −13°F. surface temperature because of heat flow from the earth's interior.

While study of the Greenland ice sample continues, the Army drilling team has already packed up and headed for Antarctica, where it plans to bore through the southern ice sheet to reach layers estimated to be as much as 90,000 years old.



Buy your Scotch as carefully as you buy your stocks

Undoubtedly your choice will be Black & White.

Because *you* can distinguish between different claims and labels.

What you care about is the quality of the Scotch.

That's what we care about, too.

This great Whisky is distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by and for people who care about Scotch.

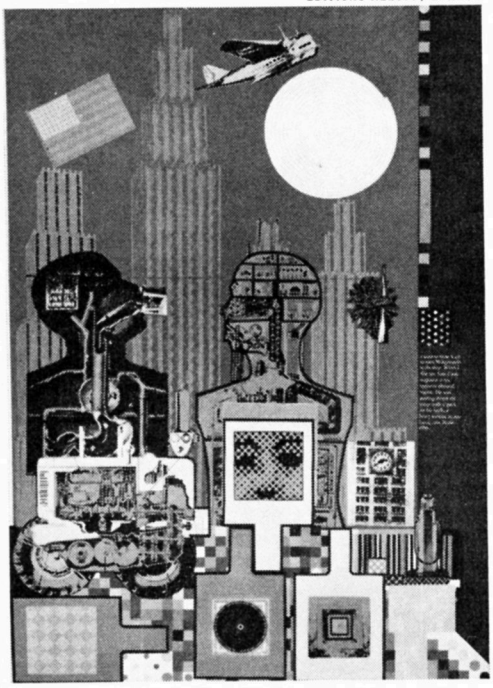
Try it!

By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

B-115M

EDITIONS ALECTO, LONDON



PAOLOZZI'S "NEW YORK"
Striking at the world of prints.

GRAPHICS

Mixed-Up Medium

The more mixed up the better seems to be the motto in art these days. Sculptors are adding paint to metals and incorporating everything from old divans to truncated taxis as props for their pop works; painters are bulging their canvases out into space to challenge the sculptors. Now the mixed-media trend seems to have struck the world of prints. Scorned are such traditional tools as the lithographer's stone and crayon, the engraver's burin, the woodcutter's gouge; in are Plexiglas and acetate, molded plastic and all kinds of electric lighting.

The new style in graphics went on display last week at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art with 48 prints by 15 artists. In the opinion of the museum's print director, William Lieberman, the pioneer of the movement is Robert Rauschenberg, who in 1964 created a print called *Shades,* which was, in effect, an art-toy-graphic. He transferred bits of newspapers and magazines onto a lithography stone, then inked and printed the image on an acetate sheet, which he in turn laminated on Plexiglas. Finally, he illuminated the whole thing with a light bulb. The result: a movable electric 3-D graphic.

Other artists took it from there. New York's Tom Wesselmann silk-screened the image of a nude onto plastic, then shaped it to capture its contours as well. Britain's Eduardo Paolozzi used eleven colors for *Wittgenstein in New York,* incorporated such city elements as jets, skyscrapers, and the man from a Bufferin ad to tick off hectic modern life. Roy Lichtenstein printed his *Moonscape* on metallic plastic that shimmers like aluminum foil. Claes Oldenburg made a serigraph print and attached a rust-colored felt tea bag.

Purists protest that such tours de force rely more on hired technicians and expensive presses than on the artist's guiding hand, but Director Lieberman doubts that the artist ever really loses control. Furthermore, he says, collaboration is not that new: "Holbein never cut his woodcuts, nor did Dürer; someone else did it for them."

TAPESTRY

Warp & Woof for the Ages

No craftsmen on earth work with a greater sense of pride and tradition than the 39 French weavers who today make up the Manufacture des Gobelins. In an old blackened building on the outskirts of Paris whose tradition dates back to the 15th century, they keep 17 high-warp looms busy, moving their shuttles by hand much as their forefathers did in the Middle Ages. Production is slow, averaging only 20 sq. ft. per weaver annually, but the *tapissiers* know that what they turn out is recognized throughout the world as the finest in tapestry.

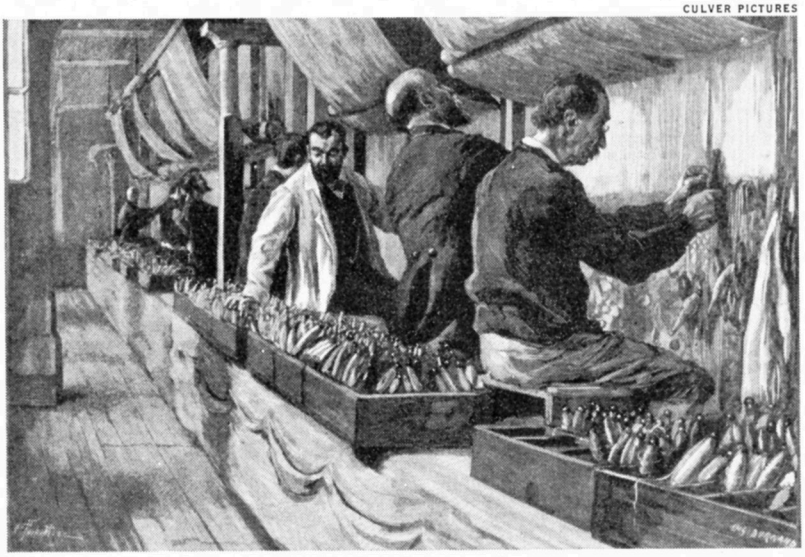
Patron State. Their main patron, through monarchy and republic, has remained the same: the state. Today their wall hangings decorate embassies, schools and government offices wherever the French flag flies, and museums beyond count. To celebrate Gobelins' three centuries of achievement, the pick of its greatest tapestries were on special exhibition last week at France's Mobilier National (the government department in charge of all official furnishings). The exhibits range in style from the elaborate allegories of Gobelins' first director, Charles Le Brun, to the joyful abstractions of the Spanish painter Joan Miró (*see color page*).

The Gobelins factory began with a burst of glory. Founded by Louis XIV's energetic Finance Minister, Colbert, in 1662, its first task was to reflect France's reigning Sun King. To keep up with his demands, 250 weavers were required, while additional shops turned out furniture, sculpture, mosaics, even locks and bolts. Presiding over all was Charles Le Brun, who gave the age its style. As first painter to the King, Le Brun decorated most of Louis' palaces, planned Versailles' garden statues and, above all, saw through to completion some of the most sumptuous tapestries ever created by Gobelins.

Full Range. Among the first woven was Le Brun's series on *The Elements,* which ransacked classical mythology to celebrate the events in Louis XIV's reign. One of the most famous, *L'Air,* drew from the full range of the factory's 79 colors to depict, in wool, gold and silk threads, Juno, the goddess of marriage, rebuffing Boreas, the god of the north wind in Greek mythology. Courtiers understood that the real subject was Louis' marriage to Marie-Thérèse of Spain, which had brought to an end France's 25-year war with that country.

As sovereign succeeded sovereign, Gobelins faithfully followed painting as a kind of painstaking handmaiden. Not until 1937, when French Painter Jean Lurçat introduced abstractions, were the weavers released from traditional subject matter. The revitalized Gobelins factory also attracted the designs of the 20th century's most prominent artists, including Marc Chagall, Jean Arp, Victor Vasarely and Miró. Inspired by the fresh results, contemporary architects awoke to the fact that tapestries provide a highly effective counterpoint for vast spaces and cold materials. Says Miró, enthusiastically planning to collaborate with architects on new tapestries: "As modern man becomes increasingly restless, moving from one house to another, I'm sure there will be a growing demand for tapestries. There might even be a great Renaissance."

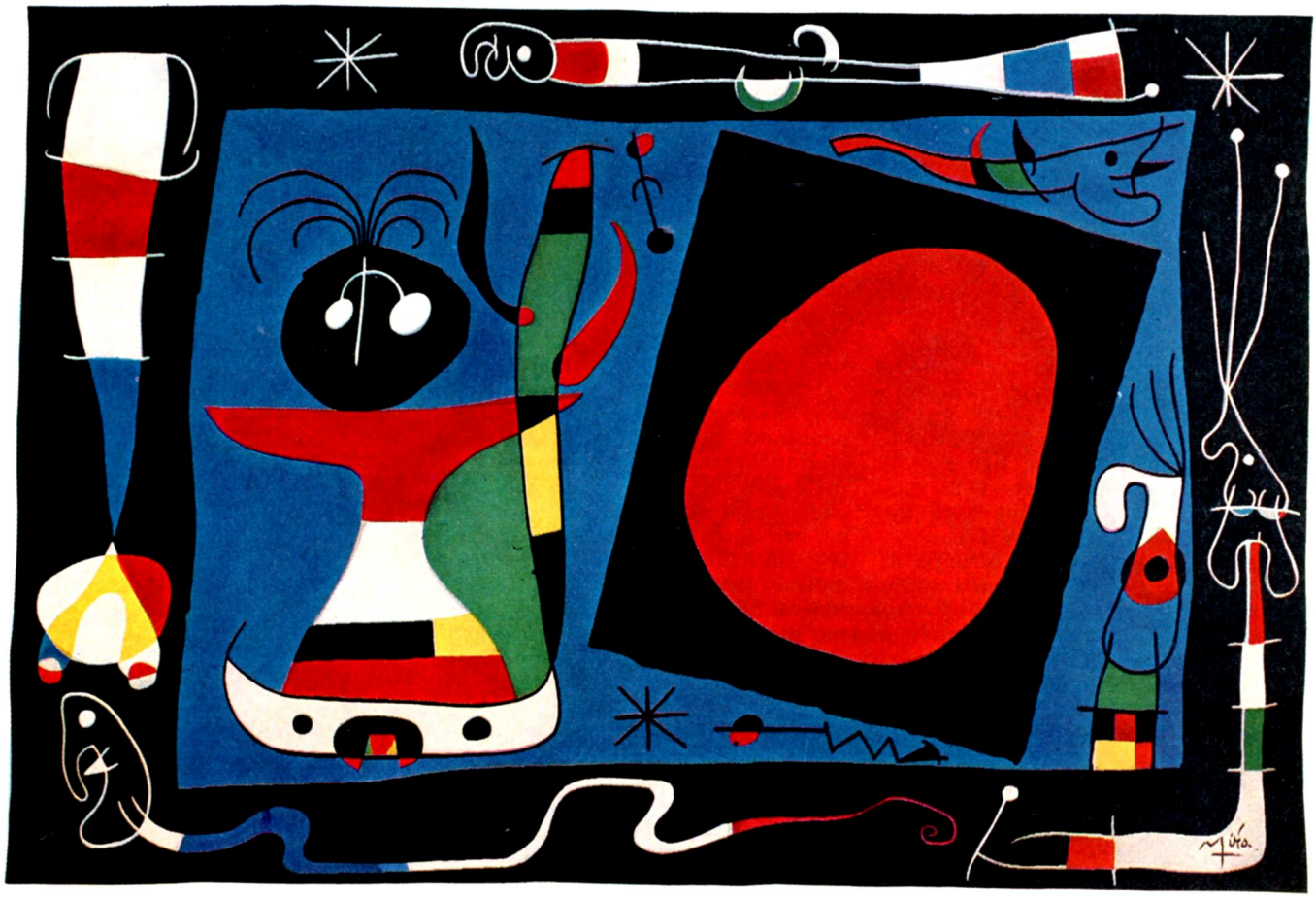
CULVER PICTURES



19TH CENTURY GOBELINS WEAVERS AT WORK
Perfect counterpoint for vast spaces and cold materials.

300 YEARS OF GOBELINS: OLD & NEW

Sumptuous allegory was favored by Gobelins' first director, Charles Le Brun. He designed for Louis XIV in 1664 delicate-hued "L'Air" (above), *portraying Juno, goddess of marriage, seated on a cloud. By contrast, Joan Miró's "Composition"* (below), *woven this year, is boldly colored, starkly abstract.*



INTEGRATION

The Sorry Struggle of I.S. 201

All the tough problems of U.S. Northern school integration—the ironies of good intentions and painful misunderstandings, the subtleties of trying to ignore skin color while trying to take it into account, the vain hope of having schools that serve both slums and middle-class neighborhoods—welled up last week in New York City's Harlem.

Looking back, there is not much doubt that New York City's Board of Education should have built its new Intermediate School 201 somewhere else than right in the middle of darkest East Harlem. The Supreme Court ruled twelve years ago that segregated education is inferior education, and I.S. 201 never had any real possibility of being integrated. But there the school is—the city's finest, an architectural gem and potentially an academic joy. Common sense might seem to suggest accepting this separate-but-better education. Instead, many parents of I.S. 201 schoolchildren decided (as one sign put it) that HARLEM HAS BEEN BETRAYED, and with stormy picketing kept the showcase school shut for five days.

Compromise. The sorry struggle to open I.S. 201 oscillated from comedy to pathos to chaos. In a belated effort to keep an earlier promise that at least 20% of the students would be white, school officials last summer sent 10,000 leaflets into Queens and The Bronx, extolling the $5,000,000 school's virtues and inviting white students to enroll. Windowless, air-conditioned and soundproofed, the building would create an ideal learning environment. It would have one teacher for every 24 students, extra teachers for tutorial work, offer independent study, foreign languages and musical-instrument instruction. Not a single white family signed up to send kids to Harlem.

Advised that integration was impossible, angry Negro leaders demanded complete control over I.S. 201 (which teaches Grades 5 through 8). "We want a black principal and black teachers for our black children," one mother shouted through a loudspeaker outside the school. On opening day, other, quieter Negro mothers led their children to the school and were turned back by Negro pickets. School Superintendent Bernard Donovan compromised, agreed that a neighborhood council could "screen" school personnel, even though the city school board cannot legally delegate its hiring and firing powers to laymen.

That could have ended the fuss, but more militant Negroes pressed their demand that a Negro principal be named to present "the proper image." Donovan yielded again, announced that a transfer had been requested by white Principal Stanley R. Lisser, a respected administrator who had deliberately taken on Harlem assignments for ten years.

Lisser's exit under pressure brought on a well-deserved counter-revolt. All but two of the 55-member I.S. 201 faculty—including its 26 Negroes—refused to teach under anyone except Lisser. Assistant Principal Beryl Banfield, a Negro named to replace him, indignantly declined, because, she said, "I object to being chosen on the basis of color, not competence."

Threats. With all sides in an uproar, Lisser, buoyed by teacher support, said he wanted to withdraw his resignation. Donovan accepted the withdrawal, and pleased teachers reported for work. Negro leaders charged that they had been "doublecrossed," tried to block Lisser's entry into the school, fought with police. Some of the nation's top Negro radicals eagerly jumped into the dispute. Stokely Carmichael, head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, showed up with his black panther sweater and a sign: IN THE SOUTH, IN THE NORTH, WHERE IS JUSTICE? Harlem CORE Leader Roy Innis threatened violence. "If I were Mr. Lisser, I would not come here—it might not be safe for him." But 453 out of the 560 enrolled children finally entered I.S. 201 past pickets who shouted "Uncle Tom!" at Negro teachers.

The irony of I.S. 201 is that educators have long urged neighborhoods to take a greater interest in schools—but the interest in 201 had degenerated into a mere concern about color. This was discrimination in reverse, and a precedent civil rights groups would hardly endorse elswhere. As New York's highest Negro school official, Assistant Superintendent Margaret S. Douglas, put it: "All our civil rights organizations" would fight "if the situation were reversed and white parents in a white school were turning down a Negro principal just because he was Negro."

SIDEWALK DEMONSTRATORS

GREG HARRIS

AP

LISSER

HARLEM'S NEW SCHOOL

From comedy to pathos to chaos.

THE LANGUAGE

Newest Dictionary

Without a blush, Publisher Bennett Cerf predicted last week that while Samuel Johnson was the great lexicographer of the 18th century and Noah Webster of the 19th, Random House will be the best of the 20th. Then Cerf, who helps run Random House between stints on *What's My Line?*, held up the evidence: the new 2,059-page, 260,000-word *Random House Dictionary of the English Language*. It took seven years to compile, cost $3,000,000, and at a $25 sales price, says Cerf, it is "the workingman's dictionary."

The big book is obviously aimed at a broader market than the one now dom-

the most popular console copymaker is so high cost, even the biggest businesses can only afford to rent it.

this new Apeco copymaker is so low cost, even the smallest businesses can afford to buy it.

both do the same copying jobs

Both copy pages from bound books.
Both copy 3-dimensional objects.
Both make dry electrostatic copies of anything. In addition, the new Apeco Super-Stat plugs in anywhere, fits on any desk and can reduce copy cost 20% to 50%.

Available in a variety of wood grained front panels to match the decor of any office.

THE NEW DESK TOP **APĒCO®**

SUPER-STAT™

Send for new FREE book Today!

APECO of Canada, Ltd.
30 West Dorchester Avenue
Toronto 18, Ontario, Canada

Rush me FREE book on the Apeco Super-Stat

Company_____

Your Name_____ Title_____

Address_____

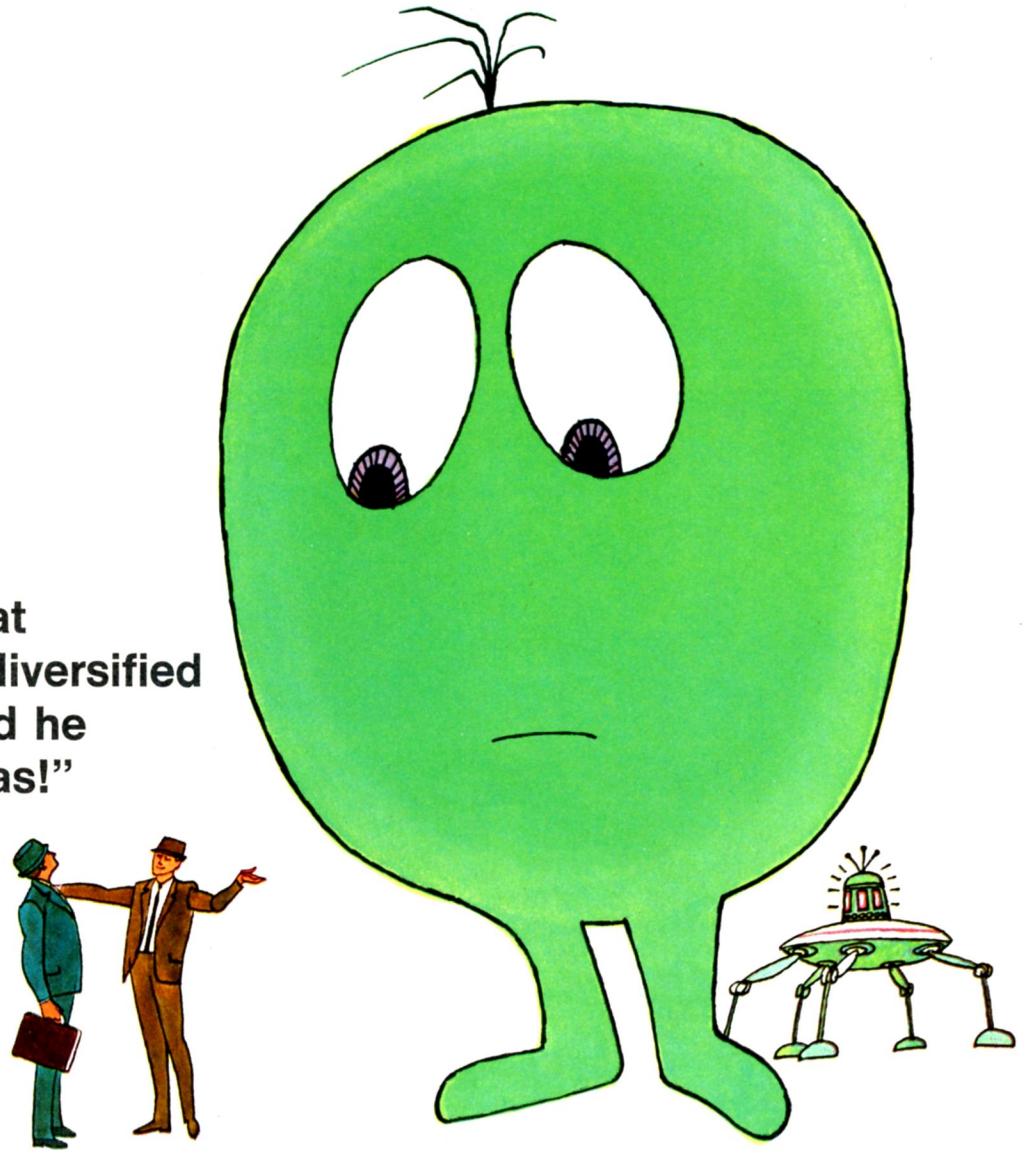
City_____ Province_____

APĒCO

APECO OF CANADA, LTD.,
30 W. DORCHESTER AVE., TORONTO 18, ONT., CANADA

expo67
CANADIAN PACIFIC
COMINCO PAVILION
MONTREAL • APR 28 - OCT 27 1967

"He's heard that Cominco's a diversified company...and he has a few ideas!"



He's come to the right place. We are diverse, and we feel that good ideas help our particular world go round a bit better.

Cominco originated in 1906 as a small mining and smelting company in British Columbia. Now, together with its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, it has ten mines, major metallurgical operations, an integrated iron and steel industry, five chemical fertilizer operations, hydro electric installations, deep-sea docking facilities, lead and zinc fabricating plants, research centres, world wide exploration activities, and an international metal and chemical sales organization. Cominco's operations in Canada alone employ 10,000 people. And, Cominco is 95% Canadian owned.

A few ideas? Certainly.

Diversity of Cominco means more products for your business now; more new products for your needs tomorrow.

Cominco Ltd./630 Dorchester Blvd. W./ Montreal 2, Quebec.

Metals/Chemical Fertilizers
Fabricated Metal Products
Industrial Chemicals
Electronic Materials

Cominco

inated by the five-year-old *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*, which sells for $47.50, the 13-volume *Oxford English Dictionary*, which was last updated in 1933 and costs $300, and the $47.50 *Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, mainly unchanged since 1913. *Random House* has a bigger, cleaner type face, includes names of notable places and people in its regular alphabetical word list, throws in such usable extras as a 64-page world atlas and a list of major dates. Most alluring of its extras are concise two-way subdictionaries of all commonplace words in Spanish, French, Italian and German. "We will include Russian as soon as they become our ally," says Cerf.

Current & Clear. Random House concedes that *Webster's Third* contains more words (it has 450,000 of the roughly half-million in the English language). Between *parade* and *paradise*, for example, the new dictionary omits such *Webster's* words—mostly medicalese—as *paradental, paradentitis, paradentium, paradentosis, paradermal, paradesmose, paradiazine*. Cerf argues that such entries are "words no one would ever use or has ever heard of."

Random House can also rightfully claim that although its words are fewer, many are newer. It includes such current terms as the Yiddish *chutzpa* ("unmitigated effrontery or impudence"), *yé-yé* ("of, pertaining to, or characteristic of young sophisticates"), and even Mary Poppins' *supercalifragilisticexpialidocious* ("used as a nonsense word by children to represent the longest word in English").

Another plus for Random House, except for the most fastidious word worriers, is that its computer-compiled definitions are relatively concise. It first defines *anthropomorphic* as "ascribing human form or attributes to a being or thing not human, esp. to a deity." *Webster's* repetitiously expands this to "described or conceived in a human form or with human attributes: represented with human characteristics or under a human form: ascribing human characteristics to nonhuman things: crudely human or man-centered in character."

Readers who expect their dictionary to settle arguments over proper spelling and usage will be just as disappointed with *Random House* as they were with *Webster's Third*. Unlike the authoritarian stance of *Webster's* Second Edition, the newer dictionaries follow the friendly, noncommittal practice of reporting the alternatives but avoiding what *Random House* Editor Jess Stein calls "personal viewpoints." *Kidnaped* and *kidnapped* are both O.K. with the new volume, as are *busing* and *bussing* (meaning traveling, not kissing). But it does advise the reader on how society is apt to regard some words. It lists *ain't*, for example, but warns that "it should be shunned by all who prefer to avoid being considered illiterate."

Puritans who cried that *Webster's Third* debased the language by including four-letter obscenities will be just as irked at *Random House*. Stein says that his 54 fellow editors disagreed more sharply over obscenity than any other issue. Some words were finally left out, he says, "because people know what they mean and only look them up to see what we have to say about them." At that, only the single most obvious obscenity seems to be missing.

Donald Nelson? *RHD* will stand or fall in the long run on the strength of its scholarship. Some errors have already been spotted. In its dates section, the dictionary lists the naval hero killed at Trafalgar as "Lord Donald M. Nelson"; Lady Hamilton thought the name was Horatio, and *Random House* is confusing him with the World War II War Production Board chairman. Rumania is listed as an ally of the World War I Dual Alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary; it was not, but Bulgaria was.

Editor Stein and his legions of consulting specialists are hopeful that few other errors will turn up. After all, Random House used four computers in compiling the book.

¹fez *or* **fès** *or* **fes** \'fez\ *adj, usu cap* [fr. *Fez (Fès)*, Morocco] : of or from the city of Fez, Morocco : of the kind or style prevalent in Fez
²fez \'fez\ *n, pl* **fezzes** *also* **fezes** [F, fr. *Fez (Fès)*, Morocco] : a brimless cone-shaped hat that has a flat crown usu. with a long tassel attached, is usu. made of red felt, is worn by men in eastern Mediterranean countries (as Turkey), and has been adapted for women's hats in Europe and America
fez-zani \fe'zanē, fə'z-, -zänē\ *n, pl* **fezzani** *or* **fezzanis** *cap* [fr. *Fezzan*, region in southwestern Libya] **1** : a people in Fezzan, Libya, of mixed Negroid and Arab ancestry **2** : a member of the Fezzani people
fez-zi \'fezē\ *n -s cap* [fr. *Fez*, Morocco] : a native or resident of Fez, Morocco
ff *abbr* **1** [L *fecerunt*] they made **2** folios **3** following **4** fortissimo
FF \(')ef'fef\ *n -s* **1** : FIRST FAMILY **2** : a member of a first family (a snobbish *FF*)

fez

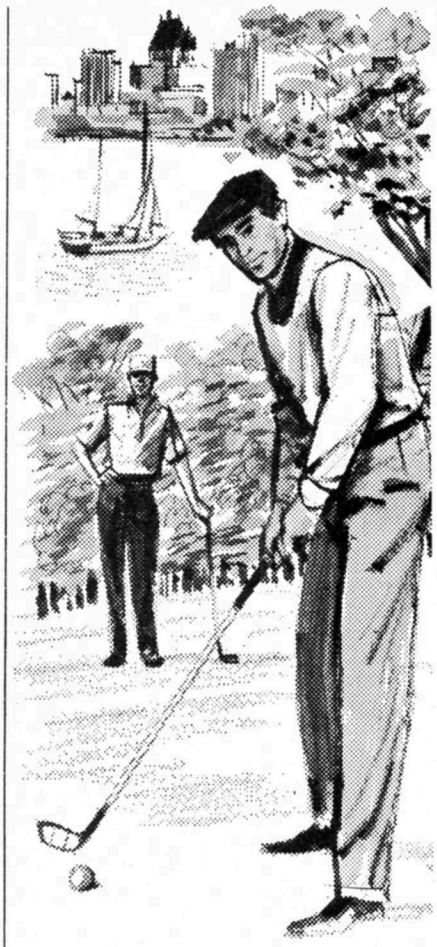
WEBSTER'S THIRD

fey (fā), *adj.* **1.** *Brit. Dial.* doomed; fated to die. **2.** *Chiefly Scot.* appearing to be under a spell; marked by an apprehension of death, calamity, or evil. **3.** supernatural; unreal; enchanted: *elves, fairies, and other fey creatures.* **4.** being in unnaturally high spirits, as were formerly thought to precede death. [ME; OE *fǣge* doomed to die; c. Icel *feigr* doomed, G *feig* cowardly]
Feyn·man (fīn'mən), *n.* **Richard Phillips,** born 1918, U.S. physicist: Nobel prize 1965.
fez (fez), *n., pl.* **fez·zes.** a felt cap, usually of a red color, having the shape of a truncated cone, and ornamented with a long black tassel, formerly the national headdress of the Turks. [< Turk *fes*, after *Fes* FEZ] —**fezzed,** *adj.* —**fez'zy,** *adj.*
Fez (fez), *n.* a city in N Morocco: formerly one of the traditional capitals of the sultanate in the former French zone. 216,133 (1960)
Fez·zan (fez zän'), *n.* a province in SW Libya: a portion of the Sahara with numerous oases. 47,000 (est. 1956); ab. 252,509 sq. mi. *Chief town:* Murzuq.
ff., **1.** folios. **2.** (and the) following (pages, verses,

Fez (Turkish)

RANDOM HOUSE

It ain't for the most fastidious.



include the
HOTEL VANCOUVER
in your business background

The Hotel Vancouver is downtown — just a 7 iron from the business centre, the theatre district, the major stores. Use your time efficiently, profitably. Then take off for Vancouver's famous fairways. You'll enjoy city centre convenience, superb fare at the excitingly restyled Panorama Roof, the comfort of 560 splendid rooms — all at the Hotel Vancouver. Visit us soon!

Hotel Vancouver
A CN HOTEL HILTON OPERATED
VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA

Single from $11.00, double from $15.00. Call your travel agent or any Hilton Reservation office. Other Hilton-operated hotels in Canada: The Queen Elizabeth, Montreal (a CN hotel) and Montreal Aéroport Hilton.

The mark of excellence

This is the General Motors mark of excellence. Within a short time, it will appear on all General Motors products–from automobiles to refrigerators, from trucks to aircraft engines.

We will use it in the same spirit with which craftsmen, through the centuries, have used a personal mark to identify the products of their skills. We are proud of the things we make, and we want our customers to be able to identify them easily and to know that we stand behind them.

Whenever you see this mark of excellence, you can be certain that it represents our very finest in design and engineering ...that it has been built with care and dedication...and that it offers all the quality, reliability, safety and value that you have come to expect from General Motors.

We hope you will get to know this mark–that you will learn to look for it–and that you will come to recognize it as a symbol you can trust.

It is the mark of General Motors, and it is our way of promising you our very best.

General Motors of Canada, Limited,
Oshawa, Windsor and Ste. Therese West:
cars and trucks

General Motors Diesel Limited,
London:
locomotives, buses, Euclids and Diesel engines

Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited,
Scarborough:
all major home appliances

McKinnon Industries Limited,
St. Catharines and Windsor:
automotive parts and accessories

THE LAW

TRIALS

A Grudging Acquittal

U.S. Peace Corpsman Bill H. Kinsey, 24, charged with bludgeoning his wife to death, was on trial for 18 days in the Tanzanian town of Mwanza (TIME, Sept. 16). Last week he was found not guilty, but the verdict had a distinctly grudging sound.

The two trial assessors (something like jurors), one of them an American, decided that Peverly Kinsey's death was "an obvious accident." As they saw it, the prosecution failed to disprove Kinsey's claim that Peverly had slipped and plunged 20 ft. to her death while the two young teachers were picnicking on a rock-strewn hillside.

Not bound by that finding, British-born Judge Harold G. Platt, a member of Tanzania's High Court, spent seven days reviewing the evidence and making up his mind, before announcing his rather qualified agreement.

Concluded Judge Platt: "It may be that with more astute investigation the accused would have been found guilty, but then on the other hand, it is possible that it might have proved to be a clear case of accident. The charge has not been sufficiently proved against the accused so as to enable me to find that he is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. While the accused must therefore carry with him the suspicion that he may have been responsible for his wife's death, he must, in justice, be acquitted and set free."

Kinsey flew straight home to see his mother and veterinarian father in Washington, D.C. He says that he may well return to Tanzania and extend his Peace Corps tour.

The Open File

The crucible of Anglo-American law is the "adversary" trial, in which rival lawyers fight for their clients' claims before an impartial tribunal in a contest that idealists bill as a search for truth. In U.S. criminal trials, however, the search can be more of a game of bluff, suspense and surprise, with both sides trying to spring unexpected evidence that can demolish the unwary. Among many examples was the recent Candy Mossler murder case: a Texas convict testified that Candy had given him $7,000 to kill her husband—whereupon Defense Lawyer Percy Foreman dramatically produced the man's wife to swear that he was a dope addict and a compulsive liar.

In civil cases, truth is often far better served by means of pretrial "discovery," which makes each side equally aware of the other's evidence before the trial begins. In criminal cases without such accommodation, many critics argue, the prosecutor has all the cards. Not only does he have the police on his side, but in most states the prosecutor can hale the defendant's probable witnesses before a secret grand jury, thus discover his case before the trial, and even pressure him into pleading guilty and skipping the trial altogether. By contrast, the prosecutor's case may remain unknown until his witnesses testify in open court, perhaps too late for the defense to mount an effective cross-examination or rebuttal.

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE

CANDY MOSSLER & FOREMAN

EINAR CHINDMARK

PROSECUTOR NEWMAN

Well beyond the minimal rules.

For all that, many defense lawyers are loath to change the system—at least to the extent of fully disclosing their own evidence in exchange for the prosecutor's information. As things stand now, they point out, the defendant has quite a few constitutional advantages of his own: the burden of proof is on the prosecutor and the defendant cannot be compelled to say a word that might incriminate himself.

Equal Evidence. Last week this increasingly debated impasse was broken in Connecticut's federal courts by Yale-trained U.S. Attorney Jon O. Newman, 34, a rising protégé of U.S. Senator Abraham Ribicoff and a former law clerk of Chief Justice Earl Warren. Laying down a new rule that startled many crime-conscious citizens and many disappointed prosecutors, Newman announced that in his district, "full disclosure of the prosecution's evidence will be made to defense counsel a week before trial, provided defense counsel discloses to the prosecution the evidence to be presented by the defense."

Pioneered by two California Supreme Court decisions in 1956 and 1961, the "open file" concept of criminal trials received considerable impetus in 1963 when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in *Brady* v. *Maryland* that before any verdict, the prosecutor is constitutionally compelled to disclose all information "favorable" to the defendant. Pretrial discovery, which is now being actively considered by New Jersey's high court, took one of its biggest steps forward in federal courts last July under the Supreme Court's sweeping revision of the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure, which had previously entitled federal defendants to discover little more than the charges against them. Now, before a federal trial, lawyers can demand such prosecution evidence as the defendant's confession, his own grand jury testimony, scientific tests and other relevant documents.

Even so, the new federal rules require comparable disclosure from the defense, or there is no deal. And until the trial, the defense still cannot obtain some truly crucial evidence: the prosecution witnesses' pretrial statements—unless, of course, the prosecutor has such a strong case that he decides to reveal it in order to induce a guilty plea.

Lambasting Reciprocity. Going well beyond the minimal federal rules, Prosecutor Newman is attempting almost complete reciprocity of witnesses' statements on the theory that "the prosecution either has a case or it does not." But Newman will still bar prosecution disclosure in "any case where there exists a realistic possibility of witness intimidation," and in "cases involving complicated financial transactions," in which the defendant could "tailor" his records to rebut prosecution evidence.

Knowledgeable lawyers note other potential dangers. Once the names of the Government's witnesses are made known, the defense may attempt to bribe them, or the Government may try to cow defense witnesses. Many defense lawyers also lambaste the reciprocity requirement. As Houston Criminal Lawyer William F. Walsh puts it: "Why should the defense have to disclose anything in advance when the burden of proof is on the prosecution?"

To some extent, the impasse remains. The defense has a choice: unless it agrees to a reciprocal trade of informa-

safety before your very eyes

Look. And it looks like ordinary glass. Touch. And it feels like ordinary glass. But Duplate Safety Glass is *extra*-ordinary. It's 500% stronger than ordinary glass. If broken, it crumbles into small, safe particles. No vicious, jagged slivers. And it's made by the company that knows what Safety Glass is all about—for the home, for cars, airplanes, hockey arenas, industrial plants, commercial buildings, everywhere you look—Duplate. Think how Safety Glass can be used in your home— picture windows, patio doors, shower and tub enclosures, room dividers. And insist on the protection *only* Safety Glass gives you.

*DUPLATE

*T. M. REG'D.

DUPLATE CANADA LIMITED

Famous for automobile and construction glass products

DUPLATE SAFETY GLASS PRODUCTS ARE DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT CANADA BY CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED AND PILKINGTON GLASS LIMITED.

tion, the new rules leave the prosecutor's relatively limited discovery rights almost useless. Yet some defense disclosures cannot be compelled without violating a defendant's privilege against self-incrimination. All of which may still leave a trial less of a search for truth than a game of give-and-take among lawyers.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The Meaning of Obscenity In California

California seems to be a place where the nation's most progressive state court is forced to cool down the nation's most combustible voters. In 1964, Californians overwhelmingly approved amend-

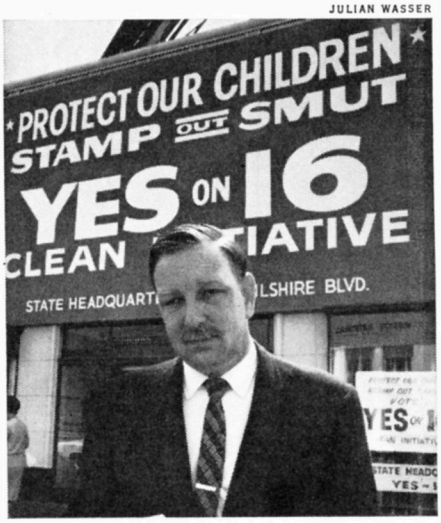
"NUDIE" RACK IN LOS ANGELES
Even the Bible could be banned.

ments to their state constitution that prohibited pay-TV and rejected the fair-housing law that forbade discrimination in the sale or rental of private homes. The California Supreme Court subsequently voided both amendments as unconstitutional. This election day, the voters face another explosive issue: Proposition 16, which is aimed at sharply amending the state's anti-obscenity statute in order to "control the flood of filth which is engulfing California."

Proposition 16 is the product of CLEAN Inc. (California League Enlisting Action Now), a Los Angeles-based lobby founded by San Diego's conservative Republican State Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, a retired Navy chaplain who argues that smut has brought about a U.S. "moral crisis." The organization's campaign director is William K. Shearer, a top tactician in putting across the now-voided housing initiative (Proposition 14). Says Shearer: "I always liked to think of myself as the most conservative man in San Diego County."

Blatant Display. Shearer & Co. not only claim that U.S. smut peddlers now gross $2 billion a year, but they calculate that "about 60% of the lewd paperbacks and magazines circulating today in the U.S. are published by California firms," three-quarters of whose products "fall into the hands of teenagers under 18." In January, for example, Los Angeles Publisher Milton J. Luros (estimated annual sales: $6 million) and eight associates were convicted on 147 counts of violating anti-obscenity laws by deluging Iowa with six smutty paperbacks and 14 nudist magazines. Although 250 obscenity cases are now pending in California, even the state's best bookstores still blatantly display "nudie" magazines, while others peddle prurient paperbacks, ranging from *Carnal Code* to *Passion Puppet*.

JULIAN WASSER



CAMPAIGNER SHEARER

As CLEAN tells it, the villain is Section 311 of the California Penal Code, a 1961 response to the U.S. Supreme Court's famous decision in *Roth* v. *U.S.* (1957), which held for the first time that the First Amendment does not protect obscenity because such expression is "utterly without redeeming social importance." Did this mean that "social importance" might save challenged material? The court did not say. Although *Roth* established other criteria for judging whether alleged obscenity should be protected, social importance was not included. In writing Section 311, however, the California legislature did include that test, thus going beyond *Roth* and the law in other states. To prove obscenity in California, says Section 311, the prosecution must show that challenged material is "utterly without redeeming social importance."

Endorsing a Test. In an effort to avoid censorship of legitimate literature, the California Supreme Court has endorsed the social-importance test as a necessary element in the prosecution of obscenity. In several recent cases, the U.S. Supreme Court has seemed to agree. CLEAN's Proposition 16 would retain other *Roth* criteria but delete social importance entirely from Section 311's obscenity test.

That move alone, says the "appalled" Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches, would permit the law to be used for banning even the Bible, not to mention much of the classics and 95% of current fiction. But Proposition 16 does not stop there. To "strengthen" Section 311, it would also:

- Order every law-enforcement officer to seize any material he deems obscene, without a search warrant or prior judicial determination of obscenity.
- Allow citizens to file civil suits requiring prosecutors to act "within a reasonable time"—on pain of dismissal—"whenever there is reason to believe" that Section 311 is being violated.
- Provide that "the jury is the exclusive judge of what the common conscience of the community is," that all obscenity cases shall be tried by jury "unless both parties waive a jury," and that "the court shall have no power to dismiss an obscenity proceeding if reasonable men could differ as to whether the material is obscene." All of which seems to contradict the Supreme Court's current doctrine that obscenity cases involve not only questions of fact for a jury but also constitutional issues that can be decided only by trial judges, appellate courts and the nation's highest tribunal itself.

Cleans v. Dirties. Proposition 16 is flatly opposed by California's Democratic Governor Edmund Brown, the California District Attorneys' Association, the California Library Association and the California Republican League. Even G.O.P. Gubernatorial Candidate Ronald Reagan, who is for it, acknowledges "constitutional problems." The state attorney general's Committee on Obscenity calls Proposition 16 unconstitutional, argues that passage is sure to "freeze" California's anti-obscenity law—and the legislature's power to change it—"pending a determination by the courts as to the constitutionality of the initiative." In a sharp editorial, the Los Angeles Times recently declared that Proposition 16 "must be defeated."

For all that, the voters seem unconvinced. Armed with the same mailing lists that proved so effective in the Proposition 14 campaign, CLEAN collected almost 600,000 signatures to put Proposition 16 on the November ballot—nearly one-third more than were needed. No one is surprised that the proposition is being supported by many a candidate for the state legislature, men who tend to hear their constituents loud and clear. As one high elective official in Southern California puts it: "If you say you're against CLEAN, you automatically become a 'dirty.'" According to a statewide poll taken for the Long Beach Independent-Press-Telegram, Proposition 16 is favored by 63.7% of Californians. Whether they fully understand the potential extent of the proposition, the poll cannot say.

MEDICINE

DIAGNOSIS

And Now, Preventicare

"We have passed Medicare and Medicaid," said Senator Maurine Neuberger last week. "But when do we turn the corner from treatment to prevention? When will we maintain health as devotedly as we now fight disease?" In its effort to find answers, Senator Neuberger's Special Committee on Aging may be pointing the way toward the Federal Government's next national medical program. Its cumbersome and thus-far unfamiliar name: Preventicare.

The very idea is a product of the most modern medicine, which has made possible the detection and treatment of countless diseases before they display so much as a single symptom. The major problem is to get the symptomless patient to let doctors run the necessary tests.

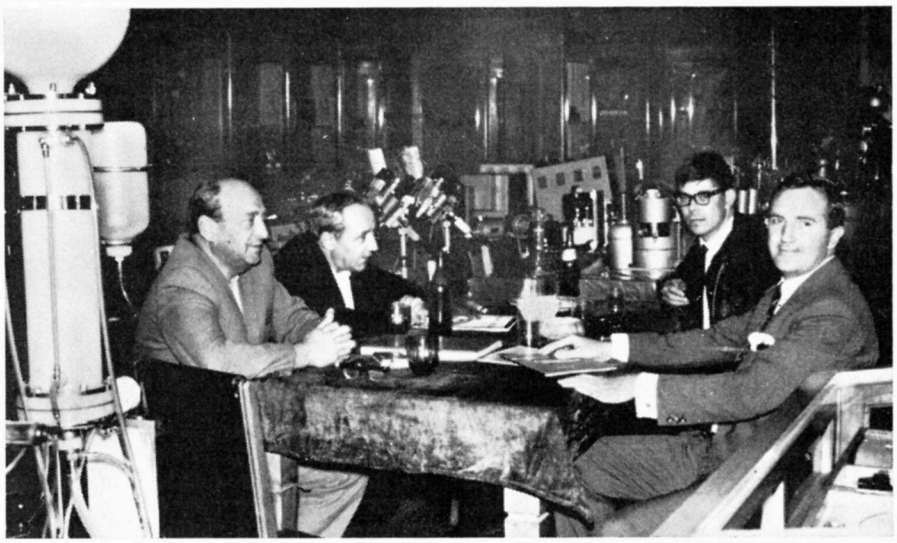
No Compromise. Witness after witness before the Neuberger committee testified that the most promising approach to Preventicare is called "multiphasic testing," a program that the California-based Kaiser Foundation Health Plan has been offering its members ever since 1950.

The Kaiser multiphasic checkup consists of 20 computer-oriented tests given by a team of technicians, nurses and machines. The patient arrives with a medical-history questionnaire already filled out. He picks up a clipboard full of IBM cards, strips to the waist, dons a paper hospital gown and takes off on his rounds. Pulse rate, blood pressure, lung capacity, breath rate and strength, reflexes, urine, eyesight and hearing, all get a quick but thorough going-over. From a single two-milliliter sample of blood, eight blood-chemistry tests are done simultaneously in twelve minutes by an automated chemical analyzer. Almost all the results are automatically coded for the IBM cards; the electrocardiogram and chest X ray, however, have to be read by human experts.

The entire examination takes only 2½ hours for men, while women over 40 require a little more time because of an additional X ray for breast cancer. Speed in no way compromises thoroughness. Dr. Morris Collen, coordinator of the program, reports that fully half of the 40,000 patients seen annually have "clinically significant abnormalities, conditions which the physicians will want to treat." Kaiser's cost is approximately $25 per patient, and the health-plan members pay virtually nothing.

Multiphasic testing seems to be so ideally suited to mass preventive medicine that a bill to start such a program nationally has already been introduced in the House and Senate. And at last week's committee discussion, hardly an opponent of multiphasics could be found. One of the few opposition witnesses was Dr. Arthur Rappoport, a member of the board of the College of American Pathologists. Though he argued that the accuracy of multiphasic testing is still unproved, Rappoport later admitted favoring such a system "if the labs were run by pathologists."

If the mood of the committee and its witnesses is any indication, Preventicare and mass multiphasic testing will be accepted far more readily than Medicare. The costs, for one thing, would be less —a maximum of $1.1 billion yearly after the initial outlay for equipment *v.* a projected $3.5 billion in 1967 for Medicare. The U.S. Public Health Service already has plans for four experimental multiphasic labs, patterned after Kaiser's, in New Orleans, Milwaukee, Brooklyn and Providence. Said Dr. George James, dean of Manhattan's Mount Sinai School of Medicine: "People may some day begin taking as good care of themselves as they now do of their automobiles."



DR. HALL (FAR RIGHT) IN MOSCOW WITH RUSSIAN DOCTORS

The best is no better than the poorest in the U.S.

SURGERY

The Appalling State Of Russian Hospitals

Pittsburgh Oral Surgeon Robert M. Hall was delighted by the invitation to visit Soviet hospitals. Like many Americans, he figured that Russia's scientific skills in space and nuclear weaponry must reflect a similar competence in medicine. He was anxious to learn whatever he could.

Fortnight ago Dr. Hall returned from his two-week tour in Leningrad and Moscow as a guest of the Soviet Ministry of Health. He was disappointed. "I learned nothing," he said. "There is no area of equipment or research or instrumentation that comes close to that in the United States. I saw no hospital or institute as well equipped as any hospital or institute in the U.S."

Astounding Pace. During his visit Dr. Hall observed 15 operations and "was appalled by the primitive conditions." At Moscow's Institute of Reconstructive Surgery, widely regarded as one of Russia's best, he was ushered into a small operating room without proper aseptic precautions. Two "quite serious" cancer operations were under way, and Hall counted 43 persons clustered around. Some were perched on stepladders, others moved from one operation to the other, "stirring up dust and substantially increasing the dangers of infection." In a delicate nose restoration, a crude, oversized needle "fit only for abdominal surgery" was used. An effort to rebuild a face involved an old-fashioned technique that required transplanting flesh tunneled from the patient's arm. "In the U.S.," said Dr. Hall, "the surgeon would have used free grafts and implant materials."

Everywhere he went, the visitor smelled ether, a sure sign of outdated anesthesia techniques. Disposable products such as linens and syringes were unknown, though they are in wide use in the U.S. "Diagnostic work is primitive," said Hall. "X-ray equipment is antiquated. Blood-chemistry analysis is inefficient." The leisurely, informal pace was astounding. At a 500-bed hospital, ten to 15 operations a day are normal in Russia—compared with 35 to 50 in the U.S. At Moscow's Neurosurgical Institute, the entire staff turned out to hear Dr. Hall lecture on the air-powered drills and bone saws he has developed. "Who was looking after the patients I don't know," he says. Leningrad's Neurosurgical Institute was closed during his visit because the doctors were on vacation. "An emergency case," he reported, "would simply be treated by less qualified personnel."

Best Billing. As far as he could determine, Russian researchers seem to go out of their way not to learn from the rest of the world; they doggedly carry on experiments already completed elsewhere. Spillover from space research has played a key role in the growth of American medical instrumentation, but Dr. Hall could detect no such bene-

ficial results in the U.S.S.R. Electronic devices are so scarce, he said, that they are "virtually unavailable. Medical technology, as we know it, is nonexistent."

There are, to be sure, some compensating factors. The modern drugs and vaccines familiar in the U.S. are also used by the Soviets, and no available statistics suggest that their death rate is unusually high. Though their hospitals may be hampered by a lack of technology, patient care does not suffer as much as it might. There is none of the doctor-nurse shortage that now plagues the U.S. Nonetheless, Dr. Hall had reason to be distressed, for what he had been shown was billed as the best that Soviet medicine had to offer.

Too Many Miracles

Of all the daring operations devised by modern surgeons, few have seemed more exciting than "replantation"—the reattachment of a completely severed arm or leg to the body. But, worries the current *Journal* of the American Medical Association, such operations have become all too popular: too many doctors try them without recognizing the disadvantages for some patients.

Surgeons at Massachusetts General Hospital started the trend in 1962 when they successfully reattached the severed right arm of Little League Pitcher Everett Knowles Jr. "There was something for everyone in the tale of the red-haired teen-ager," says a *Journal* editorial. "The public could indulge their curiosity about medical 'miracles.'" Unfortunately, the *Journal* continues, doctors also reacted with too much enthusiasm. Over-zealous surgeons "tried to reunite every limb, or part of it, regardless of the patient's condition or the merits of the occasion."

In the four years since the remarkable surgery on Ev Knowles—who now uses his right hand and arm as if he were naturally left-handed—there have been dozens of similar operations performed. In at least half the cases the surgery failed. Most should never have been tried, argues the A.M.A. "If the patient has one good leg, the other should not be replanted. The chances of neurologic recovery are poor, the handicap of a shortened extremity severe, and the value of a prosthesis great enough that the patient is served best with a good stump and an artificial limb. An entire arm should not usually be restored to a patient over 40 if he has one good arm. Recovery of protective sensation in the fingers will seldom be worth the prolonged disability and the rehabilitative operations."

The ideal patient for replantation, concludes the *Journal,* is someone under 30 who has suffered no other major injury at the same time, whose severed limb is in good shape, and who is in a hospital where medical facilities are equal to the intricate job. In all other cases, doctors will be serving their patients best by prescribing artificial limbs.

DRESS WATCH...

OR SPORTS WATCH?

This waterproof Mido is both!

Styled for going out: Sophisticated, uncluttered dial...the slim silhouette of the case...the winding stem tucked discreetly out of view (it's there to set the time...you *never* have to wind a Mido!)

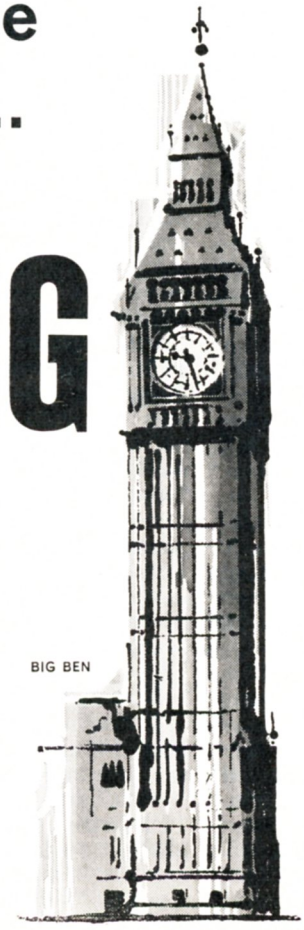
Built for knocking about: Engineered to absorb recoil of a hunting rifle...impact of a golf drive...shock of accidental bumps. And so completely waterproof, you can swim with it, or wear it in the 190° heat of a Sauna bath. Try on this fine Swiss watch at your Mido jeweller. MIDO, 17 Queen St. E., Toronto, Ont.

OCEAN STAR (4001). Steel $135. Yellow Midoluxe $145.

Mido

THE WATERPROOF WATCH YOU NEVER HAVE TO WIND

Don't be vague... ask for HAIG and enjoy Britain's largest selling Scotch



DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LIMITED

T-66-1

UPI

CLEMENTE LEAPING FOR LINER

Battle in the cotton fields.

AP

ALOU CATCHING POP-UP

SPORT

BASEBALL

Thanks, Bill

The Baltimore Orioles had just beaten the Kansas City Athletics 6-1 to clinch the American League pennant—Baltimore's first in 69 years—and the Birds were flying. The delirious Orioles poured magnums of champagne over each other's heads; beer cans, pickles, jars of mustard and cartons of milk sailed through the dressing room. Club Owner Jerry Hoffberger was heaved bodily into the shower. He staggered out soaking wet, grabbed a telephone, and placed a person-to-person call to a Mr. William O. DeWitt in Cincinnati. "Mr. DeWitt?" crooned Hoffberger. "I just want to tell you how much I appreciate everything you have done for us."

Bill DeWitt is the owner of the National League's Cincinnati Reds, and what he had done for the Orioles was to trade them Outfielder Frank Robinson, 31. Last week Robinson was leading the league in hitting (.316), home runs (49) and runs batted in (120), bade fair to become the first player since Mickey Mantle in 1956 to win batting's Triple Crown—and was practically a cinch for the Most Valuable Player Award. All the Orioles gave up in exchange for Robinson was Pitcher Milt Pappas (1966 record: 10 wins, 11 losses) and a second-string outfielder.

Can't Anybody Win? It was still a little early last week for a pennant party in the National League. First, somebody had to win the pennant—and the contenders all seemed to be doing their best to lose. The San Francisco Giants committed 23 errors in 13 games. The Pittsburgh Pirates' problem was erratic pitching: Woody Fryman allowed only four hits when he beat the Giants 3-1; but against the Atlanta Braves, he gave up six runs in four innings. The Los Angeles Dodgers had all they could do just to show up for a game. In addition to Sandy Koufax and his arthritic pitching arm, the Dodger sick list included Shortstop Maury Wills (damaged knee ligament), Pitcher Don Sutton (pulled arm muscle), and Outfielder Lou Johnson (bruised shoulder).

Of course, all these teams had something going for them too. San Francisco Pitcher Juan Marichal (23-6) kept the Giants' fading hopes alive by beating the Pirates 6-5—winning his own game with a ninth-inning home run. The Pirates got acrobatic fielding from Roberto Clemente and Matty Alou, plus timely hitting: in one game they spotted Atlanta a 5-1 lead and roared back to win 8-6. The Dodgers had Koufax, who breezed to his 25th victory (and fourth in a row), an 11-1 rout of the Philadelphia Phillies. They got a bonus in the return to form of Don Drysdale, who looked like his old overpowering self when he shut out the Chicago Cubs 4-0. At week's end the Dodgers were leading the Pirates by 1½ games, the Giants by 4. But it was still anybody's pennant, and none of the contenders were ready to go fishing quite yet. "This business is just battle, battle, battle," sighed Pittsburgh Manager Harry Walker, "every cotton-pickin' day."

CBS Bespeaks

It was no surprise when Dan Topping, 54, announced last week that he was quitting as president of the New York Yankees and selling his remaining 10% interest for $1,400,000 to the Columbia Broadcasting System. Two years ago, CBS bought control of the Yanks for $11.2 million, and Topping now spends most of his time in Florida. The puzzle was what CBS wanted with the rest of his stock: in those two years, the Yankees have tumbled from first in the American League to dead last, and attendance has fallen off 11%.

Still, insisted CBS Executive Michael Burke, 48, the Yankee future could hardly be brighter—given the right man in the presidency. "That is the genius of this organization," said Burke. "Stashed away in the broom closet is a bespoke fellow for any task, even baseball." The fellow he meant was himself.

Just Like Lou. Once captain of the baseball team at Kingswood School in West Hartford, Conn., Burke passionately claims to have been an "always, always" Yankee fan. Together with the late "Pride of the Yankees," Lou Gehrig, he shares the honor of having had his career commemorated by Gary Cooper on the screen. The flick was *Cloak and Dagger,* and it concerned Burke's OSS exploits in World War II—blowing up bridges for the Resistance, sneaking into Italy to spirit out a defecting admiral. He was recruited for the job by General "Wild Bill" Donovan, who saw him play halfback for the University of Pennsylvania and decided: "Anybody who can run back punts the way you can ought to be able to wiggle behind enemy lines."

If life gets dull around the Yankee front office, Burke can always swap war stories with Manager Ralph Houk, who was an Army major in the war—and still has three years to go on his four-year contract at $75,000 a year. The actual responsibility for reshaping the Yankee image will fall to a new general manager, who at week's end was still to be named. Top candidate: Lee MacPhail, 48, ex-general manager of the Baltimore Orioles and currently chief assistant to Baseball Commissioner William Eckert. If MacPhail does get the job, it will be a true triumph of irony. His father, Larry MacPhail, was

UPI

YANKEE PRESIDENT BURKE

Genius in the broom closet.

president of the Yankees from 1945 to 1948—when he was forced out by Dan Topping and Partner Del Webb. His brother Bill is a vice president and director of sports for CBS.

PRO FOOTBALL

Beau Jets

The coach was fired by the Baltimore Colts to make way for a younger man. The middle linebacker is a castoff from the Buffalo Bills, and the kickoff-return specialist is a refugee from Toronto in the Canadian League. The cornerback was dismissed as "a troublemaker" by the Washington Redskins; the flanker was cut by the New York Giants because he refused to shave off his long sideburns. The quarterback is a college dropout with one good leg and a consuming interest in "golf and girls, but mostly girls." Who are they? Who else? The New York Jets, the Foreign Legion of pro football, a team that has never had a winning season and only three years ago was running help-wanted ads for players.

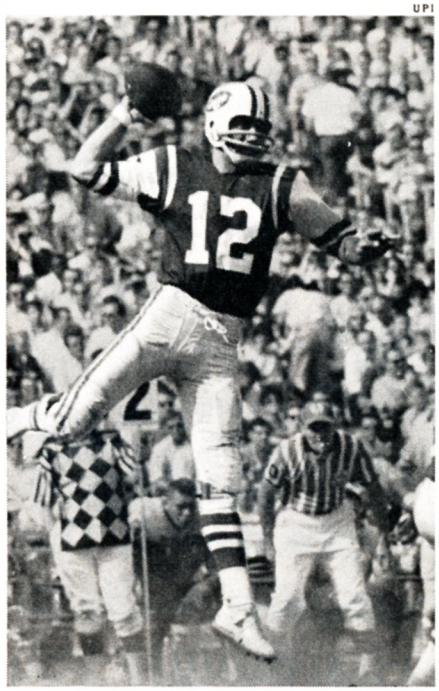
Last week, before a crowd of 54,681 in Shea Stadium, those selfsame Jets beat the Houston Oilers 52-13—thereby humbling an outfit that was favored to win not only the game but also the American Football League's eastern division championship. That one game may not make them the best team in pro football or even the A.F.L.—but don't whisper that within earshot of their defensive line, which weighs in at 260 lbs. a man. What the Jets certainly are at this point in the season is the most expensive, explosive and exciting ball club in anybody's league.

What's a Weeb? All of which goes to show that there is nothing like a diet of lettuce to make a football team healthy. The first thing David A. ("Sonny") Werblin did when he bailed out the bankrupt New York franchise in 1963 was to hire Wilbur ("Weeb") Ewbank as his coach and buy time on the radio to ask: "What kind of a name is Weeb?" The first thing Ewbank did was to take a hammer to the piggy bank that Werblin had filled as longtime boss of MCA-TV. Over the past three years, the Jets have laid out an estimated $2,000,000 in bonuses for promising college players—$400,000 of which went to Joe Willie Namath, 23, a gimpy-legged quarterback from the University of Alabama who did everything last week except match the A.F.L. record for most touchdown passes in one game. The record is seven. Namath threw only five against Houston.

Practically everybody on the Jets had a hand in the slaughter. Outweighed by 70 lbs., Guard Sam DeLuca neutralized Houston's 315-lb. Defensive Tackle Ernie Ladd so effectively that Ladd spent the entire fourth quarter on the bench. Cornerback Johnny Sample picked off two Oiler passes; Middle Linebacker Al Atkinson contributed nine tackles. And Namath, untouched by Houston hands behind a ring of "fantastic" blockers, picked the Oilers' secondary to shreds.

Targets All Around. Joe's first TD pass went to Split End George Sauer. "I dropped back and looked at four receivers," Namath said later, "and they were all covered. Then I looked at George." George was waiting patiently, all by his lonesome, on the Houston 17; Joe hit him with a pass that traveled a good 60 yds. in the air. New York's second touchdown came on a rollout: whirling suddenly, Namath flipped the ball back across the field to Fullback Matt Snell, who ambled 25 yds. Tight End Pete Lammons was Joe's target—a 13-yarder—and then Flanker Don Maynard put on a show of his own. Don caught one TD pass (55 yds.),

UPI



NAMATH THROWING FOR TD
Onward, legionnaires.

gathered in a second (37 yds.), barely missed a third when he broke loose in a corner of the end zone, where the ground sloped down 3 ft. Otherwise perfect, Namath's pass sailed 3 ft. over his head.

The victory boosted the Jets' 1966 record to 2-0 and gave them undisputed possession of first place in the A.F.L.'s eastern division. Coach Ewbank, who is so preoccupied with football that he says he reads nothing but sport pages ("If I see Great Lakes Naval Training Station ranked among the top teams, I know we're at war"), has not yet quite forgiven Baltimore for firing him after he had led the Colts to two National Football League titles. He frankly admits to one grand ambition for the legionnaires. Now that the A.F.L. and N.F.L. have agreed to merge, the best teams in both leagues will play off for the world championship next January. Says Ewbank: "My, how I'd like to play those N.F.L. boys."

MILESTONES

Married. Fabian Forte, 23, early rock 'n' roller currently doing the grade-B Hollywood bit (*Dr. Goldfoot and the Love Bombs*); and Kathleen Regan, 25, a model; in Berlin, N.J.

Married. Prince Michael of Prussia, 26, great-grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II; and Jutta Jören, 24, a secretary he met in Manhattan while training as a Pan American Airways sales representative; in a civil ceremony in Düsseldorf, to be followed this week by a Lutheran ceremony at the Hohenzollern family estates near Bremen.

Divorced. Robert Culp, 36, TV actor (*I Spy*); by Nancy Culp, 32, on grounds of extreme mental cruelty; after nine years of marriage, four children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Valerie Jeanne Percy, 21, twin daughter of Illinois' Republican Senatorial Candidate Charles Percy; murdered by an unknown assailant; in Kenilworth, Ill. (*see* THE U.S.).

Died. George Skakel Jr., 44, brother of Ethel Kennedy and head, since their parents' death in a plane crash, of the family-controlled Great Lakes Carbon Corp. (1965 sales: an estimated $125 million); with four other men (including onetime Kennedy Aide Dean Markham) in a plane crash during an elk-hunting trip; near Riggins, Idaho.

Died. George P. Vierheller, 84, director of the St. Louis Zoo from 1922 to 1962, a latter-day Noah who transformed his domain from a dreary bar-and-cage animal prison into a bright parkland with moated outdoor bear pits (an idea imported from Germany), sunlit monkey houses and aviaries, and circus-style animal acts, all of which set a new style for zoos in the U.S.; of a heart attack; in St. Louis.

Died. Hubert Eaton, 85, founder of Forest Lawn cemetery and early architect of the American way of death; after a long illness; in Beverly Hills (*see* MODERN LIVING).

Died. Paul Reynaud, 87, Premier of France during the 1940 debacle; of complications following abdominal surgery; in Neuilly, France. Sometimes brilliant, always outspoken, Reynaud was one of history's political unfortunates. Through the 1930s, he and other moderate conservatives warned in vain about the growing Nazi threat; when he finally came to power in the spring of 1940, it was too late for anything except to preside over the fall of France—which is how Frenchmen remember him, though they might also note that he started Charles de Gaulle on his way with an appointment in 1940 as Under Secretary of State for Defense.

Why do Avis girls wear red?

If you walk past our counter, it won't be because we made it easy.

We even wave a bright red uniform at you.

That's one way Avis tries harder. But we have others.

Take our girl Gail Graham in Calgary. She doesn't let the uniform do all the work.

If it won't stop you, she will. But she knows how to grab an arm so charmingly you can't get mad.

Instead, you probably rent from Avis.

And you find that we try just as hard in the garage as we do at the front desk.

For instance, the Pontiac Parisienne you get will be both clean and polished.

With a full gas tank. A side-view mirror. A radio. Seat belts. Even power steering.

Avis tries harder. Because we're not No. 1.

And because we can't let a girl like Gail down.

AVIS TRANSPORT OF CANADA LTD.

ESCHATOLOGY

Freeze-Wait-Reanimate

Perhaps the most ancient function of religion is assuring man that he will live past death—and live in physical fact as well as in spirit. It was such a vision of immortality that led the Egyptians to mummify bodies and stock tombs with worldly belongings. Christians pray for the "resurrection of the body" and have traditionally held that at the Last Judgment the tombs will open and the dead will rise again to life. This age-old belief, combined with new technology, makes it seem prudent to a growing number of Americans that they should arrange to have their bodies frozen upon death just in case they might be resurrected.

Robert Ettinger, a physics teacher at Michigan's Highland Park Junior College, is the main proponent of this modern grasp at immortality. Since 1947, he has been interested in cryogenics, the science of freezing substances at extreme temperatures. For precedents, he points out that technicians have already succeeded in reanimating lower forms of animal life. In his book *The Prospects of Immortality*, Ettinger proposes that humans take advantage of this example by having their bodies frozen instead of buried or cremated.

"With Good Luck . . ." Ettinger's book and his TV appearances have spurred the growth of such groups as the Life Extension Society, with a dozen chapters. The society publishes a newsletter called *Freeze-Wait-Reanimate*.

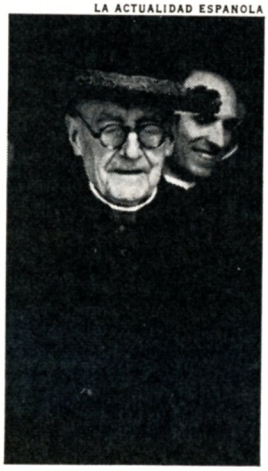
Interest in the frozen way to immortality has led to the establishment of firms in Phoenix and New York that design and build equipment to contain bodies preserved by liquid nitrogen. These capsules cost more than $4,000 and require another $150 a year in maintenance. One woman who agreed to have her remains frozen explained: "With bad luck, I'll stay simply dead. With good luck, I may live again. It's worth trying."

Freezing enthusiasts argue that their proposals for reanimating the dead conform to Christian teachings, which stress the sacredness of life; they even contend that refusal to be frozen might be construed as suicide. They concede that their program might compel some drastic rethinking in theology, ethics and law. For instance, in law, says Ettinger, "a new kind of manslaughter will appear, namely, the failure to freeze" —that is, somebody might pull the plug on the capsule. Similarly, says Ettinger, theologians might have to revise their concepts of the nature of the soul. There is no agreement, for instance, even as to the time that the soul enters the embryo or leaves the body of the deceased.

Soul & Substance. John Macquarrie, professor of systematic theology at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, dismisses such questions, arguing that they are derived from the erroneous Platonic notion that the soul is a substance. What concerns Macquarrie are the moral problems that reanimation poses, such as the overpopulation of the world.

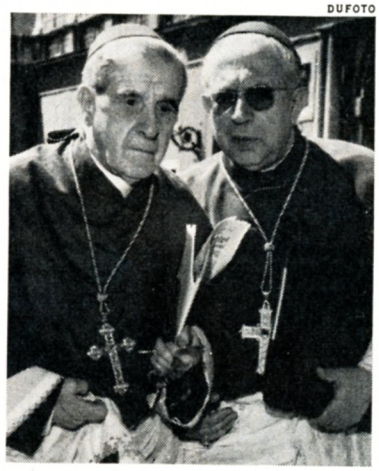
To Theologian Joseph Sittler of the University of Chicago Divinity School, reanimation of human beings after years in a freezer sounds like an "exalted form of madness," based on a dangerous and "radically nonhistorical concept of what a human life is." Man, says Sittler, is a "profoundly historical being," and to extract him from his historical setting is to destroy him. Reanimation could bring living death to man, not salvation from oblivion.

LA ACTUALIDAD ESPANOLA



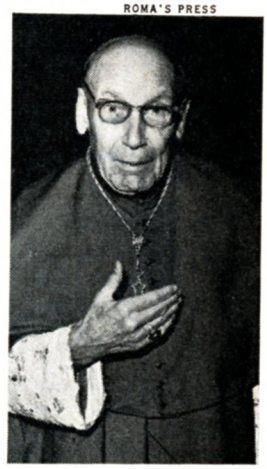
SPAIN'S DENIEL

DUFOTO



ITALY'S PIZZARDO (LEFT) & COLLEAGUE

ROMA'S PRESS



GERMANY'S BEA

The request could decimate.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM

Retirement for 200 Bishops

In the Roman Catholic Church, great age has never been a bar to holding high office. Pope John XXIII was 81 at his death. Pope Leo XIII reigned until he died at 93. Celestine III was raised to the papacy at 85. Of the 97 current cardinals, 45 are 75 or older. The Vatican's Prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries is the feeble Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, 89. And under canon law, bishops, no matter how aged and ailing, remain rulers of their dioceses—although the church has traditionally provided coadjutors to assist them.

Worried by this vulnerability, the Vatican Council urged diocesan bishops as well as parish priests who are "less capable of fulfilling their duties properly because of the increasing burden of age or some other serious reason" to resign voluntarily from office. Last month Pope Paul VI, who is 69, "earnestly requested" that bishops and priests leave office on their own initiative at 75.

Resigning Cardinals. If the request is generally followed, the Catholic hierarchy will be decimated. Spain's primate, Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, 89, sent his resignation to the Pope more than a year ago upon falling ill; it may now be accepted. Of the other Spanish cardinals, Malaga's Angel Herrera y Oria, 79, sent a resignation that was accepted, and Tarragona's Benjamín de Arriba y Castro, 80, reportedly offered to step down. Paris' Maurice Cardinal Feltin, 83, said last week that he planned to retire, and Bologna's Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, who will be 75 next month, is ready to leave at the Pope's pleasure. One U.S. prelate has resigned: Archbishop Edward Howard, 88, of Portland, Ore. By Oct. 11, when the papal directive takes effect, probably 200 of Catholicism's 2,500 bishops will have resigned.

The papal request affects two U.S. cardinals, New York's Francis Spellman, 77, and Los Angeles' James Francis McIntyre, 80, as well as 18 diocesan bishops. Though Cardinal Spellman has given no sign that he plans to retire soon, he has delegated part of his authority. This month he granted extensive new powers to six of his auxiliary bishops, putting each in charge of areas within the New York archdiocese. Other prominent cardinals who are 75 or older are France's Achilles Liénart, Germany's Josef Frings, Czechoslovakia's Josef Beran, Argentina's Antonio Caggiano and Italy's Ernesto Ruffini.

What About Paul? Exempted from the retirement rule because they are curial officials are France's Eugène Tisserant, 82; Germany's Augustin Bea, 85; and Italy's Amleto Cicognani, 83, the Vatican Secretary of State.

After stating his request, Pope Paul inspired speculation that he himself might retire when he reaches 75. He made a pilgrimage to the castle of Fumone, near Rome, where Celestine V lived upon quitting the papacy in 1294 —an exemplar of a Pope who retired. Dante condemned Celestine's abdication as an act of cowardice and relegated him to the antechamber of hell. Paul chided Dante and enigmatically went on to praise Celestine, both for accepting the papacy against his will and for stepping down when he realized that he was not equal to the task.

JAZZ

Man With a Brain

At the Monterey Jazz Festival in California last week, Composer-Saxophonist John Handy and his quartet launched into their opening number. Crash. A microphone toppled over. Handy tried to recover with a spiraling solo, but just as he built to a climax, the roar of a Boeing 727 jet drowned him out. Handy pressed on, but then the reed in his alto sax went sour, grounding the high-register flights that he plays so well. Undaunted, he introduced *Blues for a High Strung Guitar*—but wait, where was

JON BRENNEIS

HANDY AT MONTEREY FESTIVAL
Sounding like himself.

the guitar player? Unstrung backstage, as it happened, where he had to dash to repair a snapped string.

It was enough to make the most seasoned performers pack up their axes, but the Handymen—Guitarist Gerry Hahn, Violinist Mike White, Drummer Terry Clarke and Bassist Don Thompson—rallied with some surprises of their own. Turning to Handy's *Scheme No. I*, they erupted in a dreamy and delirious atonal free-for-all, creating a great whirl of sound, like a radio with the dial spinning at peak volume. Handy, looking like a Chinese Pope in his foot-high brocade hat, sketched high looping solos that trembled and fluttered. When it was over, the sellout crowd of 7,000 turned on a standing ovation that would have drowned out that 727.

Fearsome Roar. It has been many long and cheerless months since jazz buffs last heard a performer as fresh and as talented as Handy. He arrives at a time when jazz's discontented Young Turks have disdainfully turned away from their audiences and gone off to explore the way-out, or, as more often happens, the way-in of their own psyches. At 33, Handy is the most reassuring evidence yet that a middle ground persists between more or less conventional modern jazz and the avant-garde.

Handy's discipline derives from his classical training at San Francisco State College, where he is a few credits shy of a master's degree in music education. When he first unlimbered on the jazz circuit in 1958, he was a timid conformist, but a nine-month tour with Charlie Mingus' combo changed that. Midway in a number, the burly, quick-tempered Mingus would peer fearsomely from behind his bass and roar, "Go on, go on, blow something!" Recalls Handy: "I was too scared not to play something startling."

Meaningful Traces. Handy refined his style playing classically oriented jazz with small symphony orchestras on the West Coast, studied modern classical composers such as Prokofiev and Stravinsky. He has become so skilled in instrumental techniques and music theory that many jazzmen go to him for instruction. "Handy," says Mingus, "is a musician with a brain."

With his reputation burgeoning, Handy has now become the subject of the jazz *aficionados*' favorite diversion: endless treatises delving into his musical roots. The pedants find meaningful traces of Bartok and Shostakovich, of rhythm and blues and bebop, of African rhythms and Indian ragas, of Saxophonist Benny Carter (in the upper register) and of Clarinetist George Baquet (in the trills). John Handy hears differently. "More and more," says he, "I sound like John Handy."

THE AUDIENCE

Vent Those Urges!

It was 1957, and the learned Dr. H. Angus Bowes was presenting a learned paper before a meeting of the Eastern Psychiatric Research Association in Manhattan. The subject: "Psychopathology of the Hi-Fi Addict."

"Naturally," said Dr. Bowes, "the less organized will treat their hi-fi set rather like the emotionally immature treat a car—as an expression of aggression, as a power symbol. To many it has a sexual connotation. Perhaps in the twiddling of knobs there may be a masturbatory equivalent. Certainly the ability to take control of a situation relieves anxiety, and what control is given to the manipulator of a hi-fi apparatus when with the flick of a wrist he may attenuate his treble, emphasize his bass, turn down the volume to a whisper, or blast the neighbors with a Niagara of sound!"

Psychiatrist Bowes, director of the Institute of Neurology and Psychological Medicine in Grand Forks, N. Dak., spoke from intimate experience. At 55, he is undoubtedly one of the most hopeless hi-fi addicts who ever attenuated a treble. Last week, while on vacation in London, he relieved some of his anxieties by hiring 63 off-duty members of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra to record his favorite ballet music from Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers* and Rossini's *William Tell*. Bowes first hit on the tape-it-yourself idea while visiting a musician friend who was making a recording. He got fascinated with the possibility of filling in the gaps in his stereo-tape library with his own recordings, and when he learned that a symphony musician could be hired for $50.40 per day in Britain (*v.* $123.20 in the U.S.), he figured that it was a good buy. After all, there are psychiatric patients who pay that much just for one session on a

JACK GREENSTONE

BOWES CONDUCTING
For the psychiatrist who has everything.

couch, and for that they don't even get Muzak.

Bowes, who feels that baton waving is one of the best ways to release pent-up urges, began his six-hour recording session by conducting the orchestra in a spirited rendition of *God Save the Queen*. Then he turned the podium over to BBC Conductor Geoffrey Brand, who whipped the musicians into shape, stepping aside to allow Bowes the therapeutic benefit of conducting a few of the final takes. Total cost: $4,600.

Everyone agreed that it was a jolly good success, and Dr. Bowes, who hopes to release the recording through Britain's Decca record company if the quality is good enough, celebrated by buying a Rolls-Royce for $15,800 to "run around England in." Jack Greenestone, the orchestra manager who arranged the session, was left nursing a new pent-up urge. Mused he: "I'll wager there are a lot of wealthy Americans who would like to conduct a symphony. It could become the new In Christmas present to give your friends —your own Beethoven's *Fifth*."

For contemporary elegance, nothing beats carpets of Acrilan*

What is a carpet of man-made fiber doing in an elegant setting like this?

Enhancing it.

That deep luxurious pile is pure Acrilan* acrylic fiber. It surpasses every man-made fiber by a country mile. It's the equal of the finest natural fiber — with extra features of its own.

Acrilan is easier to clean. It's non-allergenic, mothproof, mildew-proof. And the bounciness is built right into the fiber.

These are the practical reasons for buying Acrilan. But the best reason of all is this: carpets of Acrilan are beautiful.

The finest carpet mills make carpets of Acrilan . . . all labeled with the big red Acrilan "A". In rich colours and patterns, and in hundreds of styles — from super-modern to Early American.

Look for carpets with the red "A". It means you are getting genuine Acrilan. They're made in Canada by leading carpet makers to Mill and Chemstrand quality standards.

ACRILAN®
acrylic fiber by
CHEMSTRAND

Chemstrand Overseas S.A., Rexdale, Ontario
A subsidiary of Monsanto Company

*Reg. T.M.

For '67—a restless new

Lead a great new life; confidently, assured by new standard safety features; swingingly, with music in true stereo; coolly, with air-conditioned temperatures in the comfortable 70's; smoothly, with Turbo-Jet V8 power right there under your foot.

Just looking at the shameless new elegance of Chevrolet's poised-for-the-road styling provides your first reason for choosing Chevrolet. After that, one of Chevrolet's 17 models will provide the rest. Examine them closely. You'll find evidence of a restless kind of individuality that shows all the new Chevrolets offer the reason, as well as the excuse, to lead a great new life.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Impala Sport Coupe

breed of Chevrolet!

Chevrolet comes on strong with many wonderful new ideas in safety, too. Included as standard equipment are a GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, 4-way hazard warning flasher, passenger guard door locks on all doors and—many, many more. Like to dress up? Ask your dealer about a full AM-FM stereo radio and the Four-Season air conditioner—just two of the numerous options and accessories to personalize your Chevrolet for '67. And as for performance—it's as ample as you like. Up to 385 hp in fact, with five transmissions to choose from.

That's just the beginning of all that's new in Chevrolet for '67. Get the full story by riding in one today!

'67 CHEVROLET

THE ORIENT

is tea houses, geisha girls, busy factories, neon lights, exporters, importers, & the perfect way to mix business with pleasure.

CPA

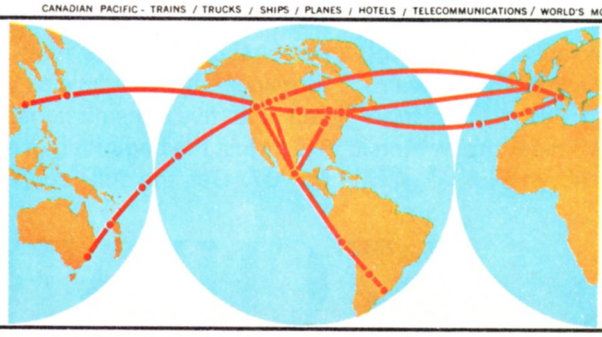
flies the shortest route to Tokyo (daylight all the way) and Hong Kong. When you're headed for the Far East, ask your travel agent to book you CPA and get one-airline service all the way.

FLY Canadian Pacific AIRLINES

CANADIAN PACIFIC - TRAINS / TRUCKS / SHIPS / PLANES / HOTELS / TELECOMMUNICATIONS / WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

In the air to everywhere

Fly CPA



Canadian Pacific Airlines gateway cities to all the world

Hong Kong	Montreal
Tokyo	Windsor
Sydney	Mexico City
Auckland	Lima
Fiji	Santiago
Honolulu	Buenos Aires
Vancouver	Santa Maria
Calgary	Lisbon
Edmonton	Madrid
Winnipeg	Rome
Toronto	Amsterdam

THE ECONOMY

With Baling Wire

No one knows better than President Johnson that his Administration's fight against inflation so far has been patchwork. Last week, announcing the latest in a series of anti-inflation moves, the President rather ruefully told newsmen: "As we say down on the farm, 'maybe we ought to try to get by with some baling wire, patch things up,' to get by during this particular period, when there is such pressure on our economy."

Pieces of the patchwork last week:

Bonds. Johnson disclosed Treasury plans to sell a new savings certificate to individuals. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler said that the new certificate will offer a "much higher rate of interest" than the 4.15% paid on present savings bonds. But buyers may have to hold the certificates for 18 to 24 months, as against the minimum 60 days required on Series E savings bonds. Final details on what Fowler called the Treasury's "more attractive product line" will be announced in November, and the notes will be issued next year. It is expected that the certificates will augment, not substitute for, the savings-bond system; for example, said Fowler, persons enrolled in payroll savings plans may be allowed to buy one new certificate for every $25 Series E bond purchased. The Government also will launch a promotional campaign "reminiscent to some extent of a wartime drive." Hopes are that the new certificate not only will provide Government financing, but will take many millions in consumer spending money out of circulation, thereby dampening inflation.

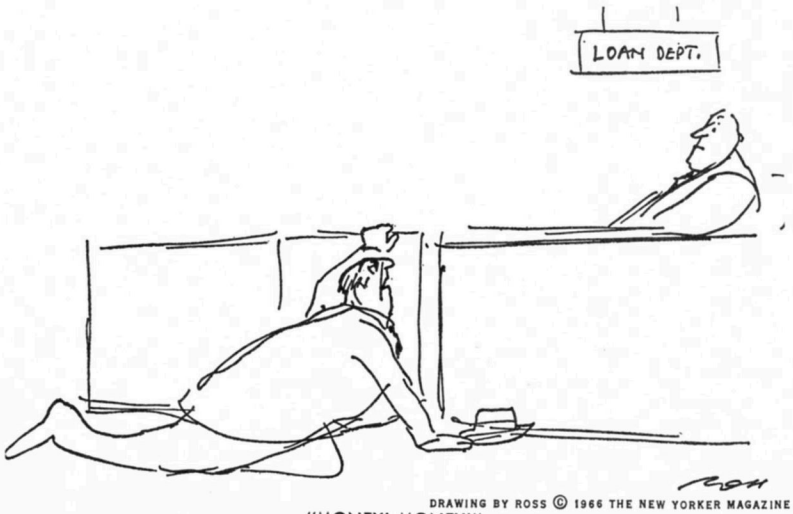
Interest. With that old tight-money man, Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin watching approvingly, President Johnson signed a bill allowing the three bank regulatory agencies (the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Federal Home Loan Bank Board) to set ceilings for a year on interest rates paid to depositors by banks and by savings and loan associations. The limit of 5% on bank certificates of deposits of under $100,000 obviously will affect individuals more than corporations. It will force several hundred banks that have been paying up to 5½% to roll back interest rates on new deposits. Mutual savings banks will be held to 5% on all deposits. In most cases, savings and loan associations will be limited to 4¾% on passbook savings accounts. S & Ls in California, Nevada and Alaska, which have suffered badly in the competition with banks for deposits, will be permitted 5¼%. For bankers, the slowdown in deposits forced by the new ceiling undoubtedly will diminish the supply of money available for lending.

AP

JOHNSON & FED'S MARTIN AT SIGNING OF INTEREST BILL
How to keep 'em working down on the farm.

Government Hiring. The Budget Bureau moved to impose personnel ceilings on all Government agencies except the Defense Department, the Selective Service System and the Post Office Department. All but the three excepted agencies will be required to hold employment at the level of July 31, when it reached 2,382,993. The projected total by the end of next June had been 2,444,533, but the full 61,540 difference between the two figures will not be realized. Because of the exceptions, the number of planned jobs eliminated will be no more than 40,000, with a possible saving of about $200 million this fiscal year. In his effort to cut Government spending by $3 billion—without reducing the size or scope of his Great Society programs—the President also issued "very specific" orders for the Defense Department and the General Services Administration to control inventories.

President Johnson may need a lot more baling wire if he is finally to bring inflation under control. Among signs of continuing inflation last week were auto price increases (*see following story*) and the consumer price index, which rose in August another four-tenths of a percent to a record level of 113.8, up 3.5% in the past year, with most of the increase due to the higher cost of food. Meanwhile, Wall Street had a kind of relapse. Two weeks ago, after President Johnson announced the suspension of the 7% corporation tax credit for capital investment, the market rallied strongly. Last week it staggered through five uncertain trading days, closed 24 points lower on the Dow-Jones industrial average.



DRAWING BY ROSS © 1966 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE
"MONEY! MONEY!"

AUTOS

The Price of Safety

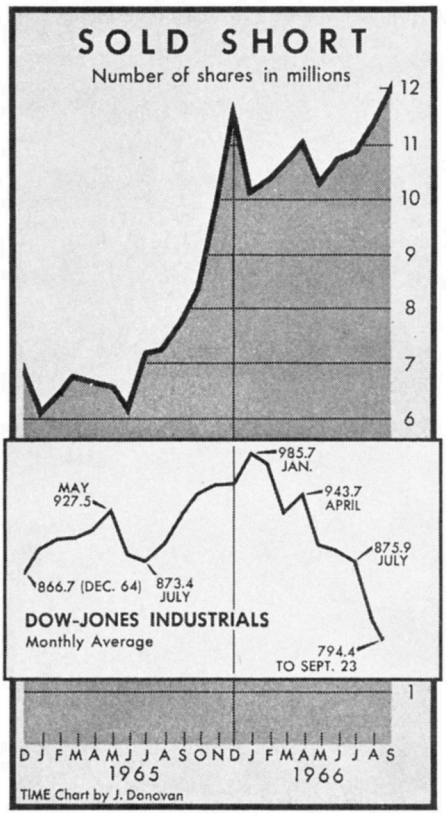
President Johnson sounded almost apologetic in his protest. "I had hoped," he said, "that these businessmen could have forgone the necessity of increasing prices." But the fact that automakers would up prices on their 1967 models had long been accepted by insiders. Last week Germany's Volkswagen led the way, announcing that the East Coast port-of-entry price for the modest Beetle would jump from $1,585 to $1,639. Then, in rapid order, came Ford, with an average $107 hike; Chrysler, with a $92 boost, and General Motors, with a lower and more competitive $53 increase.

The U.S. automen insisted that the increases did not make up for higher labor and other costs but mostly covered new safety features. The two-door Ford Fairlane, for instance, was priced at $2,239.81 for 1966. To this, $23.50 is added for "product improvement," meaning dual brakes, collapsible steering shaft, safety door latches, improved suspension, breakaway rearview mirror. Safety features that were optional on the '66 Fairlane now become standard at a cost of $70.46. They include a nonglare mirror ($16.86), retractable seat belts ($14.53), uniform-pressure tires ($7.90), padded pillars ($18.22) and two-speed windshield washers and wipers ($12.95). The total addition of $93.96 brings the price of the Fairlane up to $2,333.77.

Among other new car prices *f.o.b.* Detroit:

General Motors	1966	1967
Chevrolet Biscayne (6) 2-dr. sed.	$2,379	$2,442
Chevrolet Caprice 4-dr. hardtop	3,063	3,130
Chevy II (4) 2-dr. sed.	2,028	2,090
Corvair Monza (6) 2-dr. hardtop	2,350	2,398
Corvette convertible	4,084	4,141
Pontiac Tempest (6) 2-dr. sed.	2,278	2,341
Oldsmobile Toronado de luxe	4,812	4,869
Buick Special (6) 2-dr. sed.	2,348	2,411
Buick Riviera hardtop	4,424	4,469
Cadillac 75 limousine	10,521	10,571
Chrysler		
Plymouth Valiant 100 (6) 2-dr. sed.	2,025	2,111
Plymouth Belvedere I (8) 2-dr. sed.	2,371	2,459
Plymouth Sport Fury hardtop	3,006	3,076
Chrysler 300 2-dr. hardtop	3,583	3,942
Imperial Crown 2-dr. hardtop	5,887	6,011
Dodge Dart GT (6) convertible	2,700	2,739
Dodge Charger 2-dr. hardtop*	3,146	3,134
Dodge Monaco 9-passenger wagon	3,539	3,764
Ford		
Futura (6) 4-dr. sed.	2,237	2,361
Ford Custom (6) 2-dr. sed.	2,380	2,513
Fairlane 500 (6) convertible	2,603	2,706
Ford (6) ranch wagon	2,793	2,925
Mustang (6) hardtop	2,416	2,510
Mustang (6) fastback coupe*	2,607	2,604
Mercury Monterey 4-dr. sed.	2,854	2,950
Thunderbird 2-dr. hardtop	4,246	4,603
Lincoln 2-dr. hardtop	5,485	5,648

* Only the Dodge Charger and the Mustang fastback bucked the trend and will sell a shade lower. But this has been accomplished by turning several standard items into optionals for which the buyer now must pay extra.



WALL STREET

To the Last Drop

Wall Street's bulls like to joke that "no Fifth Avenue mansions have been built by bears." The bulls are wrong. Though most investment profits have indeed been made on upswing, Bernard Baruch bagged one of his first fortunes by bearishly selling short in Amalgamated Copper in 1901, and Joseph P. Kennedy earned more than $1,000,000 by short-selling in 1929-30. Among the other famous bears who got into the honey in the Depression were Tom Bragg and "Sell 'em Ben" Smith. One day Smith picked up a phone to make a call, but Bragg bellowed: "Wait a minute—I'm short of Telephone. Don't give them any business now." Smith shot back: "Aw, I'm shorting Telephone myself, Tom. After I get done with this thing, I pick it up and drag it after me, wire and all. See?" Then Sell 'em Ben yanked the phone off the wall.

A lot of the fun and fortune has gone out of short selling—largely because of the Government's stern bans against the bear raids of old—but it is still an important, confusing and controversial factor in the stock market. Last week the New York Stock Exchange reported that short interest in the month ended Sept. 15 jumped by 708,000 shares, to an alltime high of 12,091,000 shares. Though that represented only 0.1% of all shares on the Big Board, it was the eleventh rise in the past 13 months and put the short interest 50% higher than a year ago. The increase raised all sorts of questions about the nature of short interest, and whether it suggests future strength or sag in the market.

How It Is Done. Short selling is the practice of selling borrowed stock in the expectation that the price will go down. The seller works through a regular stockbroker, who usually gets the shares by borrowing them from the margin accounts of other customers of his firm. If the stock drops, the seller can make a profit by "covering"—that is, buying depressed shares to pay off the loan of his borrowed shares. If the stock rises, he takes a loss when he covers. There is usually no time limit on the loan, and the short seller in theory can hold out indefinitely, waiting for the stock to drop.

There are a number of important factors that tend to hold down the amount of short selling. One is that the short seller has to deposit with the broker at least 70% of the cash value of the stock at the time of the deal, thus tying up his capital. Also, the seller has to pay to the lender any dividends issued on the stock during the period of the loan. If the stock value jumps, the broker can demand more cash, thus forcing the seller to rush for cover. Most important, any profits made on a short sale are taxed as straight income, not at the lower capital-gains rate.

Bullish or Bearish? When Wall Street is caught with its shorts up, it is evident that bears have been at work. On the other side, a large short interest technically promises an eventual upward pressure on the market when the short buy to cover. In an exercise called "squeezing the shorts," artful traders sometimes purchase big blocks of stock that have heavy short positions; the idea is to push the short sellers into buying to cover and driving up the price.

However, an increasing number of short sellers do not have to buy to cover because they already own the shares. About one-third of all short selling is merely "selling against the box," a device to delay tax payments. Instead of cashing in the stock that they wish to dispose of, sophisticated traders often go short in it and cover by delivering their own stock on Jan. 2, thereby putting off tax payments on their profits for twelve months. "Selling against the box" usually causes the short interest to rise late in the year and fall in January. Short interest also tends to rise when many major mergers are under negotiation; some traders go both long and short on stocks in companies involved in merger talks to profit from differences between the market prices of the shares and what they stand to be worth after the merger. Also, a rising number of investment funds go short on some stock just to hedge their other investments.

At any rate, short selling is no game for novices or the fainthearted. The most that a buyer of stock stands to lose, even if his shares crash to zero, is his original investment. But the short seller's risk is unlimited, since technically there is no ceiling on how high a stock can rise.

HONG KONG GREETING

DENNIS BRACK

SUIT FITTING

SALES TRAINING

And a diploma, just in case the tax folks ask how they spent their time.

CORPORATIONS

Goodbye Hong Kong, Hello Acapulco

Ask a Hong Kong ricksha boy or postcard vendor to name the biggest, busiest, most beneficent U.S. corporation, and chances are that he'll answer chop-chop. General Motors? No. U.S. Steel? Guess again. As far as Hong Kong cares, it is Gibson—which is short for the Hupp Corp.'s Gibson Refrigerator Division of Greenville, Mich. This month Gibson has been discombobulating the city like nothing since the Japanese invasion.

Shuttling into Kai Tak Airport, 24 chartered Pan American 707s daily unload waves of Gibson dealers and their wives who have won a "High Adventure in Hong Kong" trip by filling sales quotas on refrigerators, washers, dryers and air conditioners. Before the month-long series of visits is over, 3,700 Gibson girls and boys will have sampled Hong Kong for four days, spent another day in Tokyo for good measure.

Tea & Tiger Balm. More and more, U.S. firms are using free travel as a sales incentive; this year 8,000 companies are sending crackerjack salesmen to such faraway places as Venice (RCA) or Pago Pago (Ford). Nobody does it as grandly as Gibson. The company is paying out $2,000,000 for jet charters alone, will spend another half million to quarter guests in Hong Kong's Mandarin and Hilton hotels and entertain them. Each dealer is furnished with a 40-coupon book of tickets entitling him to everything from a pot of Oriental welcoming tea on arrival to a tour of the Tiger Balm Gardens and dinner at the floating restaurants of Aberdeen.

The fun begins at Fairbanks, Alaska, where the 707s refuel. Waiting at the runway is an Eskimo with a Gibson refrigerator. The idea is that the not-so-dry Gibsons can snap pictures, brag back home that they sold an icebox to an Eskimo. At Tokyo, a Hong Kong tailor comes aboard to measure for suits and shirts, and between organized activities visitors get an opportunity to spend their own "fun money." "My wife bought herself ten glass-beaded sweaters," complained a Nevada dealer. "I'll have to sell glass-beaded refrigerators when we get home to get even."

College for Profit. Gibson accounts for about 50% of Hupp sales, and although the parent company showed a $2,600,000 net loss last year, nobody—except perhaps a disgruntled stockholder or two—frets about the expenses of the yearly travel. Neither does the Internal Revenue Service, which accepts it as a business expense. Early mornings are devoted to sales pep talks at "The Gibson College for Profit"; the college awards diplomas. Gibson President Charles J. Gibson Jr., 46, holds awards luncheons, hands out Hollywood-type Oscars to super-salesmen. "They go over particularly well with the womenfolk," he says. Each planeload of 160 husbands and wives is briefed on next year's line of refrigerators on the way over. On the way back across the Pacific, the travelers take a "quiz in the clouds" about what they have learned. Nobody flunks.

Gibson Sales Head William C. Conley, who plans the trips, says that they have increased Gibson sales 300%, *v.* an industry rise of 60% since 1956. Conley is already planning another. "Next year," cries Conley, "we're all going to Acapulco!" *Olé.*

INDICTMENTS

The Woes of Wolfson

Controversy keeps dogging Louis Elwood Wolfson. On grounds that he had milked the company of millions, the Government in 1956 refused to renew his contract to run the Capital Transit bus-and-trolley line in Washington, D.C. In 1958, Merritt-Chapman & Scott Co., of which Wolfson is chairman and controlling shareholder, pleaded *nolo contendere* to charges of bribing a county official in Washington State to help win the big Priest Rapids Dam construction job; the company paid a penalty of $50,000. Also that year, the Securities & Exchange Commission charged that Wolfson tried to drive down the market in American Motors stock after he had sold short.

Controversy has not abandoned Wolfson, now a greying man of 54, although he has abandoned most of his ventures except Merritt-Chapman and his profitable hobby of breeding race horses at his Harbor View Stable in Florida (1965 winnings: nearly $1,000,000). Last week a federal grand jury in Manhattan hit him with the first criminal indictment in his career.

Unregistered Sale. Wolfson and an associate, Elkin ("Buddy") Gerbert, were charged with conspiracy in the 1960-62 sale of 690,000 shares of Continental Enterprises, Inc., a Jacksonville company that operates movie theaters. The heart of the indictment is that Wolfson and some associates unloaded the shares without registering the transaction with the SEC, as the law demands for such sales of "control" stock.

According to the charge, Wolfson, his associates and his family controlled both Continental and the patent to an aerosol-dispensing device called Propel-Pak. They swapped the licensing rights on the patent to Continental in return for 35% to 40% of royalties from sublicensing contracts. Then, says U.S. District Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau, Continental used publicity to puff the price of the stock from $2.75 to $8.50 a share. During and just after the publicity drive, Wolfson sold off 407,000 shares, and his family and friends—including Gerbert, who placed the sell orders with eight different firms—sold off 283,000 shares. In all, Wolfson and his group got $3,500,000 for the stock, and Wolfson's profit alone came to about $1,500,000. Since the sale, Continental has run in the red every year, and the

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

New word for outer luxury!

Dorset Downs "Four ply Twist" is a fine new fabric being used in outercoats tailored by Warren K. Cook. It is for the man who wants to dress in current fashion, but with just a touch of difference. Dorset Downs combines two worsted yarns for today's trim, dressy look, and two lamb's wool yarns for a slight texture and a touch of soft luxury. With the mark of Pure Virgin Wool as a further guarantee of excellence, a Dorset Downs outercoat is one of Warren K. Cook's finest. At fine men's shops in all principal cities.

QUALITY STYLE SERVICE

Warren K. Cook

JIM RAFTERY—TURFOTOS

DEFENDANT WOLFSON
Dogged again.

stock that was sold is now worth less than $350,000.

Pay Cut. Hinting broadly that Wolfson was being victimized because of his notoriety, his lawyers said that the charges against him normally would be the basis for only a civil—not a criminal—indictment. If convicted, Wolfson faces a maximum sentence of five years in jail and a $5,000 fine on each of the 19 counts against him—a total of 95 years and $95,000.

That is not all of Wolfson's woes. In April, as a result of several shareholder suits, Merritt-Chapman & Scott agreed to slash Chairman Wolfson's annual compensations from last year's $525,000 to $150,000. The settlement came unstuck when the SEC asked the New York State Supreme Court to adjourn the case temporarily. The Commission's lawyer said that it was completing an investigation that could have considerable bearing on the case. Court hearings resume this week, and the SEC plans to return with what it calls "material facts" concerning shareholder charges of improper activities by Wolfson and other officers.

ACQUISITIONS

A Deal Between Grandchildren

J. Peter Grace Jr., 53, is a grandson of the Irish-born chandler and trader who, in 1854, founded W. R. Grace & Co., first as a merchant shipper, later as a holder of huge Latin American interests. Mrs. Lorraine Mulberger, 52, is a granddaughter of the German-born brewmaster who, in 1855, cooked up Miller High Life, one of the beers that have made Milwaukee famous. Last week Grace and Mrs. Mulberger agreed on a big business deal: for $36 million, Grace bought the 53% controlling interest owned by Mrs. Mulberger and members of her immediate family in the Miller Brewing Co.

To Grace, the advantages of the buy were obvious. Since he took over the presidency of the family firm in 1945, the company, while remaining heavily invested in Latin America, has moved steadily toward diversification in both geography and products. For the sake of what Grace calls "motherhome knowledge," the company has rapidly expanded and diversified within the U.S. Financing expansion, Grace borrowed $100 million at 5⅛% from a group of insurance companies, issued $84 million in convertible debentures at 4¼%, sold another $35 million in debentures in Europe. He was foresighted enough—or lucky enough—to raise this bundle of capital before interest rates began to rise.

Grace's main thrust has been into chemicals, and the company is now the U.S.'s eighth largest chemical manufacturer—which puts it among giants. It is also big in the food-and-drink field. Having already acquired chocolate companies in the U.S. and Holland, Grace so far this year has picked up Nalley's, Inc., a snack-food producer in Tacoma, Wash., with annual sales of about $45 million, and Marela, Ltd., a pickle firm in Britain. Before the end of 1966, Grace hopes to buy out Sea-Pak Corp. of St. Simons Island. Ga., a $25 million-a-year frozen-seafood company.

Last year W. R. Grace & Co. recorded its first billion-dollar sales figure, with profits of $45 million. And Peter Grace has every expectation that his new beer company will contribute to a bubbly future. The Miller Brewing Co. last year reported a record profit of $7,200,000 on sales of about $99 million. That being the case, why was Mrs. Mulberger willing to sell? She had a very special reason. A former Catholic and a divorcee, she now attends an Independent Fundamental church in Wisconsin. "The brewery was not the will of God for me," she said. "That's the reason I sold."

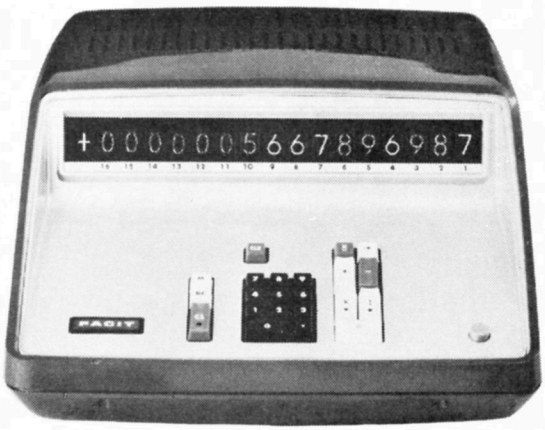
FRANK DENMAN

INVESTOR GRACE
Motherhome, it's wonderful.

FACIT

World's widest range of business machines

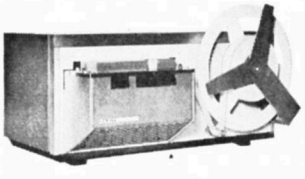
Facit's latest–Electronic Calculator Model 1121



Facit produces 1700 office machines per day.

16 factories on 3 continents.

Sold and Serviced in 130 countries.



"Facit of Sweden" is a phrase that stands for superb precision and exceptional quality in

- Adding Machines
- Calculators
- Bookkeeping Machines
- Typewriters
- Duplicators
- Data Processing Equipment

Sales & Service Coast to Coast in Canada

FACIT CANADA LIMITED

Head Office: 59 CURLEW DR., DON MILLS, ONT. • 445-3300

Facit Distributor for Quebec & Maritimes:
National Typewriter Inc., 700 St. James St. W., Montreal

Facit Dealers and Branches in Vancouver • Calgary • Edmonton
Regina • Winnipeg • Toronto • Hamilton • London • Ottawa
Montreal • Quebec City • and other centres.

AVIATION

SST Price & Progress

When the first supersonic jet transport takes off on a commercial flight, it will leave a contrail of money behind it. For SST development costs have far outdistanced early estimates. In 1962, U.S. planemakers figured that it would require $1.5 billion to build an SST. That figure now stands at $4.5 billion, and a few cost-conscious Congressmen insist that the U.S., rather than pay that price, ought to withdraw entirely from the SST race. Asks Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire: "Is this the time to spend federal money on this jet-set frill?"

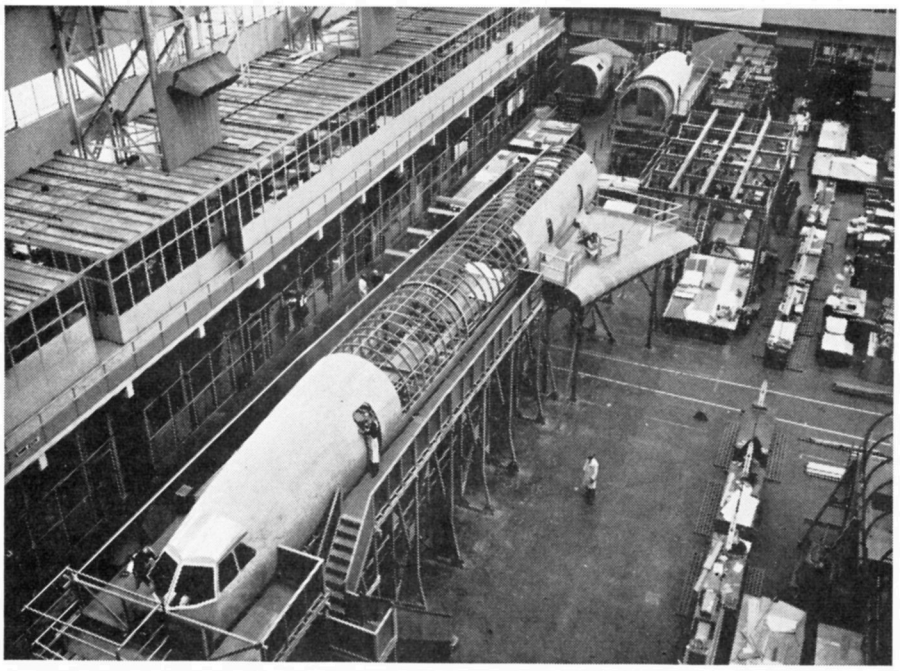
As for the Anglo-French Concorde, the British Air Ministry recently revised cost estimates upward from $450 million to $1.4 billion, and critics claimed even that was much too low. "Lies. Damned lies," said London's Sunday Times. Said the Daily Mail: "The final cost is likely to be $2.1 billion."

Nonetheless, work on the SST continues in Europe and the U.S.:

▶ The British and French hope to fly a prototype Concorde in February 1968, test a second prototype in the summer of '68, and have their SST operational by 1971. The British Aircraft Corp. is building the nose and tail sections for the 1,450 m.p.h., 140-passenger Concorde. Britain's Bristol Siddeley is making the engine. France's Sud-Aviation is responsible for the wings and midsection. To break even, the builders will have to sell about 140 Concordes at $16 million each; already 60 are on order, including eight for Pan Am, six apiece for TWA, United and American airlines, three for Continental, and two for Eastern.

▶ The U.S. SST is still on the drawing boards, but rival airframe and engine makers have submitted plans to the FAA for approval later this year. Competing for the airframe contract are Lockheed and Boeing; for the engine job, General Electric and Pratt & Whitney. Lockheed offers a double-delta-wing design. Boeing proposes a swing-wing configuration. Both companies promise a plane capable of carrying 300 passengers at a cruising speed of 1,850 m.p.h. at 70,000 ft. The U.S. SST will sell at $35 million, and 250 planes is the break-even point.

A third entry in the SST race—Russia—is staying silent about the price and progress on its TU-144. Chances are that the plane is costing the Soviets a lot more than they anticipated. But like the U.S., France and Britain, the U.S.S.R. undoubtedly knows that it cannot turn its back on an aircraft that offers a potential $50 billion market by 1980.



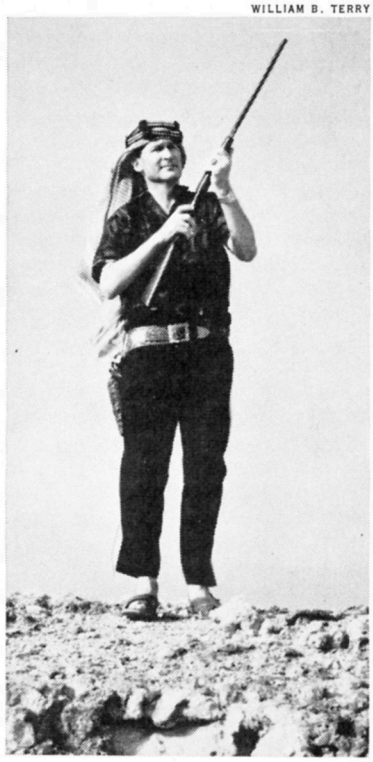
CONCORDE MOCK-UP IN BRITISH FACTORY
Leaving a contrail of money.

ENTREPRENEURS

The Great Iam

Dr. Wendell Phillips, paleontologist, is rather like a mirage on one of the Arabian deserts that he frequents. He looks too good to be true and he never quite comes into focus. By his own account, he has an apartment in Hawaii that is "the most beautiful in the world." He also says he has the world's largest library in South Arabia, owns part of a large apartment complex in Sacramento. He neither smokes nor drinks, but he is such a prodigious dancer that in his own words, "I have to take young 17- and 18-year-old girls in shifts." He adds, almost incidentally: "I am the largest private oil concessionaire in the world."

WILLIAM B. TERRY

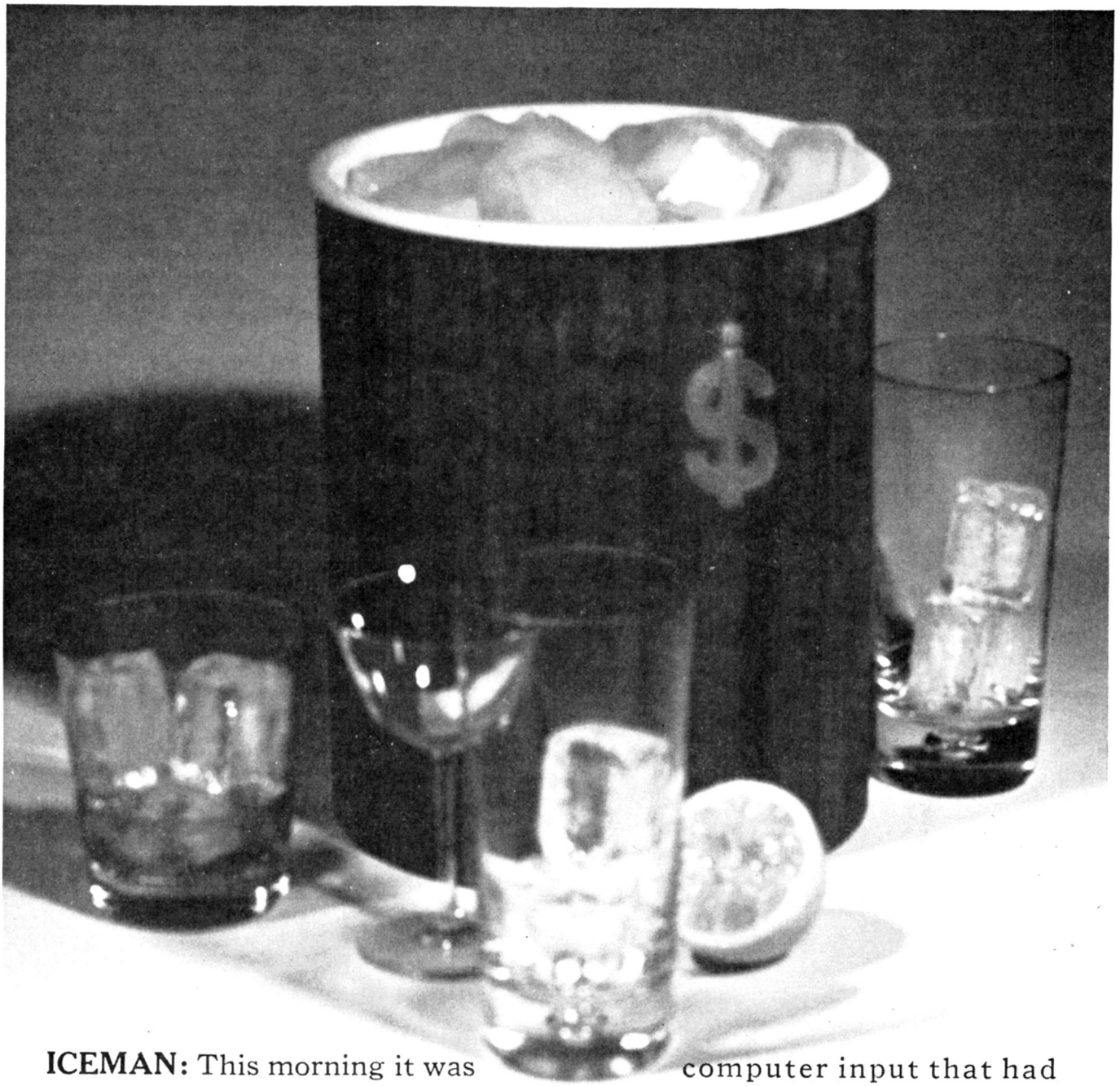


PALEONTOLOGIST PHILLIPS
Living as good a yarn as he tells.

All this comes from a slight, softly spoken but highly persuasive man of 44. For the past 20 years, notables ranging from Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman have been talked into doing nice things for Wendell Phillips—like backing his archaeological expeditions and giving him oil concessions.

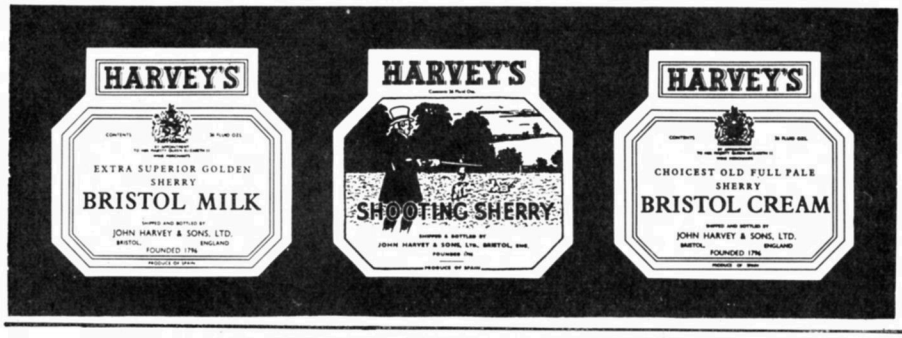
Bursting Talents. Born in Oakland, Calif., Phillips graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1943, became a merchant seaman during World War II. After the war, his talents as a promoter burst upon the archaeological world. At 26, with backing from Nimitz, President Robert Sproul of the University of California, Prime Minister Jan Smuts of South Africa and others, he organized and led a mammoth archaeological expedition from Cairo to the Cape. He established his own grandly named American Foundation for the Study of Man and led further expeditions into Sinai, Aden and Yemen.

Some of his work was significant. For the Library of Congress he microfilmed the library at the monastery of St. Catherine's at Mount Sinai. His book,



ICEMAN: This morning it was computer input that had him worried—can his men in the field report fast enough to keep the electronic brain busy? Tonight, it's ice-cube output—can the new automatic refrigerator make them fast enough to keep his guests happy? It probably can, and besides, the only thing that worries his guests is whether the home team can keep the visitors down tomorrow. These are the day-to-day questions that confront the 201,000 executive icemen who earn $25,000 or more each year and who read and talk **Sports Illustrated** each week.

whenever you drink it's right to drink HARVEYS SHERRY



ARTHRITIS

- Arthritis strikes people of all ages, in all walks of life.
- The C.A.R.S a national voluntary non-profit health agency, spearheads the attack on arthritis through

· Research · Education · Patient-care · Information

The conquest of arthritis is the primary objective of

THE CANADIAN ARTHRITIS and RHEUMATISM SOCIETY

Contact your local branch for further information

Qataban and Sheba, was praised by scholars. But the U.S. State Department got annoyed when Phillips started dabbling in sensitive Mid-East politics. Scholars on his own expedition complained that he was more interested in angles than in artifacts. And the Yemen trek ended abruptly when Phillips fled the country, fearing assassination by uncontrolled Yemeni soldiers.

By the Will. After the Yemen fiasco, Phillips took refuge in Oman in 1952 and became a good friend of Sultan Said bin Taimur. He went into the oil business one day when the Sultan, after complaining that he had not found oil like other Middle Eastern rulers, said to Phillips, "And by the will of God we shall have oil, for I am granting you the oil concession for Dhofar." Dhofar, an area the size of Ohio, has not yet produced any oil. But it made Phillips a millionaire, because he divided his 2½% interest in the concession into 1,000 units, sold a quarter of them for about $1,500,000—and kept the rest, in case oil should be found. Later, the Sultan gave Phillips two offshore oil concessions, one of which he sold to a group headed by Wintershall A.G. of West Germany, keeping a 5% royalty. The West German firms are about to start seismic soundings. This year Phillips also acquired from the Sultan copper-mining and commercial fishing rights in Oman.

In 1955, Phillips turned to Libya after dropping the usual string of names and introductions, was soon in conference with King Idris working out an oil concession. Phillips' original 3% interest in the 9,000-sq.-mi. concession has been lost to sight in a series of transfers. The concession is now held by W. R. Grace & Co. and Sinclair Oil, and the field operator is Standard Oil of New Jersey. None of these companies deals directly with Phillips, but he is believed to be drawing from $100,000 to $200,000 annually from royalties on the Raguba well, which is producing 95,000 bbl. daily.

How Much? Phillips participates in further concessions in Venezuela giving him an interest in a total of 87,000 square miles of potential or working oil land. "How much money do I have?" asks Phillips. "Someone came up with a figure of $364 million. I don't know where he got it. I don't know what I am worth. Certainly, the Libyan holding is worth far more than that."

It may be—but probably is not. In any case, Phillips is still living as good a yarn as he tells. He has just sold, for about $1,000,000, a cattle ranch in Nevada and published a new book, *Unknown Oman.* Last week, after a brief cruise in the Greek Isles, he flew to New York on the spur of the moment, went to Texas to dine with Oilman John Mecom, continued on to San Francisco and Honolulu. Next, he contemplates going to Viet Nam, where he is an accredited war correspondent for Scripps-Howard.

Constructive Credit at work:

one of a series about how Canadian business and industry use financing wisely to gain and grow.

These cars are for sale. But you can't sit in them, you can't test drive them, you can't even get close enough to kick a tire.

Here's how we get them to where you can buy one.

If new cars stayed on factory lots, your dealer's showroom might be an office containing a catalogue. Fortunately it is much more than that, thanks to a system called "inventory financing".

Manufacturers, you see, are paid immediately for every car they deliver to the dealer. This helps keep their capital working. But the dealer can't afford to pay out that kind of money and then wait till he sells the cars to get it back. So he uses inventory financing.

This means IAC pays manufacturers for cars delivered to IAC dealers. At the showroom, you decide either to pay cash or to make use of an IAC purchase plan. If you choose the latter, you then pay IAC in monthly instalments according to your agreement with the dealer. (By this method, IAC last year put 220,429 cars in showrooms all over Canada. Thus each dealer could display more models, colours and options, giving you a better selection).

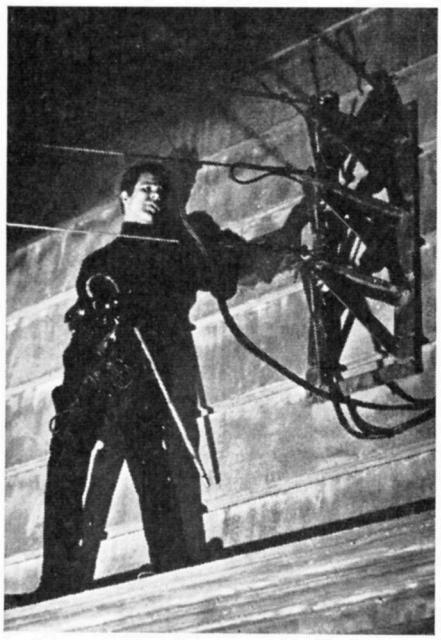
Inventory financing is one example of how business and industry use their credit constructively. Because IAC is owned and managed by Canadians, we are especially proud to be the supplier of constructive credit to many of Canada's soundest companies and citizens.

IAC

— a credit to Canadians since 1925.

In the Cards

Kaleidoscope. On a ledge high above the glittering night city, a Batmanly figure in a black body stocking detaches itself from the darkness and, deftly fixing a pulley wheel to a power line, goes gliding over the neon-slashed abyss to the roof of the next building. The skylight yields, the shadow drops inside. Moments later, eyes gleaming, the intruder extracts a keen little burin from his belt and begins to chisel delicately at



BEATTY IN "KALEIDOSCOPE"
Gimmicks by mimics.

a metal printing plate. While he works, he whips out his transistor and earplugs into some late late rock 'n' roll.

What's going on here? Just about the trickiest bit of film-flam since the jewel job in *Topkapi*. Unhappily, the trickiness is not confined to one episode; this picture skillfully but all too shamelessly mimics the gimmicks that have transformed the Fleming formula into the Bond bind. Nevertheless, if the success of a thriller can be measured in thrills, *Kaleidoscope* succeeds with a dash that often disguises the balderdash.

The plot gets off to a dashing start. Batman is actually a Nevada gambler (Warren Beatty) who beats the bank at every casino in Europe with the season's niftiest system: he simply sneaks into the playing-card factory that supplies the casinos, and marks about half a million cards at once by marking the plates they are printed from. Alas, the long arm of the scriptwriter hands him a sneaky shuffle. His best girl (Susannah York) just happens to be the daughter of a Scotland Yard inspector who just happens to require the services of a professional gambler. So the girl turns him into the law, and the law turns him into a copper's nark. In the face-down, Hero Beatty sits opposite a crime czar (Eric Porter) and plays five-card stud, bullets wild. Guess who wins.

Hero Beatty tries so hard to act like Sean Connery that once or twice he almost develops a line in his face, and Villain Porter manages to look like a particularly sneery second assistant tarantula keeper from the Port Said headquarters of S.P.E.C.T.R.E. As for the continuity, it goes thunderballing along from zoom shot to crash cut to colordiller costume sequence till the spectator's senses are knocked eight ways to Sunday. Not a profound experience but an extravagantly stimulating one. At times, indeed, the moviegoer may wonder if he isn't looking at *Kaleidoscope* through a kaleidoscope.

Hoss Play

The Appaloosa. When two strong men stake their claims to a strumpet and a stallion, the enmity between them can be the stuff that fleshes out the bony structure of the very best westerns. But in this film, a mulish scenario puts a frustrating checkrein on the excitement, and it is slim pickings for Marlon Brando, playing a saddle tramp whose dream is to become a horse breeder, and John Saxon, portraying a Mexican bandit chieftain who has a girl (Anjanette Comer) up for grabs in his lair.

Brando's prime Appaloosa stallion obviously means more to him than any team of Hollywood scriptwriters ever imagined. In a role that a lesser actor might easily saunter through, Brando handicaps himself with a fiercely concentrated acting style more suitable for great occasions. He seems determined to play not just a man but a whole concept of humanity, and Saxon's brazen theft of the hoss soon looms as a cause equal in significance to the Magna Carta or the Declaration of Human Rights. Though Saxon ropes Brando, drags him through a stream, and presses his forearm onto a scorpion during an Indian wrestling match, Brando survives to get away with the girl, get on his horse and get off a well-aimed parting shot. All the surprises in *Appaloosa* are visual ones, achieved by Director Sidney

BURTON BERINSKY

BRANDO IN "APPALOOSA"
Viewed from the shadows.

(*The Ipcress File*) Furie's oblique camera work, which teases the eye into viewing dangerously grinning Mexicans and other signs of violence from what seem to be safe, shadowy hiding places in the immediate vicinity. Unhappily, it proves to be a mirage effect that lures an audience on and on, through dusty mesas and vaporous characterizations, toward nothing in particular.

DAVID GAHR

QUINN & BUCHOLZ IN "MARCO"
Frescoes with Clorox.

Poloney

Marco the Magnificent looks great on paper. It has a big budget, seven famous names (Anthony Quinn, Horst Bucholz, Omar Sharif, Elsa Martinelli, Orson Welles, Akim Tamiroff, Grégoire Aslan), and a hero who was one of history's great adventurers: Marco Polo. On film, unfortunately, it looks terrible.

The script is a riddle. Why eliminate practically all of the exciting events described by the 13th century Venetian in the chronicle of his travels in Cathay, and introduce instead 100 minutes of substandard horse operatics that resemble polo more than Polo? What's more, the cutting looks as though it had been done by a Mongolian headsman; the dubbing is so wildly out of sync that occasionally a word spoken by one actor seems to come out of another actor's mouth; and the color print looks like a fresco restored with the assistance of Clorox.

The actors are plainly demoralized. Quinn, who plays a head-shaven Kublai Khan, just sort of sits there on his throne looking like Yul Brynner with a nasty case of jaundice. Welles, who plays a Venetian savant, is all dressed up to look like Leonardo da Vinci, but then he queers the pitch by muttering something about a navigational device he calls an "astrolobe." Horst Bucholz, who plays the acrobattling hero, obviously doesn't have the thighs for this sort of work, but he makes up for that with some of the niftiest karate ever seen in medieval Persia and in general upholds his hard-earned reputation as the German Tony Curtis.

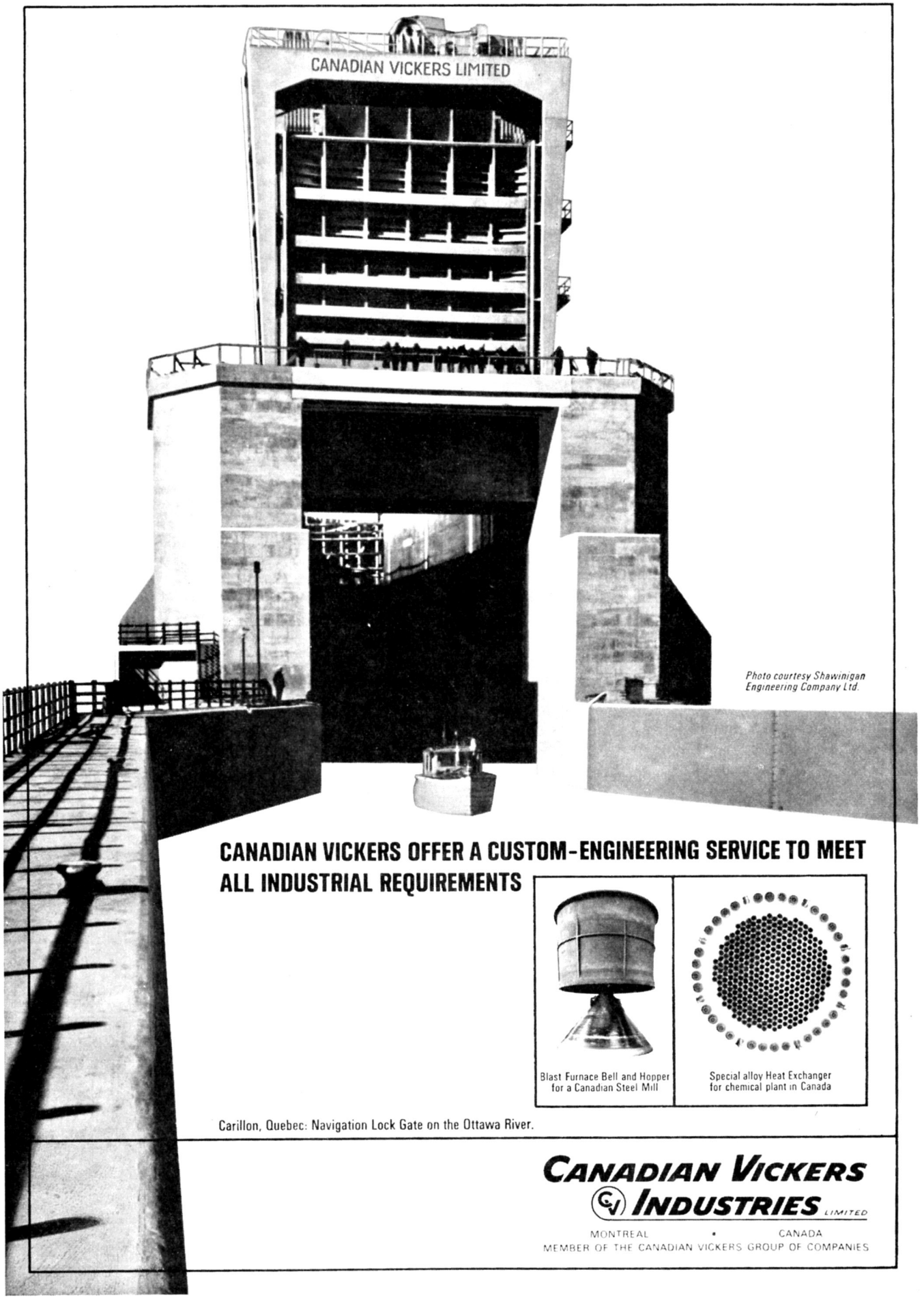


Photo courtesy Shawinigan Engineering Company Ltd.

CANADIAN VICKERS OFFER A CUSTOM-ENGINEERING SERVICE TO MEET ALL INDUSTRIAL REQUIREMENTS

Blast Furnace Bell and Hopper for a Canadian Steel Mill

Special alloy Heat Exchanger for chemical plant in Canada

Carillon, Quebec: Navigation Lock Gate on the Ottawa River.

CANADIAN VICKERS CVI INDUSTRIES LIMITED

MONTREAL • CANADA

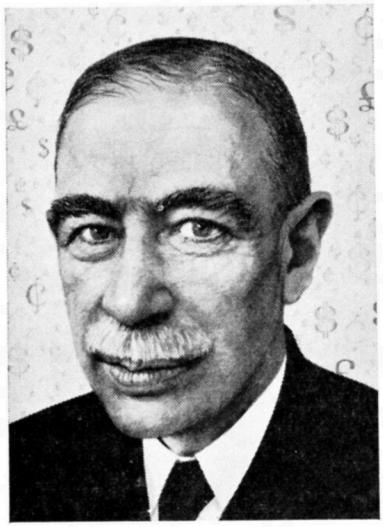
MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN VICKERS GROUP OF COMPANIES

Riding the Keynesian Coattails

THE AGE OF KEYNES *by Robert Lekachman. 324 pages. Random House of Canada. $7.50.*

"It has been said that *we are all Keynesians now,*" writes Robert Lekachman, borrowing the heading of TIME's cover story (Dec. 31) on the late John Maynard Keynes. Now that Keynes has been embraced by politicians and popularized by journalists, the academicians are eager to assess again the

R. VICKREY



LORD KEYNES
Disagreeing with Lekachman's law.

ideas of the 20th century's most influential economist. Lekachman, head of the economics department at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, is the first American to analyze at book length Keynes's life and work and the impact of his thinking on contemporary times.

100 Years of Gospel. Lekachman retells the major elements in the development of a genius: the patrician upbringing, the early triumphs at Eton and Cambridge, the cocksure rise in the British Treasury, the friendships with Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster, the prolific outpouring of books, each more imaginative and important than the last. The climax, of course, was *The General Theory,* published in 1936, which argued heretically that economic cycles could be tamed and unemployment and inflation defeated by conscious government manipulation of national budgets, taxes and interest rates. In sum: man could control his economic fate.

Actually, the story of Keynes, who died in 1946, has been told earlier and better by such economists as Sir Roy Harrod, Alvin Hansen, Seymour Harris, Joseph Schumpeter, Robert Heilbroner and John Kenneth Galbraith. Where Lekachman differs from them is in his emphasis on Keynes's repeal of Say's Law.

Jean Baptiste Say, an early 19th century French economist, contended that economies were destined to function smoothly, and that slumps or excesses would be self-correcting because the production of goods created exactly the amount of income needed to buy those goods and to invest in facilities to produce more of the same. Despite persistent unsettling booms and busts, economists accepted that notion as gospel for more than 100 years—until Keynes smashed it by explaining that, in the absence of government action, demand can fluctuate sharply since not all wages are spent and not all savings are invested.

Liberal Intervention. Speculating on what Keynes would have prescribed for the 1960s, Lekachman does not echo the fierce individualist from Cambridge, England, but the contemporary critic from Cambridge, Mass.—John Kenneth Galbraith. Faulting everything from "the looming menace of automation" to "the dubious or negative social value of advertising," Lekachman is angry with America's "frequently crude and crass material culture" and somehow concludes that the Great Society programs have "powerful tendencies to favor the prosperous."

To remedy this, he calls for "liberal intervention," strongly suggesting that the Government should spend much more prodigiously and regulate prices and wages with much more firmness. But he neglects to deal with what should be done when, as at present, an economy cries not for stimulus but restraint. Keynes was a defender of economic freedoms. He actually said that governments should reduce spending or increase taxes in times of inflationary excess demand. It is hardly likely that he would have accepted Robert Lekachman's law.

Supermac Looks Back

WINDS OF CHANGE *by Harold Macmillan. 664 pages. Macmillan Co. of Canada. $10.00.*

The Duke of York (who later became King of England) and Thomas Hardy attended his wedding, and a cousin, who later became a bishop, performed the ceremony. The bride's father was the Duke of Devonshire and Governor General of Canada, and the tribe of Cavendishes was represented in all its complex consanguinity, unrivaled since the virtual disappearance of the Bourbons from Europe.

The groom was Captain Harold Macmillan, a Grenadier Guard, Old Etonian and classical scholar of Balliol, who would almost certainly never have written a book about himself (the family publishes, but does not write) had he not also, by the laws of natural selection, become Prime Minister.

Honey for Tea? Macmillan does not write so well as Churchill, who had the advantage of being a professional journalist and historian rather than a publisher, but far better than Attlee, whose notion of bringing out the interest in an interesting event was to say that it was a *most* interesting event. The Macmillan autobiography may seem stuffy, obliged as he is to outline the magnificent contours of a great world he never made, but which certainly made him. The principles of manufacture were sound, the workmanship solid. The figure that emerges from this is surprisingly sympathetic; a decent and far from humorless man who was both brave and honorable.

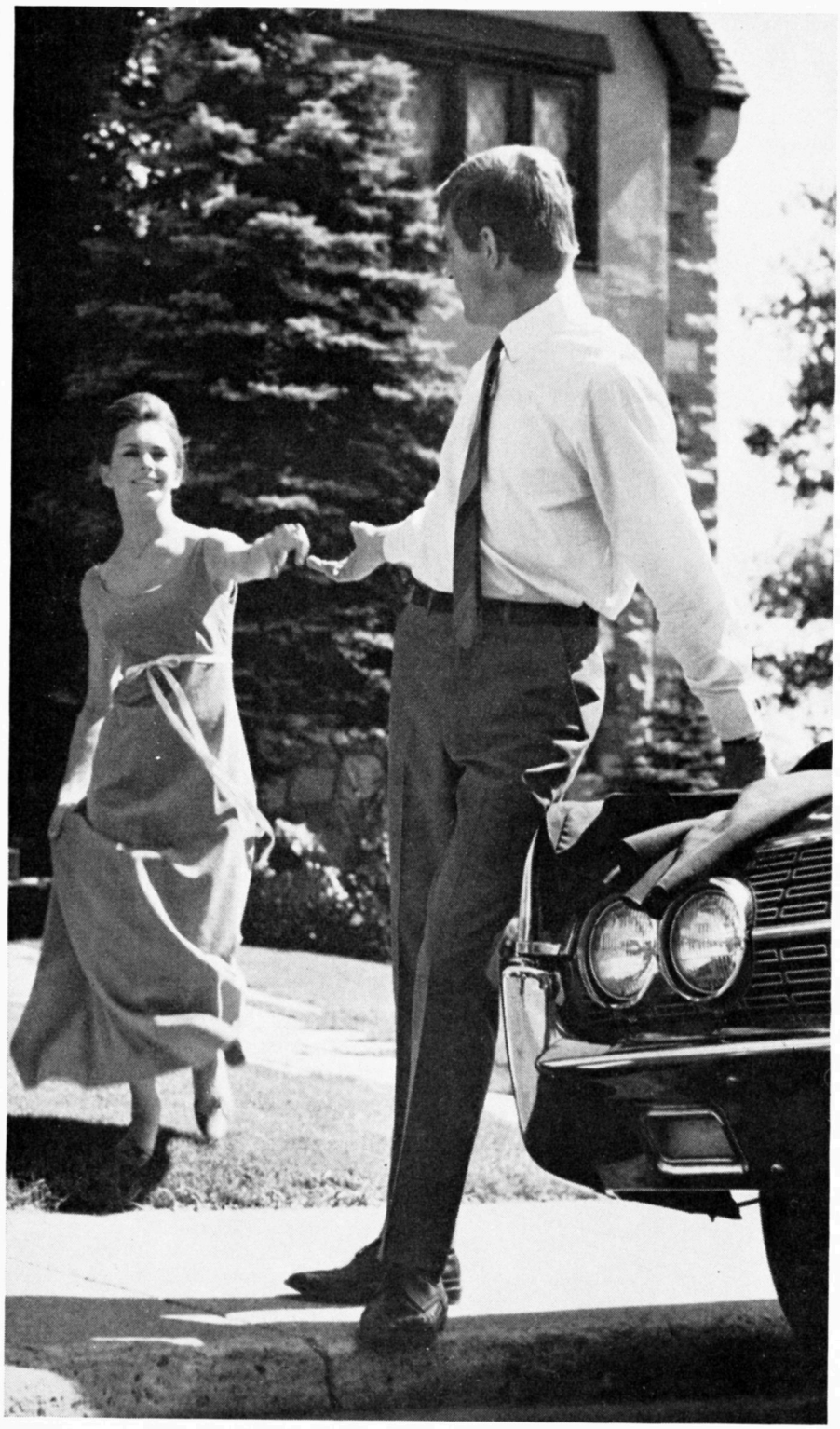
The main interest to the casual reader of his book, which is a must for historians, is in the picture Macmillan gives of the vanishing world of the British aristocracy. It was best described by Osbert Sitwell, a friend and brother Guards officer: "The world was a ripe peach and we were eating it"; or by Rupert Brooke, type and symbol of Britain's doomed youth: "Stands the Church clock at ten to three, / And is there honey still for tea?"

Aeschylus & Lansdowne. The Great War, that vast and murderous muddle, ended an era and almost exterminated a class. Macmillan himself was lucky. He went into the trenches with Aeschylus in his pocket and a derisory view of his life expectancy. Three times he was wounded; the third time he copped a real "blighty" (a wound serious enough to get him home for keeps). It did not properly heal for many years, but even so, Macmillan counted himself a fortunate survivor of a doomed generation. Sent to Canada as an aide-de-camp to the Governor General, he married the Governor General's daughter, and then reluctantly joined the family publishing business.

Macmillan had approved of the fa-

UPI

MACMILLAN AS A GRENADIER GUARD (1920)
The square was a true one.



Bentleys believe slacks should be simple-simply great

Slacks of Fortrel* and wool by Bentleys. Classic, comfortable, go-anywhere slacks. With style. And more. Wrinkle-free, stain-resisting. Those smooth, lean looks are built in for always. Try a pair on. It's so simple to look great when you wear slacks by Bentleys of London Slacks Ltd. Isn't it? Wide range of styles, fabrics and colours. From $17.95 to $25.00.

FORTREL...A CEL-CIL CONTEMPORARY FIBRE

CEL-CIL FIBRES LIMITED

*REG'D. CAN. T.M.

Look for Bentleys slacks in these stores.

A wide range of styles, fabrics and colours. From $17.95 to $25.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
Burnaby — Leo's Mens Wear
Chilliwack — Al Jeffrey Mens Wear Ltd.
Courtney — Vic & Tony's Mens Wear
Kamloops — Jack Bells Mens Wear
Kamloops — Jay Ray Mens Wear Ltd.
Kelowna — Harry Mitchell Mens Wear
Merritt — Bruce Grant's Mens Wear
Nanaimo — Harvey Murphy Ltd.
New Westminster — Regal Clothiers Ltd.
Port Alberni — Ralph's Mens Wear
Prince Rupert — Don's Mens Wear
Vancouver — Finn's Clothing (Kerrisdale)
Vancouver — Murray Goldman Ltd.
Victoria — Bud Bell's Mens Wear
Victoria — O. H. Dorman Ltd.
Victoria — British Importers Ltd.

ALBERTA
Calgary — O'Conner & Bourque Ltd.
Camrose — Duff Laytons Mens Wear
Edmonton — Cal's Ltd.
Edmonton — Dittrich Ltd.
Edmonton — Val Berg's Mens Wear
Lethbridge — Leo Singer Men's & Boys' Wear
Medicine Hat — Hawthorne Mens Wear
Red Deer — Hansums Mens Wear

SASKATCHEWAN
Estevan — Franks Wear Ltd.
Melville — Seirs Ltd.
Moose Jaw — Bakers Mens Wear
Moose Jaw — Joyners Ltd.
Moose Jaw — Slater & York
North Battleford — Bill & Don's Mens Wear
Regina — Bill & Fred Ltd.
Regina — Bond Clothes Ltd.
Regina — Goldman's Clothing Store
Saskatoon — Arnolds Clothes
Saskatoon — Dorns Ltd.
Shaunavon — Nadler & Son
Swift Current — Ed. McKenzie Ltd.
Swift Current — Harry Shaw Ltd.
Weyburn — Duncan & Russell
Wynyard — Needham Store

MANITOBA
Brandon — Daytons Ltd.
Brandon — Robsons Mens Wear
Dauphin — Eli Bay Ltd.
Portage la Prairie — Narveys
Selkirk — Gordon's Mens Wear
Thompson — Reimer Haverluck Ltd.
Winnipeg — Bill Abramson
Winnipeg — Daytons Ltd.
Winnipeg — Dayton Outfitting Co. Ltd.
Winnipeg — Frederic's Clothing Ltd.
Winnipeg — Longs Hats Ltd.
Winnipeg — Thompson & Pope Ltd.

ONTARIO
Brantford — Wm. Brown & Son
Brockville — Ker's Mens Wear
Burlington — O. Bush
Burlington — C. J. Eames & Co. Ltd.
Chatham — Godfrees Mens Wear
Cochrane — Les Perkus Ltd.
Cobourg — Sol Margles Ltd.
Cornwall — Moe Schulman Ltd.
Dryden — Spicer's Mens Wear
Elliott Lake — Menards Mens Wear
Fort Frances — McTaggarts Mens Wear Ltd.
Fort William — Imperial Mens Wear Ltd.
Fort William — Larry Joy Mens Wear Ltd.
Fort William — Woodgates The Mans Shop Ltd.
Galt — Adam Wilson Ltd.
Guelph — House of David
Hamilton — Chic Farrar
Hamilton — Fashion Craft Shops
Hamilton — Wm. Farrar & Co. Ltd.
Hamilton — C. J. Eames & Son Ltd.
Hamilton — Nusca Tailors
Kapuskasing — Charlie's Mens Wear
Kenora — McTaggarts Mens Wear Ltd.
Kirkland Lake — Seymours Mens Wear
Kitchener — Somer's Mens & Boys Wear
London — Hudsons (Richard Shapiro Ltd.)
London — Wolfs Mens Shop
Napanee — Bell-Moore Ltd.
Niagara Falls — Rosberg Dept. Store
North Bay — Adams & Son
Orillia — Dolcourts Mens Wear
Oshawa — Dovers Ltd.
Ottawa — McGiffin's
Ottawa — Shaffers Ltd.
Ottawa — Dovers Ltd.
Owen Sound — Bill Gardhouse
Peterborough — Allan B. Collis Ltd.
Port Arthur — McGolricks
Port Colbourne — Rossmans Ltd.
Renfrew — Frasers Clothes Shop
Sarnia — Taylors Mens Wear (Kerrigan Clothes Operating)
Sault Ste. Marie — Davis Mens Wear
Sault Ste. Marie — Virene's Ltd.
Simcoe — Carter & Son
St. Catharines — Brill & Bunn Ltd.
St. Catharines — Tops Mens Shop Ltd.
St. Thomas — Cook's Mens Shop
Stratford — Hudsons (H. Shapiro & Sons)
Sudbury — Dabous
Sudbury — Seymours Mens Wear
Timmins — Seymours Mens Wear
Toronto — Easson's
Toronto — Sam Lebo Ltd.
Wallaceburg — Town Squire
Welland — Larry Blake Ltd.
Weston — Ken Collis Fashions For Men
Willowdale — Brill & Bunn Ltd.
Windsor — Esquire Mens Wear
Windsor — H. Gray Ltd.
Windsor — Kaners (Wilma Clothing)
Woodstock — Hersee's of Woodstock Ltd.

QUEBEC
Montreal — Armand Boudrias
Montreal — Normans Ltd.
Rouyn — Dan Clements
Sherbrooke — Leo Laliberte & Fils Ltd.
Thetford Mines — A. Setlakwe Ltd.
Val d'Or — Jaymore Stores

NOVA SCOTIA
Halifax — Gordon B. Isnor Ltd.
Halifax — Rubin's Ltd.
Halifax — Colwell Bros. Ltd.
Truro — Frank B. McCallum

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Summerside — Henderson & Cudmore Ltd.
Summerside — Maurice Mill Ltd.

NEW BRUNSWICK
Bathurst — La Boutique
Campbellton — McRae's Ltd.
Newcastle — J. D. Creaghan

Harris Tweed

UNMISTAKABLY!

There is only *one* Harris Tweed. It is hand-woven in a variety of exciting patterns and earthy colours. Muted shades of soft mist and heather to flatter her. Rugged and hearty masculine tones for him. Unmistakably time-honoured as the fabric of fashion, the classic of classics. You can't mistake it. The orb label tells you it is spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland from 100% virgin Scottish wool. Look for this label on your garment.

THIS TRADE MARK IS APPLIED IN ACCORDANCE WITH REGULATIONS APPROVED BY THE BRITISH BOARD OF TRADE
Harris Tweed
REG. CANADIAN MARK 8529 8176 8587 22588
ADMINISTERED BY
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HANDWOVEN
FACSIMILE OF THE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
100% VIRGIN SCOTTISH WOOL

The Harris Tweed certification mark is owned and administered by the Harris Tweed Association and cannot be reproduced in any form without permission of the Association.

Issued by the
Harris Tweed Association Limited, Inverness

mous letter of Lord Lansdowne to the London Times in 1917, suggesting in the midst of war that peace should be made before all was ruined. He had also learned in the trenches that what the top British call the "other ranks" were not without qualities that only officers were presumed to possess—courage, loyalty, humor and intelligence. As such, they were not to be exploited, and he brought this conviction with him into the House of Commons.

There, Harold Macmillan—though he looked to all the world like an Edwardian grandee, sad and noble as a Landseer hound—seemed like a "bloody socialist" to his class. He thought of himself as a Tory Democrat. He even thinks of himself today as a "revolutionary." The great Liberal war leader Lloyd George, anathema to his colleagues in the Tory benches in Commons, told him: "You are a born rebel," and Macmillan repeats this comment like an accolade from the King.

Hope & Ruin. As a rebel, his disguise was perfect. He fitted perfectly the tweed and broadcloth cut for the aristocracy. He hunted, shot, fished, and went to Christmas parties at Chatsworth, the 273-room palace of the Duke of Devonshire, where 50 guests and 100 grooms, maids and valets were in attendance. But he also went diligently to his industrial constituency at Stockton-on-Tees, swotted economics, and hoped, through the General Strike, the Depression, and the dreadful sweat over Hitler, that something good would come of it all.

It did not. The first volume of his autobiography ends in 1939, with Macmillan smartly entering the House of Commons to hear Prime Minister Chamberlain's formal announcement of war. "It was a sad speech," Macmillan writes. " 'Everything that I have worked for,' Chamberlain said, 'everything that I have believed in during my public life, has crashed in ruins.' " The winds of change had begun to blow.

Off Form

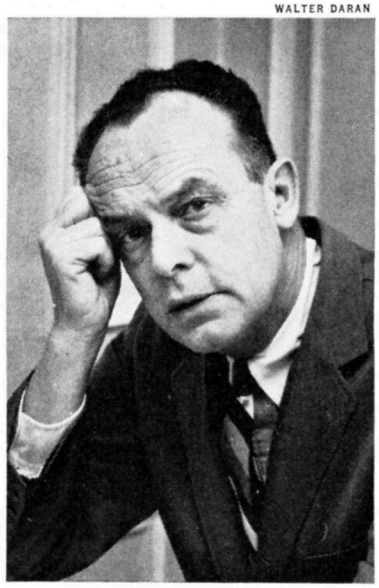
ALL IN THE FAMILY *by Edwin O'Connor.* 400 pages. *Queenswood House.* $5.75.

With each new book he writes, any conscientious author tries to surpass his best previous performance. In the case of Edwin O'Connor, his best previous performance was *The Last Hurrah* (TIME, Feb. 13, 1956), an unforgettable portrait of an Irish politician doomed, like the torchlight procession, to extinction. O'Connor's next two novels, *The Edge of Sadness* and *I Was Dancing,* fell progressively short of *Hurrah's* high mark. *All in the Family* falls shorter still.

In format, *Family* is like every other O'Connor book. The scene is a place very much like Boston and the Irish-Catholic community—bounded by faith, politics and new money—that O'Connor has explored so often before. On this trip, however, he has no clear idea where he wants to go, except that his family should resemble the Kennedy clan only in the most superficial aspects.

The book drifts in two unsynchronized directions. One leads past Jimmy Kinsella, a second-generation Irish Croesus who has prodded his youngest son Charles into the Governor's mansion and then sits by, fulminating helplessly, as the family splits over the hoariest of issues: political realism *v.* political idealism. O'Connor's solution is resourceless and unbelievable: Governor Charles, the realist, has his brother Phil, the idealist, committed to an insane asylum. The story is narrated by Jimmy's nephew, Jack Kinsella, who supplies the book's other direction. Jack's wife Jean has run off to Europe

WALTER DARAN



NOVELIST O'CONNOR
Substituting noise for ideas.

with a cad, but later returns to his side. Reunited, Jack and Jean visit Ireland, where the book comes to a happy ending: Jean conceives.

Family resounds too often with the kind of noise that substitutes for ideas and action. It is laden with superlatives: "the most comfortable house I have ever been in in my life," "the most uncomfortable interval of my life," "the most grown-up boy of around my age I had ever met"—and with synthetic velocity: "Suddenly, another letter came," "Suddenly I knew." Loyal readers will suddenly feel that this novel is not O'Connor at his best.

Talmudic Sleuth

SATURDAY THE RABBI WENT HUNGRY *by Harry Kemelman.* 249 pages. *Ambassador Books.* $5.00.

The idea of a rabbi who plays detective on the side is just different enough to offer possibilities to a competent writer who knows all about rabbis. Harry Kemelman, 57, makes the most of the possibilities. He is a Talmudic scholar who never seemed to be getting anywhere composing thoughtful essays on

Golf your way around the Caribbean when you quit working. How?

With Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance.
It guarantees you protection when you need it
and independence when you want it.

Start off at the Castle Harbour Golf Club in Bermuda. Next, try the nine on St. Thomas. Then play the palm-fringed fairways at Tryall, Montego Bay, Jamaica, above.

Wind up your own winter tour at the Nassau Country Club. In between, sail the Caribbean with your wife on a luxurious cruise ship. (Rates start about $360 single.)

That the kind of traveling you want to do some day? Talk to your Travelers man now. He can show you how you can afford it, how you can be your own beneficiary. He has Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance that can return even more money than you put in.

While your children are growing up, Money-Back Life Insurance protects them. But when they are no longer dependent, you and your wife become independent . . . to do the things you've always wanted to do. (If you don't like golf, try a bridge cruise.) For Money-Back Life Insurance and every kind of insurance, see **Your Travelers Man**

"COINTREAU ON THE ROCKS" To the end of a wonderful evening add two old fashioned glasses. Drop in some ice and then gently pour Cointreau. Cointreau is the clear pure liqueur with the uncomplicated flavour and bouquet of sunny oranges. Cointreau . . . from Angers, France. A lovely way to spend an evening.

COINTREAU

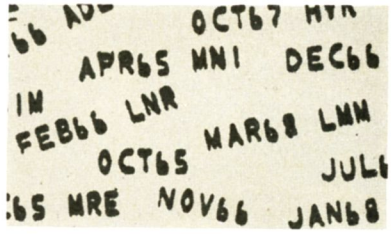
Want a talented temporary?

call for a MANPOWER WHITE GLOVE GIRL

MANPOWER®

THE VERY BEST IN TEMPORARY HELP

OFFICES IN: CALGARY • EDMONTON • GUELPH • HALIFAX HAMILTON • KINGSTON • KITCHENER • LONDON • MONTREAL NIAGARA FALLS • OTTAWA • REGINA • SASKATOON TORONTO • VANCOUVER • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG. HEAD OFFICE: SUITE 305, 11 YORKVILLE AVE., TORONTO



How to tell when your TIME subscription runs out

On the mailing label of any issue, you'll find a row of letters and numerals just above your own name and address. The beginning of that line tells the story—the month in which your subscription expires is abbreviated, and the year is indicated next.

Just before your present subscription ends, we'll write you to suggest you extend it so that you continue to receive copies without interruption. Whenever you renew, you'll find there are substantial savings under the yearly subscription rate when you place your renewal order for two, three or five years.

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

comparative religion. A few years ago he switched to popular fiction, invented a rabbinical sleuth named David Small, of Barnard's Crossing, Mass., and turned *Friday the Rabbi Slept Late* into a bestseller. *Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry*, Kemelman's second book, has become a bestseller too, and deservedly so, for it is a cracking good mystery.

Rabbi Small is a pale, unprepossessing, erudite and somewhat irascible young man who solves mysteries by using Talmudic reasoning instead of chasing off after clues. In this book, the rabbi's troubles begin when influential members of his congregation become annoyed because he has buried an apparent suicide in the temple cemetery.

There is really nothing for Rabbi Small to do except prove that the dead man did not commit suicide, but was murdered—and, for good measure, to go out and collar the murderer. Along the way, the rabbi unobtrusively offers a short course in Conservative Judaism, as well as some choice and not entirely flattering opinions about his fellow Jews. For example, Kemelman explains why cantors like to call themselves by their diminutives: they are childishly vain.

Kemelman, who teaches English at Boston's Massachusetts State College, is now savoring an unexpected triumph. A Yiddish-language newspaper has begun serializing his first book. This means that his 96-year-old mother, who reads no English, will at last be able to find out why the rabbi slept late.

Short Notices

MY LIFE WITH CHAPLIN *by Lita Grey Chaplin with Morton Cooper.* 325 pages. *Grove Press.* $7.50.

Lillita McMurray, as she was known back in the '20s, was Charlie Chaplin's second wife. At twelve, she had played as an extra in Chaplin's *The Kid*. By the time she was 16, Charlie had changed her name to Lita Grey, cast her as the leading lady in *The Gold Rush*, and was making love to her on the beach, in the back seat of his Locomobile, and in the steam room of his Beverly Hills mansion.

When Lita got pregnant, Charlie got furious. She writes that at first he tried to force her to get an abortion, then changed his mind and married her before a Mexican justice of the peace. It seemed as if Charlie would never forgive Lita this propriety, but he relented when she began reading *Fanny Hill* and betraying an interest in amorous acrobatics. When Charlie Jr. was born, Charlie Sr. tucked her away for a month, she says. He also bribed a doctor to falsify the birth certificate so that it appeared little Charlie had arrived seven months after the wedding ceremony instead of six.

Lita bore Charlie another son, Sydney, and divorced him after two years of marriage—but why go on? It is most curious that Lita, now 58 and living

You can make more money than you thought you could by selling your goods in Europe.

Here's how: Air Canada Jet Air Freight. It lets you market in Britain and all Europe with lower weight charges, less insurance, less duty, less paperwork, less investment, and less total distribution cost.

- Air Canada's "Warehouses in the Sky" let you supply from Canada as orders come through, instead of holding stocks abroad. And you eliminate jobbers, distributors, warehouses, facilities, and the cost of all of them.
- Lower the weights of your shipments by cutting unnecessary packing and crating, and lower gross weight, duties, packaging costs, and weight charges in turn.
- Air freight cuts the risk of pilferage, and the duration of that risk, to lower insurance by as much as 55%. And air insurance protects from warehouse to warehouse with no supplementals.
- Connections with the world's other major airlines and surface carriers as well, let you simplify any traffic arrangement you can make.
- Air Canada's Trade Development Service can provide knowledge and commercial contacts to help you in your European dealings.
- And today's air rates are lower than ever . . . to markets like London, Paris, Frankfurt, Glasgow, Shannon, Zurich, Vienna, and beyond.

Whether you want to expand, or already have, Air Canada Jet Air Freight could be your most economical way. Find out today with a call to your Freight Forwarder or nearest Air Canada office. The doorways to all of Europe.

TO: Director, Cargo Sales, Air Canada, Box 598, Montreal 3, P.Q.

Please send your Jet-Air Freight brochure.

Name_____

Title_____

Company_____

Address_____ City_____ Prov._____

AIR CANADA ✱ **Jet-Air Freight**

WHEN **NEW–**

Clarks ORIGINAL **DESERT® BOOTS**

ARE UNNECESSARILY HANDSOME.

BUT...

WITH PROPER
LOVING NEGLECT
YOU CAN MAKE
THEM LOOK
LIKE THIS
IN THREE OR
FOUR YEARS.

In sand, pewter grey, coffee, loden green suedes or saddle brown calf with plantation crepe soles at $16.95.

AT BETTER SHOE RETAILERS ACROSS CANADA . . . and 27 other countries too!

By

Clarks

OF ENGLAND

184 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

UPI

LITA CHAPLIN & FRIEND
A memory for acrobatics.

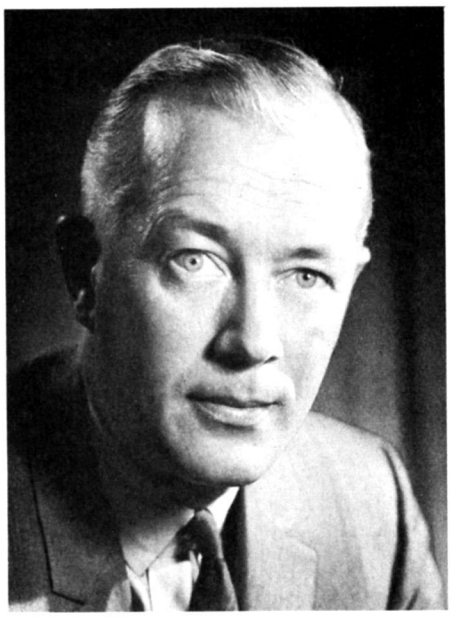
in retirement in Hollywood, can recall after 40 years the precise details of every sexual encounter she had with Chaplin despite an ensuing procession of other husbands (two) and other lovers (untabulated), and periodic bouts with the bottle that sent her reeling to sanitariums. She remembers Charlie better than Charlie remembers her. In his autobiography, he did not even mention her by name and dismissed their marriage in three sentences.

THE NINETY AND NINE *by William Brinkley*. 393 pages. *Doubleday*. $6.95.

Battleships are majestic, destroyers are dashing, submarines are sinister—but LSTs (landing ship, tank) are slow, clumsy, ugly, and somehow faintly comic. Lieut. Jake Adler, who commands LST 1826 as it bobs between Naples and Anzio during World War II, is an easy-going skipper who runs an exceedingly loose and happy ship. All the 99 officers and men aboard could have stepped right out of an old MGM movie. In fact, after a while, the reader begins to wish that a Mr. Roberts would appear to toss the captain's palm tree overboard, or that Skipper Adler would start rolling a couple of ball bearings in his hands.

But Bill Brinkley (*Don't Go Near the Water*) did not make the seafaring life so idyllic for nothing. Things do begin to happen to 1826 and its buoyant crew. German prisoners try to escape, and 1826 almost gets blown to smithereens by a mine. Young Seaman Peter Carlyle is hauled up before a general court martial for carrying Navy supplies to his Italian sweetheart. Lieut. (j.g.) Matthew Barclay falls head over keel with an Army nurse who plays the piano. Finally, there is a chilling climax that shows that Brinkley has not been writing a situation comedy at all but a situation tragedy. Even so, the reader's interest is likely to reach deep six well before the 1826 does.

1965-66: A YEAR OF MAJOR EXPANSION



The past twelve months have been among the most exciting in the history of Rothmans in Canada. Sweeping changes have been made to plants and offices across the country. And the Rothmans family of fine products has grown to include an entirely new class of high-quality cigarettes.

The building program began with a new, modern divisional office and warehouse in Vancouver. Later we opened a similar new building in Calgary and another in Montreal. In February, the new Winnipeg divisional office and warehouse opened.

On May 10th in Toronto, Rothmans opened the world's most modern cigarette plant, on the site of our first plant, built in Canada just nine years ago.

In May, we were proud to introduce Dunhill cigarettes to Canada. These are luxury-length cigarettes which contain Alfred Dunhill's private blend — the most expensive blend of Virginia tobaccos ever offered in Canada.

In July, our company launched St. Moritz, another luxury-length cigarette with the flavour of its fine tobacco enhanced by menthol and a hint of mint. In August, we introduced Craven King Size — the cigarette that brings the traditional quality of Craven "A" to king size.

For Rothmans, this rapid expansion in plants and products is a mark of success. However, we realize that it is the Canadian smokers' approval of our products which has built our success; and we thank them for it.

J. H. Devlin
President

My life hung by a thread when I jumped off a cliff in Australia

1 **"The jagged rocks** 300 feet below made jumping seem like sheer suicide," writes Keith Belgum, American friend of Canadian Club. "But my Australian friends convinced me to try. They pointed out that the rope looped through the ring at my waist would tighten and slow my fall when they tugged at the other end.

2 **"Reassured, I closed my eyes** and leaped. The wind rushed by me as I fell with express train speed. Halfway down I expected the tug at the rope that would slow me down. To my horror, I continued to drop.

3 **"Thirty feet** from disaster, I felt the rescuing tug. The rope smoked as I coasted to a stop and slid limply down to the rocks below.

4 **"Still shaken,** I was glad to head for a Watson's Bay tavern with my friends for a drink of their favourite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has a flavour so distinctive no other whisky tastes quite like it. Smooth and mellow, it's **the world's lightest whisky.** You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to enjoy Canadian Club—tonight.

"The Best In The House" . . . In 87 lands

Canadian Club

by HIRAM WALKER

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF 'CANADIAN CLUB' WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF HIRAM WALKER AND SONS LIMITED • DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 100 YEARS